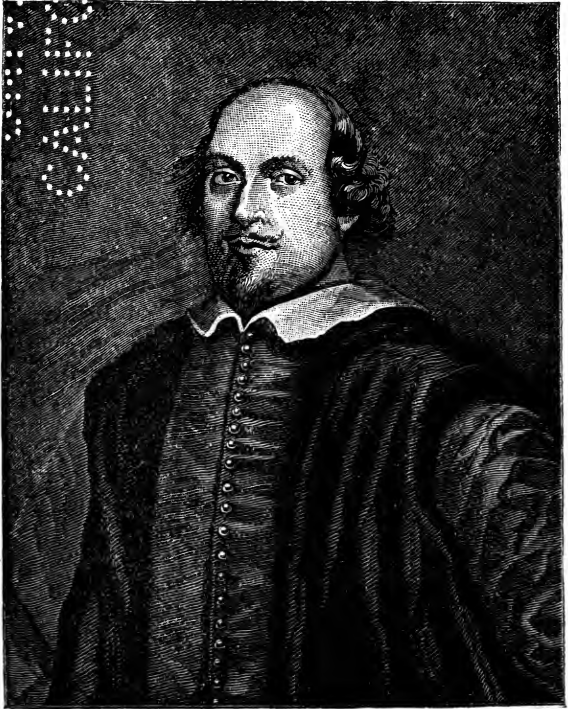


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STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS:

VENUS AND ADONIS, LUCRECE, SONNETS, ETC.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,

EDITOR OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, SELECT POEMS OF MILTON, GRAY,
GOLDSMITH, WORDSWORTH, BROWNING, ETC.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.



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GIFT OF
A F MORRISON

P R E F A C E.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Poems* have generally received less attention from editors and commentators than his plays, and no thoroughly annotated edition of them has been published in this country. It has been my aim to treat them with the same thoroughness as the plays. The 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis* is collated for the first time, so far as I am aware, though it was discovered more than twenty years ago. Certain of the recent editors do not appear to know of its existence.

In *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the pieces which are certainly not Shakespeare's are transferred from the text to the *Notes*. Most of the others are of doubtful authenticity, but I give Shakespeare the benefit—if benefit it be—of the doubt. *A Lover's Complaint* and *The Phoenix and the Turtle* are now generally conceded to be his.

In the *Sonnets*, I have been under special obligations to Professor Dowden's excellent editions. I have not, however, drawn at all from Part II. of the Introduction to his *larger* edition, which condenses into some seventy-five pages the entire literature of the *Sonnets*. For the critical student this careful *résumé* answers a double purpose: as a bibliography of the subject, directing him to the many books and papers that have been written upon the *Sonnets*, if he is moved to read any or all of them; and as a compact and convenient substitute for these books and papers, if he wants to know their gist and substance without the drudgery of wading through them.

For the present volume all portions of my earlier editions of *Venus and Adonis*, etc. and the *Sonnets* have been carefully revised, and several pages of new matter, giving the substance of the latest researches—specially interesting and important in the case of the *Sonnets*—have been added to the *Notes*.

The text of all the poems is given without omission or expurgation.

Cambridge, August 12, 1890.



VENUS AND ADONIS, LUCRECE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

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By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

(*V. and A.* 1165 fol.)

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VENUS GENETRIX.



THE DEATH OF LUCRECE.

INTRODUCTION
TO
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE POEMS.

Venus and Adonis was first published in quarto form, in 1593, with the following title-page: *

VENVS | AND ADONIS | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus*
Apollo | *Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | LONDON |
Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the
signe of the white Greyhound in | Paules Church-yard. |
1593.

* For this title-page, as well as for much of the other information we have given concerning the early editions, we are indebted to the "Cambridge" ed.

The book is printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's manuscript.

A second quarto edition was published in 1594, the title-page of which differs from that of the first only in the date.

A third edition in octavo form (like all the subsequent editions) was issued in 1596 from the same printing-office "for Iohn Harison."

A fourth edition was published in 1599, with the following title-page (as given in Edmonds's reprint):

VENVS | AND ADONIS. | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo | Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwel- | ling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of | the Greyhound. 1599.

This edition was not known until 1867, when a copy of it was discovered at Lamport Hall in Northamptonshire by Mr. Charles Edmonds, who issued a fac-simile reprint of it in 1870. Of course it is not included in the collation of the Cambridge ed., which was published before the discovery;* but it was evidently printed from the 3d edition. Mr. Edmonds says: "A few corrections are introduced, but they bear no proportion to the misprints."

Of the fifth edition a single copy is in existence (in the Bodleian Library), lacking the title-page, which has been restored in manuscript with the following imprint: "LONDON | Printed by I. H. | for Iohn Harrison | 1600." The date may be right, but, according to Halliwell † and Edmonds, the publisher's name must be wrong, as Harrison had assigned the copyright to Leake four years previous. The Cambridge editors assumed in 1866 that this edition (the 4th of their numbering) was printed from that of 1596; but it is certain, since the discovery of the 1599 ed., that it must have been based on that. Of the text they say: "It

* It is omitted by Hudson in his "Harvard" ed. (see account of early eds. of *V. and A.* vol. xix. p. 279), published in 1881.

† *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (2d ed. 1882), p. 222.

contains many erroneous readings, due, it would seem, partly to carelessness and partly to wilful alteration, which were repeated in later eds."

Two new editions were issued in 1602, and others in 1617 and 1620. In 1627, an edition (of which the only known copy is in the British Museum) was published in Edinburgh. In the Bodleian Library there is a unique copy of an edition wanting the title-page but catalogued with the date 1630; also a copy of another edition, published in 1630 (discovered since the Cambridge ed. appeared).* A thirteenth edition was printed in 1636, "to be sold by Francis Coules in the Old Baily without Newgate."

The first edition of *Lucrece* was published in quarto in 1594, with the following title-page:

LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for
Iohn Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the
white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard. 1594.

The running title is "The Rape of Lvcrece." The Bodleian Library has two copies of this edition which differ in some important readings, indicating that it was corrected while passing through the press. †

A second edition appeared in 1598, a third in 1600, and a fourth in 1607, all in octavo and all "for Iohn Harrison" (or "Harison").

In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, the poem was reprinted with his name as "newly revised;" but "as the readings are generally inferior to those of the earlier editions, there is no reason for attaching any importance to an assertion which was merely intended to allure purchasers" (Camb. ed.). The title-page of this edition reads thus:

* *Bibliographical Contributions*, edited by J. Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University: No. 2. *Shakespeare's Poems* (1879). This Bibliography of the earlier editions of the Poems contains much valuable and curious information concerning their history, the extant copies, reprints, etc.

† On variations of this kind in the early editions, cf. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 10.

THE | RAPE | OF | *LVCRECE*. | By | M^r. *William Shakespeare*. | Newly Reuised. | LONDON: | Printed by *T. S.* for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. 1616.

A sixth edition, also printed for Jackson, was issued in 1624.

The fifth and sixth editions differ considerably in their readings from the first four, in which there are no important variations.

A Lover's Complaint was first printed, so far as we know, in the first edition of the *Sonnets*, which appeared in 1609. It was probably not reprinted until it was included in the *Poems* of 1640, mentioned below.

The Passionate Pilgrim was first published in 1599, with the following title-page :

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shakespeare*. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for *W. Iaggard*, and are | to be sold by *W. Leake*, at the Grey- | hound in *Paules Churchyard*. | 1599.

In the middle of sheet C is a second title :

SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for *W. Iaggard*, and are | to be sold by *W. Leake*, at the Grey- | hound in *Paules Churchyard*. | 1599.

The book was reprinted in 1612, together with some poems by Thomas Heywood, the whole being attributed to Shakespeare. The title at first stood thus :

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | or | *Certaine Amorous Sonnets*, | betweene *Venus and Adonis*, | *newly corrected and augmented*. | *By W. Shakespere*. | The third Edition. | Whereunto is newly ad- | ded two *Loue-Epistles*, the first | from *Paris to Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answere backe | againe to *Paris*. | Printed by *W. Iaggard*. | 1612.

The Bodleian copy of this edition contains the following note by Malone: "All the poems from Sig. D. 5 were written by Thomas Heywood, who was so offended at Jaggard

for printing them under the name of Shakespeare that he has added a postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, 4to, 1612, on this subject; and Jaggard in consequence of it appears to have printed a new title-page to please Heywood, without the name of Shakespeare in it. The former title-page was no doubt intended to be cancelled, but by some inadvertence they were both prefixed to this copy and I have retained them as a curiosity." The corrected title-page is substantially as above, omitting "*By W. Shakespere.*"

It will be observed that this is called the *third* edition; but no other between 1599 and 1612 is known to exist.

In 1640 most of the *Sonnets* (see our ed. p. 10), *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, the lines "Why should this a desert be," etc. (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol.), and "Take, O take those lips away," etc. (*M. for M.* iv. 1. 1 fol.), with some translations from Ovid falsely ascribed to Shakespeare (see p. 215 below), were published in a volume with the following title:

POEMS: | WRITTEN | BY | WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. | Gent. |
Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by
John Benson, dwelling in | *S^t. Dunstons* Church-yard. 1640.

The first complete edition of Shakespeare's Poems, including the *Sonnets*, was issued (according to Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual*) in 1709, with the following title:

A Collection of Poems, in Two Volumes; Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, which were Publish'd by himself in the Year 1609, and now correctly Printed from those Editions. The First Volume contains, I. VENUS AND ADONIS. II. The Rape of LUCRECE. III. The Passionate Pilgrim. IV. Some Sonnets set to sundry Notes of Musick. The Second Volume contains One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress. II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress. LONDON: Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the Two Temple-Gates in *Fleet-street*.

The Phoenix and the Turtle first appeared, with Shakespeare's name appended to it, in Robert Chester's *Loves Martyr: or Rosalins Complaint*, published in 1601 (reprinted by the New Shakspeare Society in 1878).

The earliest reference to the *Venus and Adonis* that has been found is in the famous passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (see *M. N. D.* p. 9, and *C. of E.* p. 101). As to the date of its composition, Dowden says (*Primer*, p. 81): "When *Venus and Adonis* appeared, Shakspeare was twenty-nine years of age; the Earl of Southampton, to whom it was dedicated, was not yet twenty. In the dedication the poet speaks of these 'unpolisht lines' as 'the first heire of my invention.' Did Shakspeare mean by this that *Venus and Adonis* was written before any of his plays, or before any plays that were strictly original—his own 'invention?' or does he, setting plays altogether apart, which were not looked upon as literature, in a high sense of the word, call it his first poem because he had written no earlier narrative or lyrical verse? We cannot be sure. It is possible, but not likely, that he may have written this poem before he left Stratford, and have brought it up with him to London. More probably it was written in London, and perhaps not long before its publication. The year 1593, in which the poem appeared, was a year of plague; the London theatres were closed: it may be that Shakspeare, idle in London, or having returned for a while to Stratford, then wrote the poem." Even if begun some years earlier, it was probably revised not long before its publication.

The *Lucrece* was not improbably the "graver labour" promised in the dedication of the *Venus and Adonis*; and, as Dowden remarks, it "exhibits far less immaturity than does the 'first heire' of Shakspeare's invention." It is less likely than that, we think, to have been a youthful production taken up and elaborated at a later date.

A Lover's Complaint was evidently written long after the

Lucrece, but we have no means of fixing the time with any precision.

The Shakespearian poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim* were of course written before 1599, when the collection was published. The three taken from *Love's Labour's Lost* must be as early as the date of that play (see our ed. p. 10). If the *Venus and Adonis* sonnets are Shakespeare's, they may have been experiments on the subject before writing the long poem; but Furnivall says that they are "so much easier in flow and lighter in handling" that he cannot suppose them to be earlier than the poem.

The Phoenix and the Turtle is almost certainly Shakespeare's, and must have been written before 1601.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE POEMS.

The story of the *Venus and Adonis* was doubtless taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which had been translated by Golding in 1567. Shakespeare was probably acquainted with this translation at the time of the composition of *The Tempest* (see our ed. p. 139, note on *Ye elves*, etc.); but we have no clear evidence that he made use of it in writing *Venus and Adonis*. He does not follow Ovid very closely. That poet "relates, shortly, that Venus, accidentally wounded by an arrow of Cupid's, falls in love with the beauteous Adonis, leaves her favourite haunts and the skies for him, and follows him in his huntings over mountains and bushy rocks, and through woods. She warns him against wild boars and lions. She and he lie down in the shade on the grass—he without pressure on her part; and there, with her bosom on his, she tells him, with kisses,* the story of how she helped Hippomenes to win the swift-footed Atalanta, and then, because he was ungrateful to her (Venus), she excited him and his wife to defile a sanctuary by a forbidden

* "And, in her tale, she bussed him among."—A. Golding. Ovid's *Met.*, leaf 129 bk., ed. 1602.

act, for which they were both turned into lions. With a final warning against wild beasts, Venus leaves Adonis. He then hunts a boar, and gets his death-wound from it. Venus comes down to see him die, and turns his blood into a flower—the *anemone*, or wind-flower, short-lived, because the winds (*anemoi*), which give it its name, beat it down,* so slender is it. Other authors give Venus the enjoyment which Ovid and Shakspeare deny her, and bring Adonis back from Hades to be with her” (Furnivall).

The main incidents of the *Lucrece* were doubtless familiar to Shakespeare from his school-days; and they had been used again and again in poetry and prose. “Chaucer had, in his *Legende of Good Women* (A.D. 1386?), told the story of Lucrece, after those of Cleopatra, Dido, Thisbe, Ypsiphile, and Medea, ‘As saythe Ovyde and Titus Lyvyus’ (Ovid’s *Fasti*, bk. ii. 741; *Livy*, bk. i. ch. 57, 58): the story is also told by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, bk. iv. ch. 72, and by Diodorus Siculus, Dio Cassius, and Valerius Maximus. In English it is besides in Lydgate’s *Falles of Princes*, bk. iii. ch. 5, and in Wm. Painter’s *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, vol. i. fol. 5–7, where the story is very shortly told: the heading is ‘Sextus Tarquinius ravisheth Lucrece, who bewailyng the losse of her chastitie, killeth her self.’ I cannot find the story in the Rouen edition, 1603, of Boaistuau and Belleforest’s *Histoires Tragiques*, 7 vols. 12mo; or the Lucca edition, 1554, of the *Novelle* of Bandello, 3 parts; or the Lyons edition, 1573, of the Fourth Part. Painter’s short *Lucrece* must have been taken by himself from one of the Latin authors he cites as his originals at the end of his preface. In 1568, was entered on the Stat. Reg. A, lf. 174, a receipt for 4*d.* from Jn. Alde ‘for his lycense for prynting of a ballett, *the greivous complaynt of Lucrece*’ (Arber’s *Transcript*, i. 379); and in 1570 the like from ‘James Robertes, for his lycense for the prynt-

* Pliny (bk. i. c. 23) says it never opens but when the wind is blowing.

inge of a ballett intituled *The Death of Lucryssia*' (Arber's *Transcript*, i. 416). Another ballad of the legend of Lucrece was also printed in 1576, says Warton. (*Var. Shakspeare*, xx. 100.) Chaucer's simple, short telling of the story in 206 lines—of which 95 are taken up with the visit of Collatyne and Tarquynus to Rome, before Shakspeare's start with Tarquin's journey thither alone—cannot of course compare with Shakspeare's rich and elaborate poem of 1855 lines, though, had the latter had more of the earlier maker's brevity, it would have attained greater fame" (Furnivall).

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE POEMS.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare*."*]

"If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather." These are the words which, in relation to the *Venus and Adonis*, Shakspeare addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was the *Venus and Adonis* the first production of Shakspeare's imagination? Or did he put out of his view those dramatic performances which he had then unquestionably produced, in deference to the critical opinions which regarded plays as works not belonging to "invention"? We think that he used the words in a literal sense. We regard the *Venus and Adonis* as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, considerably in the interval between its first composition and its publication, but distinguished by peculiarities which belong to the wild luxuriance of youthful power,—such power, however, as few besides Shakspeare have ever possessed.

A deep thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare, thus describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as applied to poetry :

"The might of the imagination is manifested by its launch-

* Vol. ii. of *Tragedies*, etc., p. 509 fol.

ing forth from the petty creek, where the accidents of birth moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—by its going abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual insulated consciousness, with its narrowness of thought and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the great masters of that which for this reason we justly call classical poetry, as representing that which is symbolical and universal, not that which is merely occasional and peculiar. This gives them that majestic calmness which still breathes upon us from the statues of their gods. This invests their works with that lucid transparent atmosphere wherein every form stands out in perfect definiteness and distinctness, only beautified by the distance which idealizes it. This has delivered those works from the casualties of time and space, and has lifted them up like stars into the pure firmament of thought, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor fade like earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, shedding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became a mighty organ through which Nature gave utterance to the full diapason of her notes, is what we wonder at in our own great dramatist, and is the groundwork of all his other powers: for it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius.”*

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of “classical poetry,”—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of “our own great dramatist,”—is abundantly found in that great dramatist’s earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading

* *The Victory of Faith; and other Sermons*, by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. (1840), p. 277.

quality in the *Venus and Adonis*; and he has done this so admirably that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words :

“It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His *Venus and Adonis* seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet’s own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate

mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account."*

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his *Literary Life*, says: "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." In Coleridge's *Literary Remains* the *Venus and Adonis* is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspeare's description lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—*Essays and Sketches of Character*, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq. There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says: "I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before; but as accurate an observer *had* been before him:

"She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging

* *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, vol. ii. p. 15.

a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

Compare this with Shakspeare :

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles :
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes."

Mr. Ayton thus goes on :

"The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are 'at fault,' or lose the scent, they are silent. . . . The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal: they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance."

Compare Shakspeare again :

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear ;

“ For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.”

One more extract from Mr. Ayton :

“ Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along ; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping ; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder.”

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspeare's description :—

“ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;
 Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

“ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 Turn and return, indenting with the way ;
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low never reliev'd by any.”

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspeare. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the *Venus and Adonis* if he had had it in his mind. Shakspeare and he had each looked

minutely and practically upon the same scene ; and the wonder is, not that Shakspeare was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the courser in the *Venus and Adonis* is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspeare's observation. Not the most experienced dealer ever knew the *points* of a horse better. The whole poem indeed is full of evidence that the circumstances by which the writer was surrounded, in a country district, had entered deeply into his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "didapper peering through a wave"—the "blue-veined violets"—the

"red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep "gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on "the tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

"Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

all these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon nature, and not upon books. To understand the value as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspeare, we should open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness ; but we look in vain for a single familiar image. Shakspeare describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely ; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning :

“Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.”

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

“By this Apollo's golden harp began
 To sound forth music to the ocean ;
 Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard
 But he the day's bright-bearing car prepar'd,
 And ran before, as harbinger of light,
 And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
 'Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
 Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.”

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, “in the *Venus and Adonis*, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification ; its adaptation to the subject ; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant.”* This self-controlling power of “varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm” is perhaps one of the most signal instances of Shakspeare's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and sonorous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

“To the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders.”

The sustained sweetness of the versification is never cloying ; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations : all is equable in its infinite variety. The early

* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 14.

comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In *Love's Labour's Lost*—*The Comedy of Errors*—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*—we have verses of alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the *Venus and Adonis*, and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the *Venus and Adonis* exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the *Lucrece*. Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the *Venus and Adonis* the poet says: "If your honour seem but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspeare was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the *Venus and Adonis* as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriousness and rapidity. The verses of the *Lucrece* are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other:

"The *Venus and Adonis* did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And

yet we find in *Shakespeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspirited by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties ; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection : and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."*

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed out—between the power which Shakspeare's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem, and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power, of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition,—the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says : "In his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates."† But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shakspeare's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspeare adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of *A Lover's Complaint*. There the poet is actually present to the scene :

* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 21.

† *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 54.

“From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tun’d tale.”

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the “fickle maid full pale.” The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtleties, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*, do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power, and had assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in “a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection.”

Malone says: “I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem.” Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter’s novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circum-

stances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the last two pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:

“From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears,” etc.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:

“When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.”

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyze their own thoughts,—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this

is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

“No comfortable star did lend his light,”

of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiting his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

“Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye.”

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:

“By the light he spies
Lucretia’s glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies.”

The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:

“Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show’d like an April daisy on the grass.”

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the force of contrast:

This said he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings’ shade.”

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could furnish. The letter to Collatine is written;—a letter of the most touching simplicity:

“Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me:

So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Again the action languishes, and again Lucrece surrenders herself to her grief. The

"Skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy"

is one of the most elaborate passages of the poem, essentially cast in an undramatic mould. But this is but a prelude to the catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a strength of passion is put forth which is worthy him who drew the terrible agonies of Lear :

"Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name : 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this : 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'"

Malone, in his concluding remarks upon the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, says : "We should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence." This was written in the year 1780—the period which rejoiced in the "polished productions" of Hayley and Miss Seward, and founded its "idea of poetical excellence" on some standard which, secure in its conventional forms, might depart as far as possible from simplicity and nature, to give us words without thought, arranged in verses without music. It would be injustice indeed to Shakspeare to try the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, by such a standard of "poetical excellence." But we have outlived that period. By way of apology for Shakspeare, Malone adds, "that few authors rise much above the age in which they live." He further says, "the poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's lifetime." This is

consolatory. In Shakspeare's lifetime there were a few men that the world has since thought somewhat qualified to establish an "idea of poetical excellence"—Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, for example. These were not much valued in Malone's golden age of "more modern and polished productions;"—but let that pass. We are coming back to the opinions of this obsolete school; and we venture to think the majority of readers now will not require us to make an apology for Shakspeare's poems.

[From Dowden's "Shakspeare."*]

The *Venus and Adonis* is styled by its author, in the dedication to the Earl of Southampton, "the first heir of my invention." Gervinus believes that the poem may have been written before the poet left Stratford. Although possibly separated by a considerable interval from its companion poem, *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), the two may be regarded as essentially one in kind. The specialty of these poems as portions of Shakspeare's art has perhaps not been sufficiently observed. † Each is an artistic study; and they form, as has been just observed, companion studies—one of female lust and boyish coldness, the other of male lust and womanly chastity. Coleridge noticed "the utter aloofness of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst;" but it can hardly be admitted that this aloofness of the poet's own feelings proceeds from a dramatic abandonment of self. The subjects of these two poems did not call and choose their poet; they did not possess him and compel him to render them into art. Rather the poet expressly made choice of the subjects, and deliberately set himself down before each to accomplish an exhaustive study of it.

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden; Harper's ed. p. 43 fol.

† Coleridge touches upon the fact, and it is noted by Lloyd.

If the Venus and Adonis sonnets in *The Passionate Pilgrim* be by Shakspeare, it would seem that he had been trying various poetical exercises on this theme. And for a young writer of the Renaissance, the subject of Shakspeare's earliest poem was a splendid one—as voluptuous and unspiritual as that of a classical picture of Titian. It included two figures containing inexhaustible pasture for the fleshly eye, and delicacies and dainties for the sensuous imagination of the Renaissance—the enamoured Queen of Beauty, and the beautiful, disdainful boy. It afforded occasion for endless exercises and variations on the themes Beauty, Lust, and Death. In holding the subject before his imagination, Shakspeare is perfectly cool and collected. He has made choice of the subject, and he is interested in doing his duty by it in the most thorough way a young poet can; but he remains unimpassioned—intent wholly upon getting down the right colours and lines upon his canvas. Observe his determination to put in accurately the details of each object; to omit nothing. Poor Wat, the hare, is described in a dozen stanzas. Another series of stanzas describes the stallion—all his points are enumerated:

“Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.”

This passage of poetry has been admired; but is it poetry or a paragraph from an advertisement of a horse-sale? It is part of Shakspeare's study of an animal, and he does his work thoroughly. In like manner, he does not shrink from faithfully putting down each one of the amorous provocations and urgencies of Venus. The complete series of manœuvres must be detailed.

In *Lucrece* the action is delayed and delayed, that every minute particular may be described, every minor incident recorded. In the newness of her suffering and shame, Lu-

Crece finds time for an elaborate *tirade* appropriate to the theme "Night," another to that of "Time," another to that of "Opportunity." Each topic is exhausted. Then, studiously, a new incident is introduced, and its significance for the emotions is drained to the last drop in a new tirade. We nowhere else discover Shakspeare so evidently engaged upon his work. Afterwards he puts a stress upon his verses to compel them to contain the hidden wealth of his thought and imagination. Here he displays at large such wealth as he possesses; he will have none of it half seen. The descriptions and declamations are undramatic, but they show us the materials laid out in detail from which dramatic poetry originates. Having drawn so carefully from models, the time comes when he can trust himself to draw from memory, and he possesses marvellous freedom of hand, because his previous studies have been so laborious. It was the same hand that drew the stallion in *Venus and Adonis* which afterwards drew with infallible touch, as though they were alive, the dogs of Theseus:

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit; but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."*

* The comparison of these two passages is from Hazlitt, whose unfavourable criticism of Shakspeare's poems expresses well one side of the truth. "The two poems of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Tarquin and Lucrece* appear to us like a couple of ice-houses. They are about as hard, as glittering, and as cold. The author seems all the time to be thinking of his verses, and not of his subject—not of what his characters would feel, but of what he shall say; and, as it must happen in all such cases, he always puts into their mouths those things which they would be the last to think of, and which it shows the greatest ingenuity in him to find out. The whole is laboured, uphill work. The poet is perpetually sin-

When these poems were written, Shakspeare was cautiously feeling his way. Large, slow-growing natures, gifted with a sense of concrete fact and with humour, ordinarily possess no great self-confidence in youth. An idealist, like Milton, may resolve in early manhood that he will achieve a great epic poem, and in old age may turn into fact the ideas of his youth. An idealist, like Marlowe, may begin his career with a splendid youthful audacity, a stupendous *Tamburlaine*. A man of the kind to which Shakspeare belonged, although very resolute, and determined, if possible, to succeed, requires the evidence of objective facts to give him self-confidence. His special virtue lies in a peculiarly pregnant and rich relation with the actual world, and such relation commonly establishes itself by a gradual process. Accordingly, instead of flinging abroad into the world while still a stripling some unprecedented creation, as Marlowe did, or as Victor Hugo did, and securing thereby the position of a leader of an insurgent school, Shakspeare began, if not timidly, at least cautiously and tentatively. He undertakes work of any and every description, and tries and tests himself upon all. He is therefore a valued person in his theatrical company, ready to turn his hand to anything helpful—

gling out the difficulties of the art to make an exhibition of his strength and skill in wrestling with them. He is making perpetual trials of them as if his mastery over them were doubted. . . . A beautiful thought is sure to be lost in an endless commentary upon it. . . . There is, besides, a strange attempt to substitute the language of painting for that of poetry, to make us *see* their feelings in the faces of the persons.”—*Characters of Shakspeare's Plays* (ed. 1818), pp. 348, 349. Coleridge's much more favorable criticism will be found in *Biographia Literaria* (ed. 1847), vol. ii. ch. ii. The peculiarity of the poems last noticed in the extract from Hazlitt is ingeniously accounted for by Coleridge. “The great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him . . . to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players” (pp. 18, 19).

a Jack-of-all-trades, a "Johannes-factotum;" he is obliging and free from self-assertion; he is waiting his time; he is not yet sure of himself; he finds it the sensible thing not to profess singularity. "Divers of worship" report his "uprightness of dealing;" he is "excellent in the quality he professes;"* his demeanor is civil; he is recognized even already as having a "facetious grace in writing." † Let us not suppose, because Shakspeare declines to assault the real world and the world of imagination, and take them by violence, that he is therefore a person of slight force of character. He is determined to master both these worlds, if possible. He approaches them with a facile and engaging air; by-and-by his grasp upon facts will tighten. From Marlowe and from Milton half of the world escapes. Shakspeare will lay hold of it in its totality, and, once that he has laid hold of it, will never let it go.

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Comments on the Poems.* ‡]

In the *Venus and Adonis* we have the same luxuriance of fancy, the same intensity of passion, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, illegitimate and unlawful though the indulgence in that passion is. We have the link with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in the stanza "Bid me discourse," and the hounds hunting the hare. The poem was entered on the Stationers' Register and published in 1593, and must be of nearly the same date as the *Romeo and Juliet*. It is dedicated to Shakspeare's young patron, Henry, Earl of Southampton;

* On the special use of the word "quality" for the stage-player's profession, see a note by Hermann Kurz in his article, "Shakespeare der Schauspieler," *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, vol. vi. pp. 317, 318.

† Chettle's "Kind Heart's Dream," 1592. But see Mr. Howard Staunton's letter in *The Athenæum*, Feb. 7, 1874; Mr. Simpson's article, "Shakspeare Allusion Books," *The Academy*, April 11, 1874; and Dr. Ingleby's preface to *Shakspeare Allusion Books*, published for the New Shakspeare Society.

‡ *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. xxx. fol.

and I would fain believe the subject was set him by that patron. But from whatever source came the impulse to take from Ovid the heated story of the heathen goddess's lust, we cannot forbear noticing how through this stifling atmosphere Shakspeare has blown the fresh breezes of English meads and downs. *Midsummer-Night's Dream* itself is not fuller of evidence of Shakspeare's intimate knowledge of, and intense delight in, country scenes and sights, whether shown in his description of horse and hounds, or in closer touches, like that of the hush of wind before the rain; while such lines as those about the eagle flapping, "shaking its wings" (57), over its food, send us still to the Zoological Gardens to verify. Two lines there are, reflecting Shakspeare's own experience of life—his own early life in London possibly—which we must not fail to note; they are echoed in Hamlet:

"For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any."

'T was a lesson plainly taught by the Elizabethan days, and the Victorian preach it too. It has been the fashion lately to run down the *Venus* as compared with Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. Its faults are manifest. It shows less restraint and training than the work of the earlier-ripened Marlowe; but to me it has a fulness of power and promise of genius enough to make three Marlowes. . . .

Though the *Venus* was dedicated by Shakspeare, when twenty-nine, to the Earl of Southampton before he was twenty,* and cannot be called an improving poem for a young nobleman to read, we must remember the difference between the

* He was born October 6, 1573; his father died October 4, 1581; he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, on December 11, 1585, just after he was twelve; took his degree of Master of Arts before he was sixteen, on June 6, 1589; and soon after entered at Gray's Inn, London. He was a ward of Lord Burghley. He became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, but lost her favour, in 1595, for making love to Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin), whom he married later, in 1598. (Massey's *Shakspeare's Sonnets*, p. 53, etc.)

Elizabethan times and our own. Then, not one in a thousand of the companions of poets would have complained of Shakspeare's choice of subject, or thought it other than as legitimate as its treatment was beautiful. The same subject was repeated perhaps by Shakspeare in some sonnets of *The Passionate Pilgrim*; and a like one, in higher and happier tone, was made the motive of his *All's Well that Ends Well*—as I believe, the recast of his early *Love's Labours Won*. However it grates on one to compare the true and loving Helena with the lustful Venus, one must admit that the pursuit of an unwilling man by a willing woman—though he was no Joseph, and she no Potiphar's wife—was not so distasteful to the Elizabethan age as it is to the Victorian. Constable's best poem (printed in 1600) treats the same topic as Shakspeare's first: its title is *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*.*

Of possession and promise in Shakspeare's first poem, we have an intense love of nature, and a conviction (which never left him) of her sympathy with the moods of men; a penetrating eye; a passionate soul; † a striking power of throwing himself into all he sees, and reproducing it living and real to his reader; a lively fancy, command of words, and music of verse; these wielded by a shaping spirit that strives to keep each faculty under one control, and guide it while doing its share of the desired whole. . . .

The first ‡ allusion to the *Venus* is by Meres in 1598: . . .

* Lodge has three stanzas in his *Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, on Adonis's death, and Venus coming down to his corpse.

† "A young poet can, at most, give evidence of ardent feeling and fresh imagination."—Mark Pattison, *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1875, p. 386.

‡ If there really was an earlier edition in 1595, or any year before 1598, of John Weever's *Epigrammes*, which we know only in the edition of 1599, then Weever was before Meres in recognizing the merit of Shakspeare's *Venus*, *Lucrece*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*. See the *Epigram* 22, in the New Shakspeare Society's *Allusion Books*, Pt. I. p. 182.

“witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*,” etc. In 1598 the two poems were again noticed in “A Remembrance of some English Poets,” the fourth tract in a volume called *Poems : in Diuers Humors*, of which the first tract bears Richard Barnfield’s name :

“And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing Vaine,
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine ;
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste),
Thy Name in fame’s immortall Booke have plac’t.
Liue ever you ! at least, in Fame liue ever !
Well may the Bodye dye ; but Fame dies neuer.”

In the same year, 1598, the satirist, John Marston,* published “the first heir of his invention,” which he called (p. 202) “the first bloomes of my poesie,” “The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion’s Image. And Certaine Satyres” (*Works*, 1856, iii. 199), and in it, says Mr. Minto (*Characteristics of English Poets*, 1874, p. 437), reviving an old theory, “Shakspere’s *Venus and Adonis* was singled out as the type of dangerously voluptuous poetry, and unmercifully parodied ; the acts of the goddess to win over the cold youth being coarsely paralleled in mad mockery by the acts of Pygmalion to bring his beloved statue to life.” Now the fact is, that there is no trace of “mad mockery” or parody in Marston’s poem, though there are echoes in it of *Venus*, as there are of *Richard III.*,† *Hamlet*, etc., in Marston’s *Scourge of Villanie*, his

* See the character given of him in the most interesting *Return from Parnassus* (about 1602, published 1606), Hazlitt’s *Dodsley*, ix. 116, 117. Also the anecdote in Manningham’s *Diary*.

† “A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse !” (1607. *What You Will*, act ii. sc. i. *Works*, i. 239). “A man ! a man ! a kingdom for a man !” (1598. *Scourge of Villanie*. *Works*, iii. 278). And he repeats the call, “A man, a man !” thrice in the next two pages (*Shakspere Allusion Books*, i. 188. New Shakspere Society). See, too, “A foole, a foole. a foole, my coxcombe for a foole !” (*Fawn*, 1606, act v. sc. i. *Works*, ii. 89) ; and on p. 23, Hercules’s imitation of Iago’s speech to Roderigo, in *Othello*, ii. 40–60 (Nicholson). Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1607, act iii. sc. iii. (*Works*, i. 239), “Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! arte there, olde true penny ;”

Fawn, etc. ; and the far more probable view of the case is that put forward by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson: that Marston, being young, and of a warm temperament and licentious disposition, followed the lead of a poem then in everybody's mouth* (Shakspeare's *Venus*), and produced his *Pigmalion's Image*; but being able only to heighten the *Venus's* sensuality, and leave out its poetry and bright outdoor life, he disgusted his readers, had his poem suppressed by Whitgift and Bancroft's order, and then tried to get out of the scrape by saying that he had written his nastiness only to condemn other poets for writing theirs! A likely story indeed! But let him tell it himself. In his "Satyre VI." of his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 (completed in 1599), *Works*, 1856, iii. 274, 275, he says:

"Curio! know'st my sprite;
 Yet deem'st that in sad seriousness I write
 Such nasty stuffe as is *Pigmalion*?
 Such maggot-tainted, lewd corruption! . . .
 Think'st thou that I, which was create to whip
 Incarnate fiends . . .
 Think'st thou that I in melting poesie
 Will pamper itching sensualitie,
 That in the bodies scumme, all fatally
 Intombes the soules most sacred faculty?"

from *Hamlet*, etc. Compare, too, Lampatho in *The Malcontent* (vol. i. p. 236) with Armado in *Love's Labours Lost*. Marston was steeped in Shakspeare, though to little good.

* See *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*:

"*Crip[ple]*. But heare you sir? reading so much as you haue done,
 Doe you not remember one pretty phrase,
 To scale the walles of a faire wenches loue?
Bow[lder]. I never read any thing but *Venus* and *Adonis*.
Crip. Why that's the very quintessence of loue;
 If you remember but a verse or two,
 Ile pawne my head, goods, lands, and all, 't will doe."

In R. Baron's "Fortune's Tennis-ball" (*Pocula Castalia*, 1640) are, says Dr. B. Nicholson, many appropriations from *Venus and Adonis*, suddenly occurring where hunting is spoken of. Falstaff is also referred to; and at the end are many appropriations from Ben Jonson's *Hymenei*.

Hence, thou misjudging censor! know, I wrot
 Those idle rimes to note the odious spot
 And blemish that deforms the lineaments
 Of moderne poesies habiliments.
 Oh that the beauties of invention *
 For want of judgements disposition,
 Should all be spoil'd!" . . .

Then, after describing seven types of poets—of whom the fifth *may be* Shakspeare,† and the sixth Ben Jonson (comp. p. 245)—Marston goes on to satirize the readers of his and other writers' loose poems, for whom he "slubber'd up that chaos indigest" of his *Pigmalion*. This epithet is certainly not consistent with the dedication of his poem to Good Opinion and his Mistress; and his excuse for his failure in it is plainly an after-thought. But whatever we determine as to Marston's motives and honesty, we shall all join in regretting the "want of judgements disposition" that let Shakspeare choose Venus ‡ for an early place in his glorious gallery of women—forms whose radiant purity and innocence have won all hearts; though we will remember this fault only as the low level from which he rose on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. He who put Venus near the beginning of his career, ended with Miranda, Perdita, Imogen, and Queen Katherine. Let *them* make atonement for *her*!

* Comp. Shakspeare's "First heir of my invention."

† Yon's one whose straines haue flowne. so high a pitch,
 That straight he flags, and tumbles in a ditch.
 His sprightly hot high-soring poesie
 Is like that dream'd-of imagery,
 Whose head was gold, brest silver, brassie thigh,
 Lead leggs, clay feete: O faire fram'd poesie!"

That Shakspeare's subject was clay, and his verse gold, is certainly true.

‡ The author of the *Return from Parnassus* (written about 1602, published 1606), puts it thus (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 118):

"William Shakspeare?
 Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece rape:
 His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,
 Could but a graver subject him content,
 Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."



Memis

Adonis





THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

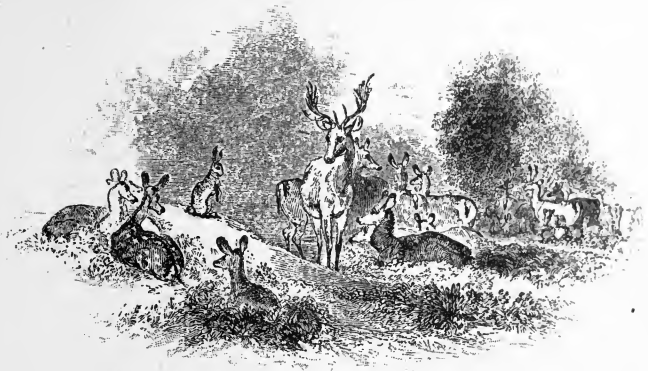
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen; only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are,
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

10

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set I'll smother thee with kisses ;

‘ And yet not cloy thy lips with loath’d satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

20

 A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.’

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth’s sovereign salve to do a goddess good ;
 Being so enrag’d, desire doth lend her force
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

30

Over one arm the lusty courser’s rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
 Who blush’d and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimble she fastens—O, how quick is love!—
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove ;

40

 Backward she push’d him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern’d him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips ;
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 ‘ If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.’

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;

50

Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith she is immodest, blames her miss ;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

60

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face :
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

70

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale :
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears
 From his soft bosom never to remove
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,

80

Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a divedapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :
'O, pity,' gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy !
'T is but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar ; 100
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain ; 110
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight !

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.

What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
 Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

120

'Art thou asham'd to kiss! then wink again,
 And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:

These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe, yet mayst thou well be tasted;
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted:

130

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
 Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow;
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;

141

My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,

Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen ;
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee ?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft. 160
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
 Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty ;
 Thou wast begot ; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ? 170
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.'

190

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.'

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind!

200

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.'

210

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!

Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion;
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause: 220
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.' 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:

Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking? 250
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorr,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
 Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud, 260
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud ;
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send ;

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried, 280
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say' ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
 She answers him as if she knew his mind :
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind, 310
 Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ;
 He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
 When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,

And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind, 340
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels ; 350
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
 'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ; 370

For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it ;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go ;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so :
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight? 400
Who is so faint that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy ;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
 O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ; 410
 'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth ;
 The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young
 Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong. 420

'You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love's alarms it will not ope the gate :
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
 For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What ! canst thou talk ?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue ?
 O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing : 430
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wound-
 ing.

‘ Had I no eyes but eârs, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible ;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible :

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

‘ Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;

For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum’d that breedeth love by smelling.

‘ But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast ?’ 450

Once more the ruby-colour’d portal open’d,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken’d
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh ;
Even as the wind is hush’d before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460

Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth ;

A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red :

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 47^a
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
 He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd :
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 48^o

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day ;
 Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth ;
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ; 49^o
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me; kill me once again :
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine, 500
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other for this cure !
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath. 510

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing ;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone ? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years :
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west ; 530
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'T is very late ;"
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
 Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say "Good night," and so say you ;
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
 'Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
 Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face : 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ; 550
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry :

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,

Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chasing, 561
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission;
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over, 571
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
 He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose, 590
 Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:

She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;
She 's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me ; let me go ;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

610

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd ! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret ;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

620

‘ His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm’d,
 Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter ;
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harm’d ;
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes. 630

‘ Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love’s eyes pay tributary gazes ;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
 But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread !—
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

‘ O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
 Come not within his danger by thy will ;
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 640
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear’d thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

‘ Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?
 Saw’st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
 Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

‘ For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
 Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel ; 650
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry “ Kill, kill ! ”
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
 As air and water do abate the fire.

‘ This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
 This canker that eats up Love’s tender spring,

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear: 660

‘And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

‘What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That tremble at the imagination?
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And fear doth teach it divination; 670
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

‘But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul’d by me;
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
 Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy hounds.

‘And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles 680
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
 The many musits through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

‘Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear :

690

‘ For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;

Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

‘ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still :

Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;

700

And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

‘ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
 Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :

For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low never reliev’d by any.

‘ Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :

710

To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,

· Applying this to that, and so to so ;

For love can comment upon every woe.

‘ Where did I leave ?’ ‘ No matter where,’ quoth he ;

‘ Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :

The night is spent.’ ‘ Why, what of that ?’ quoth she.

‘ I am,’ quoth he, ‘ expected of my friends ;

And now ’t is dark, and going I shall fall.’

‘ In night,’ quoth she, ‘ desire sees best of all.

720

' But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

' Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine; 730
 Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day and her by night.

' And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature,
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances and much misery;

' As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood, 740
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

' And not the least of all these maladies
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun. 750

' Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,

That on the earth would breed a scarcity
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal; the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that ’s put to use more gold begets.’

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme: 770
 The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream;
 For, by this black-fac’d night, desire’s foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

‘If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there, 780

‘Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.

79c

You do it for increase; O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

80c

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away:
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

81c

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend : 820
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled, 830
 Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
 ' Ay me !' she cries, and twenty times ' Woe, woe !'
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty :
 How love makes young men thrall and old men dote ;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short ;
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport ;
 Their copious stories oftentimes begun
 End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
 But idle sounds resembling parasites,

Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?

85c

She says ' 'T is so : ' they answer all ' 'T is so ;'
And would say after her, if she said ' No. '

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
' O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other. '

86c

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn ;
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

87c

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay ;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :

87c

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud ;
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart, 890
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part ;
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim, 920
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

' Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
 ' Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
 To stifle beauty and to steal his breath
 Who, when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

' If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it :—
 O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
 Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

' Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.

The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
 Love's-golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt ;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again. 960

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs-dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving who should best become her grief ;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
 But none is best : then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo ;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
 The dire imagination she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;

For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

980

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous :
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught :
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

1000

'T is not my fault ; the boar provok'd my tongue :
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander :
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

1010

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
 To be of such a weak and silly mind
 To wail his death who lives and must not die
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

1020

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
 As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves ;
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies—
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light—
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew ;

1030

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep-dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain ;

1040

Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
 And never wound the heart with looks again ;
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes,

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light 1051
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
 In his soft flank, whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears that his wound wept was drench'd ;
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead : 1060
 Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow ;
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead ! 1070
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him. 1080

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep; 1090
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :

 If he did see his face, why then I know

 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so. 1110

'T is true, 't is true ; thus was Adonis slain :

He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,

But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;

 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine

 Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,

With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;

But he is dead, and never did he bless

My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.'

 With this, she falleth in the place she stood,

 And stains her face with his congealed blood. 1120

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;

She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;

She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,

As if they heard the woeful words she told ;

 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,

 Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies ;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld

A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;

Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,

And every beauty robb'd of his effect :

 'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,

 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light. 1130

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy :

Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;

It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
 It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild, 1155
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ; 1160
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire :
 Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
 6

Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood 1169
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

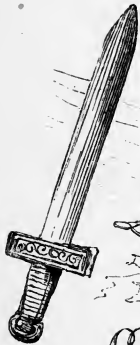
She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death ;
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

' Poor flower,' quoth she, ' this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

' Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right :
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night ;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid 1190
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.





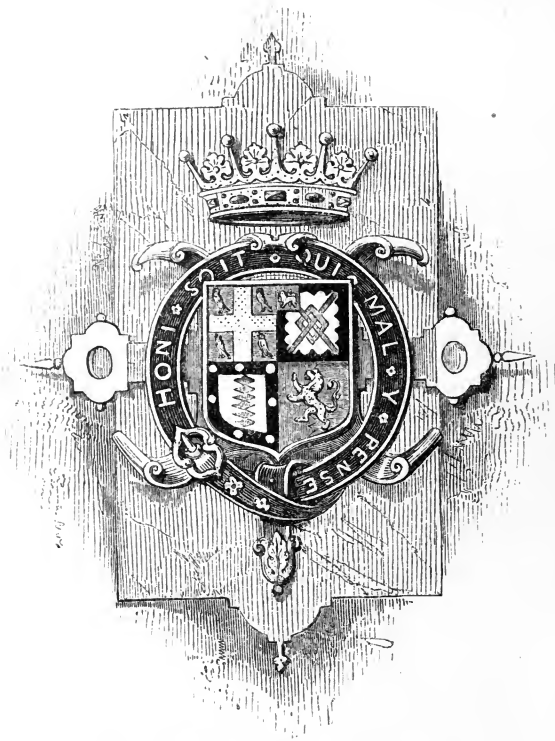
THE

RAPE

OF

SUCCRECE





COAT OF ARMS OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



ARDEA.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were

late in the night, spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius, and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite,
 When Collatine unwisely did not let
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator ;
 What needeth then apologies be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king,
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be ;
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
 vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those ;
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
 O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd, 50
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
 Which of them both should underprop her fame :
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field :
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white :
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right ;
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat. 70

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue —
 The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so —
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong, 80
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show ;
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper,
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
 Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest, 90
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty,
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks, 100
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books :
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy,
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,

Made glorious by his manly chivalry
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ; 130
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
 He makes excuses for his being there :
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
 Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
 Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining ;
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining, 131
 And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
 Though death be adjunct, there 's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
 For what they have not, that which they possess
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all or all for one we gage,
 As life for honour in fell battle's rage,
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
 The things we are for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity, 150
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,
 And for himself himself he must forsake ;
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays 160
 To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes :
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly lambs : pure thoughts are dead and still,
 While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ; 170
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread :
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,

Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly ;
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye,
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :

‘ As from this cold flint I enforc’d this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire.’

18a

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise ;
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still-slaughter’d lust,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

‘ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine ;
 And die, unhallow’d thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine ;
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :

19a

Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love’s modest snow-white weed.

‘ O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
 O foul dishonour to my household’s grave !
 O impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy’s slave !
 True valour still a true respect should have ;
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

20a

‘ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,

To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been.

210

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

220

'O, what excuse can my invention make
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

230

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife ;
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

' Shameful it is ; ay, if the fact be known :
 Hateful it is ; there is no hate in loving : 240
 I 'll beg her love ; but she is not her own :
 The worst is but denial and reproving ;
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
 Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ' She took me kindly by the hand,
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
 O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

' And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd, 260
 Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

' Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ; 269
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth ;
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;

And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?' 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits; 290
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline,
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worsen part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,

Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
 Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there ;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place 310
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;
 As who should say ' This glove to wanton tricks 320
 Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
 Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial :
 The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental things of trial ;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

' So, so,' quoth he, ' these lets attend the time, 330
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
 sands,
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought. 340
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
 Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower;
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?' 350

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
 My will is back'd with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide.
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch; 360
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head;
 By their high treason is his heart misled,

Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon. 371

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight,
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light ;
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame suppos'd,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclos'd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died !
Then had they seen the period of their ill ; 380
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still ;
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
Between whose hills her head entombed is, 390
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty ! 401
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,

And death's dim look in life's mortality ;
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honoured. 410
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?
 What did he note but strongly he desir'd ?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
 With more than admiration he admir'd
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. 420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd, for standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like stragglng slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430
 Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting ;
 Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale, 440
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries ;
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking, 450
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;
 What terror 't is ! but she, in worsè taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries, 460
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
 Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !—
 May feel her heart—poor citizen !—distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale; 480
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might,
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control, 500

Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies ;
 So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 510
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee ;
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee :
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye ; 520
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 . And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
 A little harm done to a great good end
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted 530
 In a pure compound ; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 54c
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

*But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing; 55t
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd 56t
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,

And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended ;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

' My husband is thy friend ; for his sake spare me :
Thyself art mighty ; for thine own sake leave me :
Myself a weakling ; do not then ensnare me :
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee :
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans ;

' All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening heart, 590
To soften it with their continual motion,
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

' In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee ;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,

Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
 Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same, 600
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

' How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king ?
 O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

' This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear, 610
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love ;
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove :
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

' And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn ?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
 To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
 Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

' Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will ;
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
 When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ? 630

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
 To view thy present trespass in another.
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
 Their own transgressions partially they smother :
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.

O, how are they, wrapp'd in with infamies
 That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes !

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier :

I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal ;

640

Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :

His true respect will prison false desire,

And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,

That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he ; 'my uncontrolled tide

Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,

And with the wind in greater fury fret ;

The petty streams that pay a daily debt

To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

651

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king ;

And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood

Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,

Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.

If all these petty ills shall change thy good,

Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,

And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;

Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;

660

Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;

Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :

The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;

The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he ; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee :
Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies ;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ;
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again :
This forced league doth force a further strife ;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain ; 690
This hot desire converts to cold disdain ;
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk

The prey wherein by nature they delight,
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night ;
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

700

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
 Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
 For there it revels ; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

710

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

720

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death and pain perpetual ;
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain ; 730
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
 He scowls and hates himself for his offence ;
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ; 740
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
 She there remains a hopeless castaway ;
 He in his speed looks for the morning light ;
 She prays she never may behold the day,
 'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see 750
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind ;
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find 760
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night :

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

770

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night !
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time ;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

780

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again :
So should I have co-partners in my pain ;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage :

790

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy ;

But I alone alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

‘O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
 Let not the jealous Day behold that face
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
 Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace!
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

800

‘Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
 The light will show, character’d in my brow,
 The story of sweet chastity’s decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

810

‘The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin’s name;
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin’s shame;
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

‘Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted;
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are rotted,
 And undeserv’d reproach to him allotted
 That is as clear from this attain of mine
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

820

' O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
 O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

830

Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows !

' If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft ;

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept. 840

' Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack ;
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue ; O unlook'd-for evil,
 When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

' Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?

850

But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

' The aged man that coffers up his gold
 Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;

Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

860

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it;
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

871

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason:
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

880

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud;
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,

890

Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste ;
 Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

' When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ? 900
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

' The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds.

Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds ;
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. 910

' When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
 They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

' Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
 Guilty of incest, that abomination ;
 An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

‘ Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin’s pack-horse, virtue’s snare,
 Thou nursest all and murder’st all that are ;
 O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

930

‘ Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray’d the hours thou gav’st me to repose,
 Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes ?
 Time’s office is to fine the hate of foes,
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

‘ Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers ;

940

‘ To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,
 To dry the old oak’s sap and cherish springs,
 To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel,
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune’s wheel ;

950

‘ To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguil’d,

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage, 960
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?

One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends;

O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night; 970
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness. 980

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes 990

In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly and his time of sport;
 And ever let his unrecalling crime
 Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

‘O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught’st this ill!
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
 For who so base would such an office have 1000
 As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

‘The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour’d or begets him hate,
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is miss’d,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

‘The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceiv’d fly with the filth away; 1010
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day;
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe’er they fly,
 But eagles gaz’d upon with every eye.

‘Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
 To trembling clients be you mediators: 1020
 For me, I force not argument a straw,
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
 The remedy indeed to do me good
 Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
 For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
 And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

1030

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
 To find some desperate instrument of death;
 But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
 To make more vent for passage of her breath,
 Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
 As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

1040

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
 Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife.
 But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
 So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

1050

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give
 A badge of fame to slander's livery,
 A dying life to living infamy;

Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

‘ Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :

1060

He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

‘ Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc’d offence.

1070

‘ I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin’d excuses ;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night’s abuses:
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.’

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun’d warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister’d be.

1080

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;
To whom she sobbing speaks : ‘ O eye of eyes,

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peep-
ing;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light, 1091
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees;
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild:
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words,
Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows. 1120

‘ You mocking birds,’ quoth she, ‘ your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow-swelling feather’d breasts,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb ;
 My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
 Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

‘ Come, Philomel, that sing’st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell’d hair :
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment, 1130
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 And with deep groans the diapason bear ;
 For burden-wise I ’ll hum on Tarquin still,
 While thou on Tereus descant’st better skill.

‘ And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part,
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument, 1140
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

‘ And for, poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
 Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.’

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150
 Or one encompass’d with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily ;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion

116c

Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,

117o

If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.

118o

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;

The one will live, the other being dead :
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred,
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn ;
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

1190

' Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me ;
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

' This brief abridgement of my will I make :
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

1200

' Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say " So be it :"
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee :
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

1210

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty, 1220
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 For why, her face wore sorrow's livery ;
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
 Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, 1240
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep : 1250
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep ;

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd ;
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses ; those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread ;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :
 ' My girl,' quoth she, ' on what occasion break 1270
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are rain-
 ing ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood ;
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

' But tell me, girl, when went '—and there she stay'd
 Till after a deep groan—' Tarquin from hence ?'
 ' Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
 ' The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

' But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.'

'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express;
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. 1290
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
 So, I commend me from our house in grief;
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ 1331
 'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems;
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
 And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
 Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely;

Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd.
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd ;
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan ;
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy,
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ; 1370
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife ;
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife,
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer 1380
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
 And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces,
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold !
 The face of either cipher'd either's heart,
 Their face their manners most expressly told :
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd,
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government. 1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight,
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight ;
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
 All jointly listening, but with several graces, 1410
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice :
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all bollen and red ;
 Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy 1431
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That through their light joy seemed to appear,
 Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began 1440
 To break upon the galled shore, and than
 Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
 They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
 Many she sees where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign :
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd ;
Of what she was no semblance did remain :
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes. 1460
The painter was no god to lend her those ;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 1470

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear ;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe ?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480

Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general ?

' Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds ;
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire, 1490
 Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
 So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
 And who she finds forlorn she doth lament. 1500
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent :
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content ;
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saintlike forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew 1520
 For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;
 Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd ;
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill : 1530
 And still on him she gaz'd ; and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
 She would have said 'can lurk in such a look ;'
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took.
 'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus : 'It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind : 1540

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
 To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd
 With outward honesty, but yet defil'd

With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

‘ Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow’d tears that Sinon sheds !
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise ? 1550
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds :
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

‘ Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold :
So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter, 1560
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.’

Here, all enrag’d, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
At last she smilingly with this gives o’er :
‘ Fool, fool ! ’ quoth she, ‘ his wounds will not be sore.’

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining. 1570
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow’s sharp sustaining :
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp’d her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent ;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought

By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

1580

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw, 1590
Amazedly in her sad face he stares ;

Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.

He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;

Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent? 1600
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe ;
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe,

While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

1610

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
 ' Few words,' quoth she, ' shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending ;
 In me moe woes than words are now depending,
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

' Then be this all the task it hath to say :
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
 And what wrong else may be imagined
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

' For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
 And softly cried " Awake, thou Roman dame,
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 1630
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
 " Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
 I 'll murder straight, and then I 'll slaughter thee
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed ; this act will be
 My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

' With this, I did begin to start and cry ;
 And then against my heart he sets his sword, 1640
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word ;
 So should my shame still rest upon record,

And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

‘ Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650
That my poor beauty had purloin’d his eyes ;
And when the judge is robb’d the prisoner dies.

‘ O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !
Or at the least this refuge let me find :
Though my gross blood be stain’d with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
That was not forc’d ; that never was inclin’d
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison’d closet yet endure.’

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660
With head declin’d, and voice damm’d up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so :
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc’d him on so fast, 1670
In rage sent out, recall’d in rage, being past ;
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
‘ Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth

Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful ; let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

1680

‘ And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

‘ But ere I name him, you fair lords,’ quoth she,
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
 ‘ Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;
 For ’t is a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies’
 harms.’

1690

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray’d.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. ‘ O, speak,’ quoth she,
 ‘ How may this forced stain be wip’d from me?’

1700

‘ What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain’d with dreadful circumstance ?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
 My low-declined honour to advance ?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
 The poison’d fountain clears itself again ;
 And why not I from this compelled stain?’

With this, they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ; 1710
 While with a joyless smile she turns away
 The face, that map which deep impression bears
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
 But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;
 Till after many accents and delays,
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, 1720
 She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, 1730
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood 1740
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

1750

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
 ' That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
 If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

' Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born ;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
 Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn :
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was !

1760

' O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive ;
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee !'

1770

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space,
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue, 1780
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: 1790
 Then son and father weep with equal strife
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
 Replies her husband: 'do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life 1800
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
 'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,
 I owed her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd.'
 'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 1810
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words and uttering foolish things ;

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, ' arise ;
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school. 1820

' Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds ;
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

' Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations ;
 But kneel with me and help to bear thy part, 1830
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

' Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd

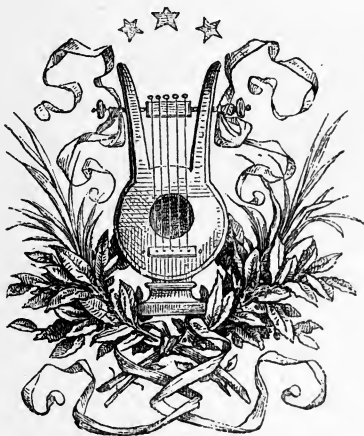
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

1840

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow ;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

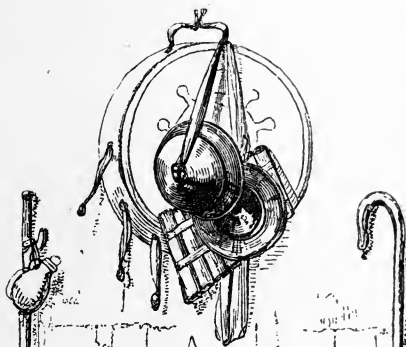
When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence ;
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

1850





ROMAN MATRON.



SOVER'S COMPLAINT

THE

PASSIONATE

PILGRIM







FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw

The carcass of a beauty spent and done ;
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit, but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters,
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears ;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
 Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
 To the orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride,
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And true to bondage would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
 Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes, 50
 And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear :
 Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here !'
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew— 60
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
 And comely-distant sits he by her side,
 When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide ;
 If that from him there may be aught applied
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age. 70

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,

Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place,
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free; 100
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes;
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,

What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes, 110
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case.
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted: 130
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them: 140

' So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.

' Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

' But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

' Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

' For further I could say "This man 's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,

Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

' And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me : " Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :

That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

180

" All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.
They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

" Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd ;
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

190

" Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

200

" And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,

Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

210

“ The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold : each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

“ Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since, I their altar, you enpatron me.

220

“ O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise :
 What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you ; and to your audit comes
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

230

“ Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
 A sister sanctified, of holiest note,
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

" But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives, 240
 Paling the place which did no form receive,
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

" O, pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
 The accident which brought me to her eye
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly :
 Religious love put out Religion's eye ; 250
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
 And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

" How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell !
 The broken bosoms that to me belong
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among ;
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congeat,
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

" My parts had power to charm a sacred nun, 260
 Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,
 Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place ;
 O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

" When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ! 270
 Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
 shame,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“ Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine ;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.”

280

‘ This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face ;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace !
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

‘ O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

290

‘ For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears ;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

300

‘ In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows :

' That not a heart which in his level came
 Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,
 And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
 He preach'd pure maid and prais'd cold chastity.

' Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
 That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
 Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ? 320
 Ay me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
 What I should do again for such a sake.

' O, that infected moisture of his eye,
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
 O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconciled maid !'





THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear ;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,

The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
 He rose and ran away—ah, fool too froward!

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim; 10
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
 'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

III.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
 * * * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild.
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
 'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar, 10
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
 She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :

A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

V.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !
 Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded !
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
 For why, thou left'st me nothing in thy will :
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
 For why, I craved nothing of thee still :

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VI.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young !
 Age, I do defy thee : O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

10

VII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
 A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies when first it gins to bud ;
 A brittle glass that's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

10

VIII.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share ;
 She bade good night that kept my rest away,
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow :'
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether;
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
 But now are minutes added to the hours;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
 Yet not for me shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now bor-
 row;
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

IX.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as partial fancy like;
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt ;—
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sell.

10

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight,
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

20

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

30

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew :
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint :
Here is no heaven ; be holy then,
When time with age shall thee attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.





THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

20

Here the anthem doth commence :
 Love and constancy is dead ;
 Phœnix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one ;
 Two distincts, division none :
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
 But in them it were a wonder.

30

So between them love did shine
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the phœnix' sight ;
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same ;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

40

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together,
 To themselves yet either neither,
 Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

59

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

60

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.





Good night, good rest (*P. P. 8. 1*).

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare. edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 D., Dyce (second edition).
Et al., and other eds. (that is, *following* or *later* ones).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *The Passionate Pilgrim*) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



THE FLIGHT OF TARQUIN.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE EARLY EDITIONS.—Richard Field, the printer of the first ed. (see p. 9 above) was a native of Stratford, and the son of the Henry Field whose goods John Shakespeare was employed to value in 1592. He adopted the device of an anchor, with the motto "Anchora spei," because they had been used by his father-in-law, Thomas Vautrollier, a celebrated and learned printer, who resided in Blackfriars, and to whose business, at his death in 1589, Field succeeded.

The poem was licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift), and entered in the Stationers' Register, April 18, 1593.

The second edition, likewise printed and published by Field, must have been brought out early in 1594, as the transfer of the copyright

from Field to Harrison is recorded as having taken place on the 25th of June in that year.

The third edition was printed by Field, though published by Harrison, and must have appeared before June, 1596, when Harrison transferred the copyright to Leake.

It is probable that there were editions between this of 1596 and that of 1599. The poem had evidently been very popular, and it would be strange if Leake did not issue an edition until three years after he had secured the copyright. When we consider that of the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 10th* eds. only single copies have come down to our day, of the 3d, 6th, and 9th, only two copies each, and of the 2d only three copies, it is not unreasonable to suppose that of some editions not a single copy has survived. It is also probable that there were editions between 1602 and 1627, when the poem was reprinted in Edinburgh.

It has been suggested that the book may have fallen under the ban of the Privy Council. A decree of the Star Chamber, dated June 23, 1585, gave unlimited power to the ecclesiastical authorities to seize and destroy whatever books they thought proper. A notable instance of this interference with books already printed occurred in 1599, at Stationers' Hall, when a number of objectionable works were burned, and special admonitions given then and there to the printers, some of the most eminent of the time, and among them our friend Richard Field (Edmonds).

That the poem was considered somewhat objectionable even in that day is evident from certain contemporaneous references to it. Halliwell (*Outlines*, etc., p. 221) quotes *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: "I have convay'd away all her wanton pamphlets, as Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis;" and Sir John Davies, who in his *Papers Complaint* (found in his *Scourge of Folly*, 1610) makes "Paper" admit the superlative excellence of Shakespeare's poem, but at the same time censure its being "attired in such bawdy geare." It is also stated that "the coyest dames in private read it for their closset-games." In *The Dumble Knight*, 1608, the lawyer's clerk refers to it as "maides philosophie;" and the stanza beginning with line 229 is quoted both in that play and in Heywood's *Fayre Mayde of the Exchange*, 1607.

THE DEDICATION.—For the *Earl of Southampton*, see p. 36, footnote, above. For a much fuller account, with the many poetical tributes paid him, see the Var. of 1821, vol. xx. pp. 427-468.

8. *Ear.* Plough, till. See *Rich. II.* p. 192.

10. *Your honour.* Your lordship. Cf. *T. of A.* p. 137.

VENUS AND ADONIS.—3. *Rose-cheek'd Adonis.* Marlowe applies the same epithet to the youth in his *Hero and Leander*:

"The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast."

* This is true of both the ed. known to have been published in 1630 and the one in the Bodleian ascribed to that year.

6. *Gins.* H. and some others print "gins;" but see *Macb.* p. 153.
 9. *Stain to all nymphs.* That is, by eclipsing them. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.*
 iv. 1. 45.
 10. *Doves or roses.* Farmer conjectures "and" for *or*; but the latter is doubtless what S. wrote.
 11. *With herself at strife.* Cf. 291 below. See also *T. of A.* p. 135, note on 39.
 16. *Honey.* For the adjective use, cf. 452 and 538 below.
 19. *Satiety.* The first four eds.* and the 10th have "sacietie."
 20. *Famish them,* etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 241:

"Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies."

25. *His sweating palm.* Steevens quotes *A. and C.* i. 2. 53: "Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication," etc. See also 143 below, and *Oth.* iii. 4. 36 fol.
 26. *Pith.* Vigour. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 162,
 32. *Her other.* The 5th and later eds. have "the other."
 40. *Prove.* Try; as in 608 below.
 53. *Miss.* Misbehaviour. Malone and others print "'miss."
 54. *Murthers.* The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th eds. have "murthers," the others "smothers."
 55. *Empty eagle.* We have the same expression in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 248 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 268.
 56. *Tires.* Tears and feeds ravenously upon. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 195.
 61. *Forc'd to content.* "Forced to content himself in a situation from which he had no means of escaping" (Steevens).
 62. *Breatheth.* The reading of the first three eds.; "breathing" in the 4th and the rest.
 66. *Such distilling.* Walker would read "such-distilling."
 71. *Rank.* Exuberant, high. Cf. the use of the noun in *K. John*, v. 4. 54:

"And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd."

76. *Ashy-pale.* Malone at first made this refer to Adonis, but subsequently saw that it goes with *anger*.
 78. *More.* Cf. *R. of L.* 332: "A more rejoicing," etc. Gr. 17.
 82. *Take truce.* Make peace. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 17: "With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce," etc. The 4th ed. has "takes truce."

* The 4th of the early eds., or that of 1599 (see p. 10 above), is not collated in the Camb. ed. or any other ed. known to us. We have had the opportunity of consulting the fac-simile reprint in the Harvard library, and have noted all the variations that seem worth mentioning in an edition like this. For misprints not found in any other early ed. (or at least not recorded in the Camb. ed.) see on 82, 313, 350, 365, 506, 655, 700, 704, 754, 868, 901, 969, 1002, 1073, 1136, 1143, 1168, etc. Of course the 5th ed. of our numbering is the 4th of the Camb. ed., our 6th is their 5th, and so on. The *dated* ed. of 1630 (see p. 11 above) is not collated in any ed., and has not been reprinted. We have therefore omitted it in the numbering of the early eds. For the readings of all these eds. *except the 4th* we have depended on the Camb. ed.

90. *Winks*. Shuts his eyes ; as in 121 below.
91. *Passenger*. Wayfarer ; the only sense in S. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 1, 72, v. 4. 15, etc.
94. *Yet her*. The reading of the first four eds. ; the rest have " Yet in."
97. *I have been woo'd*, etc. For other allusions to the loves of Mars and Venus, see *Temp.* iv. 1. 98, *A. and C.* i. 5. 18, etc.
106. *To toy*. All the early eds., except the 1st and 2d, have " To coy."
109. *He that overrul'd*. For *he*=him, see Gr. 207.
118. *In the ground*. That is, on it. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 85, etc.
119. *There*. Changed to " where" in the 4th and later eds.
123. *There are*. The reading of the 1st ed. ; " there be" in the rest, except the 10th, which has " they be."
126. *Nor know not*. The 5th and later eds. read " nor know they."
133. *Hard-favour'd*. Hard-featured, ill-looking ; as in 931 below. The hyphen in *wrinkled-old* is due to Malone.
134. *Ill-nurtur'd*. Ill-bred ; used again in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 42 : " Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor," etc.
135. *O'er-worn*. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 81 : " The jealous, o'er-worn widow," etc. In 866 below, the word is used of time =spent.
140. *Grey*. Explained by Malone, H., and others as =blue ; but see *R. and J.* p. 172.
142. *Plump*. The 4th ed. has " plumbe ;" the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 10th (according to the Camb. ed.) have " plum."
143. *Moist hand*. See on 25 above.
148. *No footing seen*. Malone quotes *Temp.* v. 1. 34 :
 " And ye that on the sands with printless feet
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune," etc.
149. *Compact of fire*. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 8 : " of imagination all compact ;" *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 5 : " compact of jars," etc.
150. *Not gross to sink*, etc. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 52 : " Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink ;" and see our ed. p. 128.
152. *These*. Changed to " the" in the 5th and following eds.
153. *Doves*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 94, where Venus is referred to as " dove-drawn." See also 1190 below, and *R. and J.* p. 177.
160. *Complain on*. The 3d and subsequent eds. have " complain of." See Gr. 181, and cf. 544 below.
161. *Narcissus*. Cf. *R. of L.* 265 and *A. and C.* ii. 5. 96.
168. *To themselves*. For themselves alone, " without producing fruit or benefiting mankind" (Malone). Cf. 1180 below.
- Wast*. The 4th and later eds. have " wert."
177. *Titan*. The sun ; as in *T. and C.* v. 10. 25, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 4, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 166, etc.
- Tired* is explained by Boswell as =attired ; and Schmidt favours that explanation. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 131 : " the tired horse ;" and see our ed. p. 147. Coll. prints " tired."
181. *Spright*. Spirit ; as in *R. of L.* 121. Cf. Gr. 463.
192. *Tears*. The rhyme was not so bad in the time of S. as now.
193. *Shines but warm*. " Affords only a natural and genial heat ; it warms but it does not burn" (Malone).

199. *Obdurate*. Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. *R. of L.* 429, *M. of V.* iv. i. 8, etc.

203. *Hurd*. The reading of the 1st ed.; "bad" in all the rest.

204. *Unkind*. Leaving none of her *kind*, or race; childless. Malone explains it as "unnatural." Cf. *Lear*, p. 176.

205. *Contemn me this*. "Contemptuously refuse this favour" (Malone). The 10th ed. has "thus" for *this*, and Steevens was inclined to that reading. "*Thus* and *kiss*," he says, "correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *shudder*, which we meet with afterwards."

211. *Lifeless*. The early eds. have "liuelesse," except the 4th, which has "liueles."

222. *Intendments*. Intentions. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 139. S. uses the word four times, *intention* only twice.

229. *Fondling*. Darling; used by S. only here.

230. *Pale*. Enclosure; as in *C. of E.* ii. i. 100, etc.

231. *A park*. The 3d and following eds. have "the parke."

242. *That*. So that. Gr. 283. Cf. 599, 830, and 1140 below.

247. *These round*. Changed in the 5th and later eds. to "those round."

257. *Remorse*. Pity, tenderness. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 221, note on 210.

272. *Compass'd*. Curved, arched. In *T. and C.* i. 2. 120, "compassed window" = bow-window, and in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 140, "compassed cape" = round cape.

Stand is the reading of the first four eds.; changed in the later ones to "stands." *Mane* "as composed of many hairs" (Malone) is here used as a plural.

275. *Scornfully glisters*. Some editors follow Sewell in transposing these words. On *glisters*, see *M. of V.* p. 145.

277. *Told*. Counted; as in 520 below. Cf. *Temp.* p. 123.

279. *Leaps*. Malone infers from the rhyme that the word was pronounced *leps*, as it still is in Ireland; but it is hardly safe to draw an inference from a single rhyme. In *Sonn.* 128. 5, we have *leap* rhymed with *reap*.

281. *This I do*. The 4th and later eds. have "thus I do."

295. *Round-hoof'd*, etc. See p. 32 above.

296. *Eye*. Changed to "eyes" in the 5th and following eds.

301. *Sometime*. The 8th, 9th, 11th, and 12th eds. have "Sometimes." The words were used by S. interchangeably.

303. *To bid the wind a base*. To challenge the wind to a race. See *Cymb.* p. 213, note on *Base*.

304. *And whether*. The early eds. have "And where." Malone prints "And whe'r." See *J. C.* p. 128, note on *Whe'r*. Gr. 466.

306. *Who*. The 10th ed. "corrects" this to "which." See Gr. 264.

312. *Embracements*. Cf. 790 below. S. uses the word oftener than *embrace* (noun), though in this poem the latter is found three times (539, 811, 874), or as many times as in all his other works.

313. *Malcontent*. The 4th ed. has "male content."

314. *Vails*. Lowers; as in 956 below. See *M. of V.* p. 128.

315. *Buttock*. Changed to the plural in the 4th and following eds.

319. *Goeth about*. Attempts. Cf. *R. of L.* 412; and see *M. N. D.* p. 177.

325. *Chafing*. The 4th, 5th, 7th, and 10th eds. have "chasing." For *chafe*, see *J. C.* p. 131.

326. *Banning*. Cursing. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 319: "to curse and ban," etc.

334. *Fire*. A dissyllable; as not unfrequently. The first three eds. print it "fier;" as they do in 402 below, where it is a monosyllable. Sewell reads "doth oft."

335. *The heart's attorney*. That is, the tongue. Steevens aptly quotes *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 127:

"*Duchess*. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen Elizabeth. Windy attorneys to their client woes," etc.

343. *Wistly*. Wistfully; modifying *came stealing*, not *view*. Cf. *R. of L.* 1355: "wistly on him gaz'd," etc. Schmidt makes it = "attentively, observingly, with scrutiny," in both passages.

346. *How white and red*, etc. Steevens compares *T. of S.* iv. 5. 30: "Such war of white and red within her cheeks!"

350. *Lowly*. The 4th ed. has "slowly."

352. *Cheek*. Made plural in the 5th and later eds. In the next line the 4th and the rest read "cheeks (or "cheekes") reuiues" or "cheekes receiue;" and all eds. except the 1st have "tender" for *tenderer*.

359. *His*. Its. *Gr.* 228. The allusion is to the *chorus*, or interpreter, in a *dumb-show*, or pantomime. Cf. *Ham.* p. 228, note on *Chorus*.

365. *And unwilling*. The 4th ed. has "and willing."

367. *The engine of her thoughts*. That is, her tongue. On *engine*, cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 140.

376. *Grave*. Engrave, impress. Schmidt makes it = "cut a little, wound slightly, graze."

370. *Thy heart my wound*. "Thy heart wounded as mine is" (*Malone*).

388. *Suffer'd*. That is, allowed to burn. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 8:

"A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench."

397. *Sees*. The 2d, 3d, and 4th eds. have "seekes." *In her naked bed*, as *H.* takes the trouble to inform us, means "naked in her bed." This rhetorical transference of an epithet is familiar to every schoolboy. Cf. "idle bed" (*J. C.* ii. 1. 117), "lazy bed" (*T. and C.* i. 3. 147), "tired bed" (*Lear*, i. 2. 13), etc. So *sick bed*, etc.

398. *A whiter hue than white*. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14:

"How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets!"

and *R. of L.* 472: "Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin."

411. *Owe*. Own, possess. Cf. *R. of L.* 1803, etc.

424. *Alarms*. Alarums, attacks. The 5th and later eds. have "alarme." The 4th has "alarum."

429. *Mermaid*. Siren; the usual meaning in *S.* Cf. 777 below.

432. *Ear's*. Misprinted "Earths" in the 4th and later eds.

434. *Invisible*. Steevens conjectures "invincible;" but, as Malone remarks, "an opposition is clearly intended between *external* beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice (which the poet calls *inward* beauty) striking not the sight, but the ear."

436. *Sensible*. Endowed with sensibility, sensitive. Cf. *L. L. L.* p. 152.

443. *Stillitory*. Alembic, still; used by S. only here. Malone, H., and others print "still'tory."

447. *Might*. The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "should" in the rest.

448. *And bid Suspicion*, etc. Malone thinks that "a bolder or happier personification than this" is hardly to be found in Shakespeare's works!

454. *Wrack*. The regular form of the word in S. Cf. the rhymes in 558 below, *R. of L.* 841, 965, etc.

456. *Flaws*. Sudden gusts, or "squalls." Cf. *Cor.* p. 268, or *Ham.* p. 264.

462. *Struck*. Spelt "strucke," "stroake," "stroke," and "strooke" in the early eds. Cf. *J. C.* p. 146 (on *Hath stricken*) and p. 160 (on *Struck-en by many princes*). Gr. 344.

466. *Bankrupt*. "Bankrout," "bankrout," or "banquerout" in the old eds. See *R. and J.* p. 187. H. adopts Walker's plausible conjecture of "loss" for *love*.

469. *All amaz'd*. The 4th and later eds. have "in a maze."

472. *Fair fall*, etc. May good luck befall, etc. Cf. *K. John*, p. 133.

482. *Blue windows*. That is, eyelids. See *R. and J.* p. 172, note on *Grey eye*.

484. *Earth*. All the early eds. except the 1st have "world."

488. *Shine*. For the noun, cf. 728 below. See *Per.* p. 134.

490. *Repine*. The only instance of the noun in S. The verb occurs only three times.

492. *Shone like the moon*, etc. Malone compares *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 30 fol.

497. *Annoy*. For the noun, cf. 599 below, *R. of L.* 1109, 1370, etc.

500. *Shrewd*. Evil. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 202, or *J. C.* p. 145.

506. *Their crimson liveries*. Referring, of course, to the lips. The transition to *verdure* in the next line is curious, and the whole passage is a good example of the quaint "conceits" of the time. The allusion, as Malone remarks, is to the practice of strewing rooms with rue and other strong-smelling herbs as a means of preventing infection. The astrological allusion is also to be noted. *Writ on death* = predicted death by their horoscopes. The 4th ed. has "neither" for *never*.

511. *Sweet seals*. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 6; and see our ed. p. 160.

515. *Slips*. A play on the word as applied to counterfeit coin. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 173, note on *Gave us the counterfeit*.

519. *Touches*. "Kisses" in the 5th and following eds.

520. *Told*. Counted; as in 277 above.

521. *Say, for non-payment*, etc. "The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment; in which case the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law" (Malone).

524. *Strangeness*. Bashfulness, reserve. Cf. 310 above.

526. *Fry*. Or "small fry," as we still say. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 250, *Macb.* iv. 2. 84, etc.

529. *The world's comforter*. Cf. 799 below.

540. *Incorporate*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 208:

"As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together," etc.

544. *Complain on*. Cf. 160 above.

550. *The insulter*. The exulting victor; the only instance of the noun in *S.* For *insult* = *exult*, cf. *Sonn.* 107. 12, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 14, etc.

565. *With tempering*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 140: "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him;" and see our ed. p. 189.

568. *Leave*. License. Cf. the play on the word in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 34:

"Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch."

570. *Woes*. The 4th ed. has "woes."

571. *Had she then gave*. Elsewhere *S.* has the participle *given* (usually monosyllabic). It is a wonder that all the editors have let *gave* alone here. Cf. *Gr.* 343, 344.

574. *Prickles*. The 5th and later eds. have "pricks," and "is it" for 't is.

589. *Pale*. For the noun, cf. *R. of L.* 1512 and *W. T.* iv. 3. 4.

590. *Like lawn*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 258.

591. *Cheek*. Made plural in the 4th ed. *et al.* See on 352 above.

593. *Hanging by*. The 4th and later eds. have "hanging on."

595. *Lists of love*. Steevens quotes Dryden, *Don Sebastian*:

"The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night
More gladly enters not the lists of love."

597. *Prove*. Experience. Cf. 608 below, and *A. and C.* i. 2. 33: "You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune," etc.

598. *Manage*. For the noun as applied to the training of a horse, see *M. of V.* p. 153. This is the only instance in *S.* of the verb similarly used.

599. *That*. So that. See on 242 above. For the allusion to *Tantalus*, cf. *R. of L.* 858.

600. *Clip*. Embrace. Cf. *Oth.* p. 192.

602. *Pine*. Starve. For the transitive use, cf. *Rich. II.* p. 210.

604. *Helpless*. Affording no help, or sustenance. Cf. *R. of L.* 1027 and 1056. See also *Rich. III.* p. 183.

The allusion, as Malone notes, is to the celebrated picture of *Zeuxis*, mentioned by *Pliny*, in which some grapes were so well represented that birds came to peck them. Cf. Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599: "And birds of grapes the cunning shadow peck."

612. *Withhold*. Detain, restrain; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 30, etc.

615. *Be advis'd*. Take heed; as often.

616. *Churlish boar*. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 21: "Churlish as the bear," etc.

618. *Mortal*. Death-dealing; as in 950 below. See also *R. of L.* 364, 724, etc. Schmidt takes it to be here = human.

619. *Battle*. Battalion, host. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 171.
 624. *Crooked*. The Var. of 1821 has "cruel;" apparently accidental, as it is given without comment.
 626. *Proof*. Defensive armour. Cf. *Macb.* p. 155, note on 54.
 628. *Venture*. Commonly pronounced *venter* in the time of S.
 632. *Eyes pay*. The early eds. have "eyes (or "eies") paies" (or "payes") or "eie (or "eye") paies" (or "payes"); corrected by Malone.
Eyne. The old plural, used for the sake of the rhyme, as in *R. of L.* 643, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 244, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, etc. In *R. of L.* 1229, it is not a rhyming word.
 639. *Within his danger*. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 180: "You stand within his danger, do you not?" *T. N.* v. 1. 87:

"for his sake
 Did I expose myself. pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town," etc.

652. *Kill, kill!* The old English battle-cry in charging the enemy. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 191, etc.

655. *Bate-breeding*. Causing quarrel or contention. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 271: "breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;" and see our ed. p. 171. The 4th ed. has "bare-breeding."

656. *Canker*. Canker-worm. See *M. N. D.* p. 150. *Love's tender spring*="the tender bud of growing love" (Malone). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 3: "Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot."

657. *Carry-tale*. Used again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 463: "Some carry-tale," etc.

662. *Angry-chafing*. Fretting with rage. The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

668. *Imagination*. Metrically six syllables. Gr. 479. For *tremble*, the 3d and later eds. have "trembling."

673. *Uncouple*. Set loose the hounds; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 112, etc.

677. *Fearful*. Full of fear, timorous. Cf. 927 below; and see *J. C.* p. 175, note on *With fearful bravery*.

680. *Overshoot*. The early eds. have "ouer-shut" or "ouershut;" corrected by D. (the conjecture of Steevens).

682. *Crank*s. Turns, winds. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 98: "See how this river comes me cranking in."

683. *Musits*. Holes for creeping through. Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 175.

684. *Amaze*. Bewilder. Cf. *K. John*, p. 166.

694. *Cold fault*. Cold scent, loss of scent. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 20:

"Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
 At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound."

See our ed. p. 126.

695. *Spend their mouths*. That is, bark; a sportsman's expression. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 70:

"for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far behind them."

697. *Wat.* "A familiar term among sportsmen for a hare; why, does not appear. Perhaps for no better reason than *Philip* for a sparrow [cf. *K. John*, p. 137], *Tom* for a cat, and the like" (Nares).

700. *Their.* The 4th ed. has "with."

703. *Wretch.* On the use of the word as a term of pity or tenderness, see *Oth.* p. 183.

On this whole passage, see p. 20 fol. above.

704. *Indenting.* The 4th ed. has "intending."

705. *Envious.* Malicious. See *Rich. III.* p. 187, or *M. of V.* p. 151.

712. *Myself.* The 4th and following eds. have "thy self."

724. *True men thieves.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "true-men theeves," the 3d "rich-men theeve," the rest "rich men theeves." On the use of *true men* in opposition to *thieves*, see *I Hen. IV.* pp. 160, 168.

726. *Forsworn.* "That is, having broken her vow of virginity" (Steevens).

734. *Curious.* Careful, elaborate. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20:

"Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee."

736. *Defeature.* Deformity; as in *C. of E.* ii. 1. 98 and v. 1. 299.

738. *Mad.* "Sad" in the 5th and later eds.

740. *Wood.* Mad, frantic. See *I Hen. VI.* p. 156, on *Raging-wood*.

743. *Imposthumes.* Abscesses. Cf. *Ham.* p. 245.

746. *Fight.* The 5th and following eds. have "sight;" and in 748 the 4th and the rest have "imperiall" for *impartial*.

751. *Fruitless.* Barren. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 73: "the cold fruitless moon," etc.

754. *Dearth.* The 4th ed. has "death."

755. *The lamp,* etc. "Ye nuns and vestals, says Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expense of its own oil." (Malone).

760. *Dark.* The 4th and later eds. have "their."

762. *Sith.* Since. See *Cor.* p. 236, note on *Sithence*. Cf. 1163 below.

766. *Reaves.* Bereaves. For the participle, still used in poetry, see 1174 below. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* p. 177.

768. *Use.* Interest. See *Much Ado*, p. 133.

774. *Treatise.* Discourse, talk, tale. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 317 and *Macb.* v. 5. 12, the only other instances of the word in S.

777. *Mermaid's.* Siren's. Cf. 429 above.

780. *Closure.* Enclosure; as in *Sonn.* 48. 11 and *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 11. In *T. A.* v. 3. 134 it is = close, conclusion.

787. *Reprove.* Disprove, confute; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 241: "'t is so; I cannot reprove it," etc.

795. *Simple.* Artless, guileless.

807. *In sadness.* In earnest. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 144.

808. *Teen.* Sorrow. See *R. and J.* p. 150, or *Temp.* p. 113.

813. *Laund.* Lawn. The 4th and later eds. have "lawnes." See *3 Hen. VI.* p. 154.

825. *Mistrustful.* Causing mistrust. See Gr. 3.

830. *That*. So that. See on 242 above.
833. *Ay me!* Changed by H. to "Ah me!" which S. never uses. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.
837. *Thrall*. Enslaved. Cf. *R. of L.* 725. For the noun, see *Macb.* p. 225.
840. *Answer*. The plural may be explained either by the implied plural in the collective *choir* or by "confusion of proximity" (Gr. 412). The 12th ed. has "answers."
848. *Idle sounds resembling parasites*. That is, servilely echoing what she says, as the context shows. St. reads "idle, sounds-resembling, parasites."
849. *Shrill-tongued tapsters*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4, where Prince Henry amuses himself with the tapster Francis.
850. *Wits*. Theo. conjectured "wights," for the sake of the rhyme; but *parasites* is spelled "parasits" in the first three eds., and may have been intended to be so pronounced. See on 1001, 1002 below. But the rhyme of *parasites* and *wits* is no worse than many in the poem. Cf., for instance, 449, 450, and 635, 636 above.
854. *Cabinet*. Poetically for nest, as *cabin* in 637 above for lair or den.
858. *Seem burnish'd gold*. Malone compares the opening lines of *Sonn.* 33.
865. *Myrtle grove*. It will be recollected that the myrtle was sacred to Venus.
866. *Musing*. Wondering. See *K. John*, p. 158, or *Macb.* p. 219.
868. *For his hounds*. The 4th ed. omits *his*.
869. *Chant it*. For the *it*, see Gr. 226.
870. *Coasteth*. Schmidt well explains the word: "to steer, to sail not by the direct way but in sight of the coast, and as it were gropingly." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 38:
- "The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way."
- See our ed. p. 183.
873. *Twine*. The 1st and 2d eds. have "twin'd," the 3d "twind," and the 4th "twinde;" corrected in the 5th.
877. *At a bay*. The state of a chase when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, etc.
882. *Spirit*. A monosyllable, as often. See on *L. C.* 3 below.
884. *Blunt*. Rough, savage. See 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 163.
887. *Curst*. Snappish, fierce. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 135: "they [bears] are never curst but when they are hungry;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 22: "a curst cow," etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 167.
888. *Cope him*. Cope with him, encounter him. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 34, ii. 3. 275, etc.
891. *Who*. For *who* used "to personify irrational antecedents" see Gr. 264. Cf. 956 and 1041 below.
892. *Cold-pale*. The hyphen is in the early eds.
895. *Ecstasy*. Excitement. Cf. *Macb.* p. 211.

896. *All dismay'd*. The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. ; "Sore dismay'd" in the rest.

899. For the second *bids* the 6th and some later eds. have "will's."

901. *Bepainted*. The 4th ed. has "be painted."

907. *Spleens*. Passionate impulses. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 161.

909. *Mated*. Bewildered, paralyzed. Cf. *Macb.* p. 247.

911. *Respects*. Considerations, thoughts ; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 792, etc. The 3d and later eds. have "respect."

912. *In hand with*. Taking in hand, undertaking.

930. *Exclaims on*. Cries out against. Cf. *R. of L.* 741, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 176, etc.

933. *Worm*. Serpent. See *Cymb.* p. 193, or *Macb.* p. 215.

947. *Love's golden arrow*, etc. Malone remarks that S. had probably in mind the old fable of Love and Death exchanging their arrows by mistake ; and he quotes Massinger, *Virgin Martyr* :

"Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his darts with Death,
And kills instead of giving life."

956. *Vail'd*. Let fall. See on 314 above.

962. *The tears*. The 4th and following eds. have "her teares ;" and in 968 "which" for *who*.

969. *Passion labours*. The 4th ed. has "passions labour."

975. *Dire*. The 4th ed. misprints "drie," which is repeated as "dry" in the 5th and 7th. The 10th has "drie" again.

988. *Makes*. "Make" in the 5th and following eds.

990. *In likely*. The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. The 3d and 4th have "The likely," and the rest "With likely."

993. *All to naught*. Good for nothing. Some print "all-to naught," and others "all to-naught." Cf. *Per.* p. 147, note on 17.

995. *Clepes*. Calls. See *Macb.* p. 209.

996. *Imperious*. "Imperial" (the reading of the 5th ed. *et al.*). See *Ham.* p. 264.

998. *Pardon me I felt*. That is, *that* I felt. Some make *pardon me* parenthetical.

999. *Whenas*. When. See *C. of E.* p. 142.

1002. *Decease*. The early eds. have "decesse," "deceass," or "deceasse." See on 850 above. For *my love's* the 4th ed. has "thy loues."

1004. *Wreak'd*. Revenged. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 102 and *T. A.* iv. 3. 51. See also the noun in *Cor.* iv. 5. 91, *T. A.* iv. 3. 33, etc. The 4th ed. prints "Bewreakt."

1010. *Suspect*. For the noun, see *Rich. III.* p. 188.

1012. *Insinuate with*. Try to ingratiate herself with. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 201.

1013. *Stories*. For the verb, cf. *R. of L.* 106 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 34.

1021. *Fond*. Foolish ; the usual meaning in S. Cf. *R. of L.* 216, 1094, etc.

1027. *Falcon*. The reading of the 5th ed., and to be preferred on the whole to the plural of the earlier eds.

1037. *His bloody view*. Walker (followed by H.) conjectures "this" for *his*. See *Gr.* 219.

1038. *Deep-dark*. Hyphened in the first three eds.
 1041. *Who*. See on 891 above.
 1051. *Light*. The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. The 3d and 4th have "night," and the rest "sight."
 1052. *Trench'd*. Gashed. See *Macb.* p. 214. The 3d and 4th eds. have "drencht."
 1054. *Was*. The first four eds. have "had;" corrected in the 5th.
 1059. *Passions*. Grieves. See *T. G. of V.* p. 150.
 1062. *That they have wept till now*. That is, that they have wasted their tears on inferior "hints of woe."
 1073. *Eyes' red fire*. The 1st and 2d eds. have "eyes red fire," the 3d has "eyes red as fire," the 4th "eies as red as fire," and the rest have "eyes, as fire."
 1083. *Fair*. Beauty; as in *C. of E.* ii. 1. 98, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 99, etc. There is a play on *fair* and *fear*, which were pronounced nearly alike.
 1094. *Fear*. Frighten. See *M. of V.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.
 1098. *Silly*. Innocent, helpless. Cf. *R. of L.* 167: "the silly lambs;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 43: "silly sheep," etc. See also *T. G. of V.* p. 145.
 1105. *Urchin-snouted*. With snout like that of a hedgehog. For *urchin*, cf. *Temp.* p. 119.
 1110. *He thought to kiss him*, etc. This conceit, as Malone notes, is found in the 30th Idyl of Theocritus, and in a Latin poem by Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus entitled *De Adoni ab Apro Interempto*:

" iterum atque juro iterum,
 Formosum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui
 Meis diripere his cupidinibus;
 Verum dum specimen nitens video
 (Aestus impatiens tenella dabat
 Nuda femina mollibus zephyris),
 Ingens me miserum libido capit
 Mille suavia dulcia hinc capere,
 Atque me impulit ingens indomitus."

Cf. Milton, *Death of a Fair Infant*:

"O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted!
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss."

1113. *Did not*. All the eds. except the 1st have "would not."
 1115. *Nuzzling*. Thrusting his nose in; the only instance of the word in S. It is spelled "nousling" in all the early eds.
 1120. *Am I*. The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "I am" in the rest.
 1125. *Ears*. The 4th and later eds. have "ear," and in the next line "he" for *they*.
 1128. *Lies*. For the singular, see Gr. 333.
 1134. *Thou*. The 4th and following eds. have "you," and in 1139 the 5th *et al.* have "too high" for *but high*.
 1136. *On love*. The 4th ed. has "in" for *on*.

1143. *O'erstraw'd*. Overstrewn; used of course for the rhyme. The 4th ed. has "ore-straw."
1144. *Truest*. The reading of the first three eds.; "sharpest" in the rest.
1148. *Measures*. For *measure*=a grave and formal dance, see *Rich. II.* p. 168.
1151. *Raging-mad and silly-mild*. The hyphens were first inserted by Malone.
1157. *Toward*. Forward, eager. Cf. *P. P.* 13, *T. of S.* v. 2. 182, etc. For *shovs* the 5th and later eds have "seems" or "seemes."
1162. *Combustious*. Combustible; used by S. nowhere else.
1163. *Sith*. See on 762 above.
1164. *Loves*. "Love" in the 4th and later eds.
1168. *A purple flower*. The anemone. The 4th ed. has "purpul'd."
1174. *Reft*. See on 766 above.
1183. *Here in*. The reading of the 1st and 2d eds.; "here is" in the rest.
1187. *In an hour*. The 5th and later eds. have "of" for *in*.
1190. *Doves*. See on 153 above.
1193. *Paphos*. A town in Cyprus, the chief seat of the worship of Venus. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 93 and *Per.* iv. prol. 32.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THE DEDICATION.—2. *Moiety*. Often used by S. of a portion other than an exact half. See *Ham.* p. 174.

6. *Would*. The reading of the first three eds.; "should" in the rest.

THE ARGUMENT.—"This appears to have been written by Shakespeare, being prefixed to the original edition of 1594; and is a curiosity, this and the two dedications to the Earl of Southampton being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatic form) now remaining" (Malone).

3. *Requiring*. Asking. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc.

14. *Disports*. For the noun, cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 272, the only other instance in S.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.—For the title, see p. 11 above. The Camb. editors give "The Rape of Lucrece" throughout.

1. *Ardea*. As D. notes, S. accents the word on the first syllable, as it should be. The Var. of 1821 and some other eds. have "besieg'd," which requires "Ardēa."

In post. Cf. *C.* of *E.* i. 2. 63: "I from my mistress come to you in post," etc. We find "in all post" in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 73.

3. *Lust-breathed*. Animated by lust.

8. *Unhappily*. The early eds. have "vnhap'ly" or "vnhaply," except the 7th, which misprints "unhappy."
9. *Bateless*. Not to be blunted. Cf. *unbated* in *Ham.* iv. 7. 139 and v. 2. 328. See also the verb *bate* in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 6.
10. *Let*. "Forbear" (Malone). Cf. 328 below, where it is = hinder.
14. *Aspects*. Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in *S.* Cf. 452 below.
19. *Such high-proud*. The 5th, 6th, and 7th eds. have "so high a."
21. *Peer*. The reading of the 1st ed.; "prince" in all the rest.
23. *Done*. Brought to an end, ruined. Cf. *V. and A.* 197, 749, *A. W.* iv. 2. 65, etc.
26. *Expir'd*. Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented. Cf. *unstain'd* in 87, *extreme* in 230, *supreme* in 780, *unfelt* in 828, *dispers'd* in 1805, etc. The 5th, 6th, and 7th eds. have "A date expir'd: and canceld ere begun."
37. *Suggested*. Incited, tempted. See *Rich. II.* p. 153, note on 101.
40. *Brawing compare*. Challenging comparison. For the noun, cf. *V. and A.* 8, *Sonn.* 21. 5, etc.
44. *All-too-timeless*. Too unseasonable; first hyphened by Malone.
47. *Liver*. For the liver as the seat of sensual passion, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 56, *M. W.* ii. 1. 121, etc. For *glows* the 7th ed. has "growes."
49. *Blasts*. For the intransitive use, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 48: "blasting in the bud."
56. *O'er*. "Ore" or "or'e" in the early eds. Malone was inclined to take it as the noun *ore* "in the sense of *or* or *gold*."
57. *In that white intituled*. Consisting in that whiteness, or taking its title from it (Steevens).
58. *Venus' doves*. Cf. *V. and A.* 153 and 1190.
63. *Fence*. Defend, guard; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 75, iii. 3. 98, etc.
72. *Field*. There is a kind of play upon the word in its heraldic sense and that of a field of battle.
71. *War of lilies and of roses*. Steevens compares *Cor.* ii. 1. 232 and *V. and A.* 345; and Malone adds *T. of S.* v. 2. 30.
82. *That praise which Collatine doth owe*. Malone and H. make *praise* = object of praise, and *owe* = possess. This interpretation seems forced and inconsistent with the next line, which they do not explain. We prefer to take both *praise* and *owe* in the ordinary sense. For *owe* = possess, see *Rich. II.* p. 204, and cf. 1803 below.
87. *Unstain'd thoughts*. The words are transposed in the 5th and later eds.
88. *Lim'd*. Ensnared by bird-lime. Cf. *Ham.* p. 233.
89. *Securely*. Unsuspectingly. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 252, *K. John*, ii. 1. 374, etc.
92. *For that he colour'd*. For that *inward ill* he covered or disguised.
93. *Plaits*. That is, plaited robes. The old eds. spell it "pleats." Boswell quotes *Lear*, i. 1. 183: "Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides." These are the only instances of the words in *S.*
94. *That*. So that. See on *V. and A.* 242. For *inordinate*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 12 and *Oth.* ii. 3. 311.

100. *Parling*. Speaking, significant. The verb occurs again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 122.

102. *Margents*. Margins. For other allusions to the practice of writing explanations and comments in the margin of books, see *M. N. D.* p. 142.

104. *Moralize*. Interpret. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 81 :

"*Biondello*. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio. I pray thee, moralize them."

See also *Rich. III.* p. 209.

106. *Stories*. For the verb, cf. *V. and A.* 1013.

117. *Mother*. The 5th and later eds. change this to "sad source;" and *stows* in 119 to "shuts." For *stows*, cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 62: "where hast thou stow'd my daughter?"

121. *Intending*. Pretending. See *Rich. III.* p. 215. For *spright*, see on *V. and A.* 181.

122. *Questioned*. Talked, conversed. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 70, etc.

125. *Themselves betake*. The Bodleian copy of 1st ed. (see p. 11 above) has "himseife betakes," and "wakes" in the next line; and these are the readings in the Var. of 1821.

133. *Though death be adjunct*. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 57: "Though that my death were adjunct to my act." These are the only instances of *adjunct* in *S.* except *Sonn.* 91. 5.

135. *For what*, etc. The first four eds. have "That what," etc., and the rest "That oft," etc. The earliest reading may be explained after a fashion, as by Malone: "Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, that is, what they cannot be *truly* said to have; what they do not *enjoy*, though *possessed* of it." Malone compares Daniel, *Rosamond*: "As wedded widows, wanting what we have;" and the same author's *Cleopatra*: "For what thou hast, thou still dost lacke." "Tam avaro deest quod habet, quam quod non habet" is one of the sayings of Publius Syrus. But we have little hesitation in adopting Staunton's conjecture of *For what*, etc., as do the Camb. editors (in the "Globe" ed.) and H. It is supported by the context: they *scatter* or spend what they have in trying to get what they have not, *and so by hoping more they have but less*. *Bond* must here be = ownership, or that which a *bond* claims or secures. The reading of the 5th ed. seems to be a clumsy attempt to mend the corruption of the 1st.

140. *Bankrupt*. Spelled "bäckrout," "banckrout," or "bankrout" in the early eds. See on *V. and A.* 466.

144. *Gage*. Stake, risk.

150. *Ambitious foul*. Walker would read "ambitious-foul."

160. *Confounds*. Ruins, destroys; as in 250, 1202, and 1489 below. Cf. *confusion* = ruin, in 1159 below.

164. *Comfortable*. Comforting. See *Lear*, p. 193, or Gr. 3.

167. *Silly*. See on *V. and A.* 1098.

168. *Wakes*. Malone and some others have "wake." See Gr. 336.

174. *Too too*. D. and H. print "too-too." See *M. of V.* p. 143. For *retire* as a noun, cf. 573 below.

177. *That*. So that. See on 94 above. The 5th and following eds. have "doth" for *do*.

179. *Lode-star*. The preferable spelling. S. uses the word again in *M. N. D.* i. i. 183.

180. *Advisedly*. Deliberately; as in 1527 and 1816 below.

188. *Naked*. As Schmidt notes, there is a kind of play upon the word. *Still-slaughtered* (first hyphened by Malone) = ever killed but never dying.

196. *Weed*. Robe, garment. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149.

200. *Fancy's*. Love's; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 148.

202. *Digression*. Transgression, as in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 121.

205. *Golden coat*. That is, coat-of-arms; an anachronism here.

206. *Some loathsome dash*, etc. "In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished who 'discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will'" (Malone).

207. *Fondly*. Foolishly. Cf. the adjective in 216, 284, and 1094 below; and see on *V. and A.* 1021.

208. *That*. So that; as in 94 and 177 above. *Note* = brand, stigma. See *Rich. II.* p. 151, note on 43.

217. *Strucken*. The early eds. have "strokē," "stroken," or "strucken." See on *V. and A.* 462.

221. *Marriage*. A trisyllable. See *Per.* p. 141, or *T. of S.* p. 152.

230. *Extreme*. For the accent, see on 26 above.

236. *Quittal*. Requit; used by S. only here. Cf. *quittance* in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. i. 108, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 34, etc.

239. *Ay, if*. The first four eds. have "I, if" (*ay* is regularly printed *I* in the early eds.); the rest have "if once."

244. *Saw*. Moral saying, maxim. Cf. *Ham.* p. 197. For the practice of putting these *saws* on the *painted cloth* or hangings of the poet's time, see *A. Y. L.* p. 176, note on *I answer you right painted cloth*.

246. *Disputation*. Metrically five syllables. See on *V. and A.* 668.

258. *Roses that on lawn*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 590.

260. *How*. The 5th and later eds. have "now."

264. *Cheer*. Face, look. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 152.

265. *Narcissus*. Cf. *V. and A.* 161.

268. *Pleadeth*. The 5th and following eds. have "pleads," with "dreads" and "leades" in the rhyming lines.

274. *Then, childish fear avault!* etc. In this line and the next we follow the pointing of the early eds. Most of the editors, with Malone, make *fear, debating*, etc., vocatives.

275. *Respect*. "Cautious prudence" (Malone), consideration of consequences. Cf. *T. and C.* p. 180.

277. *Beseems*. Becomes. For the number, see on 168 above. *Sad* = serious, sober. Cf. the noun in *V. and A.* 807.

278. *My part*. A metaphor taken from the stage. Malone sees a special reference to the conflicts between the Devil and the Vice in the old moralities (see *T. N.* p. 159, note on *Vice*).

284. *Fond*. Foolish, weak. See on 207 above.

293. *Seeks to*. Applies to. Cf. Burton, *Anat. of Melan.*: "why should

we then seek to any other but to him?" See also *Deut.* xii. 5, 1 *Kings*, x. 24, *Isa.* viii. 19, xix. 3.

301. *Marcheth*. The 5th and following eds. have "doth march;" and in 303 "recites" for *retires*.

303. *Retires his ward*. Draws back its bolt. For the transitive verb, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 46: "might have retir'd his power;" and for *ward* see *T. of A.* iii. 3. 38: "Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards."

304. *Rate his ill*. That is, *chide* it by the noise they make.

308. *His fear*. That is, the object of his fear. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21:

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How often is a bush suppos'd a bear!"

313. *His conduct*. That which *conducts* or guides him. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 129: "And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!" and *Id.* v. 3. 116: "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide," etc.

319. *Needle*. Monosyllabic; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 204 (see our ed. p. 165), *K. John*, v. 2. 157, etc. Some print it "neeld." See Gr. 465.

328. *Let*. Hinder. Cf. the noun just below; and see *Ham.* p. 195.

331. *Prime*. Spring; as in *Sonn.* 97. 7, etc.

333. *Sneaped*. Nipped, frost-bitten. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 100:

"an envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring;"

and see our ed. p. 130.

347. *And they*. Steevens conjectured "And he;" but *power* is treated as a plural—perhaps on account of the preceding *heavens*. Cf. the plural use of *heaven*, for which see *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on 7.

349. *Fact*. Deed. Some explain it as "crime." See *Macb.* p. 225, or *W. T.* p. 175.

352. *Resolution*. Metrically five syllables. See on 246 above. In 354 the 5th and following eds. have "Blacke" for *The blackest*. The former, it will be seen, will satisfy the measure if *absolution* is made five syllables like *resolution*.

370. *Full*. The 5th and later eds. have "too."

372. *Fiery-pointed*. "Throwing darts with points of fire" (Schmidt). Steevens wanted to read "fire-ypointed;" and the meaning of *fiery-pointed* may possibly be *pointed* (=appointed, equipped) with fire.

377. *Or else some shame suppos'd*. Or else some shame is imagined by them. H. has the following curious note: "An odd use of *supposed*, but strictly classical. So in Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracy*, 1608: 'Foolish statuaries, that under little saints *suppose* great bases, make less, to sense, the saints.'" How the etymological sense of *supposed* (placed under) can suit the present passage it is not easy to see.

386. *Cheek*. The reading of 1st, 2d, and 4th eds.; plural in the rest.

388. *Who*. See on *V. and A.* 891. Cf. 447 and 461 below.

389. *To want*. At wanting or missing. Gr. 356.

402. *Map*. Picture, image. Cf. 1712 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 207.

408. *Maiden worlds*. W. calls the epithet "unhappy" and a "heedless misuse of language;" but the context explains and justifies it.

424. *Qualified*. "Softened, abated, diminished" (Steevens). Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 7, *W. T.* iv. 4. 543, etc.
429. *Obdurate*. For the accent, see on *V. and A.* 199.
436. *Commends*. "Commits" (Malone).
439. *Breast*. Made plural in the 5th and following eds.
448. *Controll'd*. Restrained. Cf. 500, 678, and 1781 below.
453. *Taking*. Now used only colloquially in this sense. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 491: "What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!"
456. *Wrapp'd*. Involved, overwhelmed. H. reads "rapt." Cf. 636 below.
458. *Winking*. Shutting her eyes. See on *V. and A.* 90.
459. *Antics*. Fantastic appearances. The early eds. have "antiques." See *M. N. D.* p. 179, note on *Antique*.
467. *Bulk*. Chest. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 193. *That*=so that; as in 94, 177, and 208 above.
471. *Heartless*. Without *heart*, or courage; as in 1392 below. See also *R. and J.* i. 1. 73: "heartless hinds." These are the only instances of the word in S.
472. *Peers*. Lets appear, shows. Elsewhere in S. *peer* is intransitive.
476. *Colour*. Pretext. For the play on the word in the reply, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 91:
- "*Falstaff*. Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard was but a colour.
Shallow. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John."
- See our ed. p. 204.
493. *I think*, etc. "I am aware that the honey is guarded with a sting" (Malone).
496. *Only*. For the transposition of the adverb, see Gr. 420.
497. *On what he looks*. That is, on what he looks *on*. See Gr. 394.
500. *Affection's*. Passion's, lust's. Cf. *W. T.* p. 154.
502. *Ensue*. Follow; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 197: "Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day." See also 1 *Peter*, iii. 11.
506. *Towering*. A technical term in falconry. See *Macb.* p. 203. *Like* may possibly be =*as* (cf. *Per.* p. 143), or there may be a "confusion of construction" (see Gr. 415). H. adopts the former explanation, and gives the impression that *like* is "repeatedly" so used by S. The fact is, that there is not a single clear instance of it in all his works. The two examples in *Pericles* are not in his part of the play; and in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 178 (the only other possible case of the kind) the reading is doubtful (see our ed. p. 177), and with either reading the passage may be pointed so as to avoid this awkward use of *like*. If S. had been willing to employ it, he would probably have done so "repeatedly;" but it seems to have been no part of his English.
507. *Coucheth*. Causes to couch or cower. Cf. the intransitive use in *A. W.* iv. 1. 24, etc.
511. *Falcon's bells*. For the *bells* attached to the necks of tame falcons, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 81 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 47 (see our ed. p. 141).
522. *Nameless*. "Because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*" (Malone). Cf. *T.*

G. of V. iii. 1. 321: "bastard virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names."

530. *Simple*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 16: "compounded of many simples," etc.

531. *A pure compound*. The 5th and later eds. have "purest compounds." In the next line, *his*=its. *Purified*=rendered harmless.

534. *Tender*. Favour. It is often similarly used (=regard or treat kindly); as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 145, *C. of E.* v. 1. 132, etc.

537. *Wipe*. Brand; the only instance of the noun in *S.* For *birth-hour's blot*, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 416:

"And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be."

540. *Cockatrice' dead-killing eye*. For the fabled cockatrice, or basilisk, which was supposed to kill with a glance of its eye, see *Hen. V.* p. 183, note on *The fatal balls*.

543. *Gripe's*. Griffin's (Steevens). The word is often =vulture; as in Sidney's *Astrophel*:

"Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who first stole down the fire;"

Ferrex and Porrex: "Or cruel gripe to gnaw my growing harte," etc. For allusions to the griffin, see *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 232 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 152.

547. *But*. The reading of all the early eds. Changed by Sewell to "As," and by Malone to "Look." Boswell explains the text thus: "He knows no gentle right, *but* still her words delay him, as a gentle gust blows away a black-faced cloud."

550. *Blows*. The early eds. have "blow;" corrected by Malone.

553. *Winks*. Shuts his eyes, sleeps. See on 458 above. For *Orpheus*, cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 78, *M. of V.* v. 1. 80, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3, etc.

554. *Night-waking*. Awake at night. *W.* omits the hyphen.

559. *Plaining*. Complaining. See *Lear*, p. 216, or *Rich. II.* p. 164.

565. *His*. Its; as in 532 above. Steevens quotes *M. N. D.* v. 1. 96: "Make periods in the midst of sentences," etc.

568. *Conjures*. The accent in *S.* is on either syllable without regard to the sense. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 164.

569. *Gentry*. His gentle birth. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 393, *Cor.* iii. 1. 144, etc.

576. *Pretended*. Intended; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 37: "their pretended flight," etc.

579. *Shoot*. For the noun, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 10, 12, 26, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 49, etc. Malone conjectures "suit," with a play on the word, which was then pronounced *shoot*. See *L. L. L.* p. 144, note on 103.

580. *Woodman*. Huntsman. See *M. W.* p. 164.

581. *Unseasonable*. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 169; and see our ed. p. 154, note on *Of the season*.

592. *Convert*. For the intransitive use, cf. 691 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 210. For the rhyme, cf. *Sonn.* 14. 12, 17. 2, 49. 10, 72. 6, etc.

595. *At an iron gate.* Even at the gates of a prison (Steevens).
607. *Be remember'd.* Remember, bear in mind. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 184, note on *I am remember'd.*
609. *In clay.* That is, even in their graves. Their *misdeeds* will live after them.
- 615, 616. *For princes are the glass,* etc. For the arrangement, see *Ham.* p. 219, note on 151.
618. *Lectures.* Lessons. Elsewhere in *S.* read *lectures* = give lessons, not receive them. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 365, *T. of S.* i. 2. 148, *Cor.* ii. 3. 243, etc.
622. *Laud.* Cf. 887 below, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 236, etc.
637. *Askance.* Turn aside; the only instance of the verb in *S.* Schmidt paraphrases the line thus: "who, in consequence of their own misdeeds, look with indifference on the offences of others."
639. *Lust, thy rash relier.* "That is, lust which confides too rashly in thy present disposition and does not foresee its necessary change" (Schmidt). The 5th and following eds. have "reply" for *relier*.
640. *Repeal.* Recall. Cf. *J. C.* p. 157.
643. *Eyne.* See on *V. and A.* 632. The 5th and later eds. have "eies;" and in 649 "pretty" for *petty*.
646. *Let.* Hindrance; as in 330 above.
651. *To his.* The reading of the 1st and 2d eds. The 3d has "to the," and the others "to this." The 7th has also "not thee" for *not his*.
655. *Who.* See on 388 above.
657. *Puddle's.* The reading of 1st, 2d, and 4th eds.; the others have "puddle." For *hears'd* the 5th and 6th have "bersed," and the 7th "persed." *Hears'd* is found also in *M. of V.* iii. 1. 93 and *Ham.* i. 4. 47.
661. *Thy fouler grave.* H. points "thy fouler, grave;" and adds this strange note: "*Grave* is here a verb, meaning to *bury* or *be* the death of." He seems to take the line to mean, Thou buriest their fair life, and they bury thy fouler life; but how he would explain the former clause we cannot guess. Of course the meaning is, Thou *art* their fair life—a repetition of the idea in *they basely dignified*.
678. *Controll'd.* See on 448 above.
680. *Nightly.* The 5th and 6th eds. misprint "mighty." *Linen* is not = nightgown (cf. *Macb.* p. 194), but a linen cloth about the head.
684. *Prone.* Headlong. The 3d, 5th, 6th, and 7th eds. have "proud."
691. *Converts.* Changes. See on 592 above.
696. *Bulk.* Disregard, neglect. Cf. Davies, *Scourge of Folly*, 1611:
 "Learn'd and judicious lord, if I should balke
 Thyne honor'd name, it being in my way,
 My muse unworthy were of such a walke,
 Where honor's branches make it ever May."
698. *Fares.* The 5th and 6th eds. have "feares," and in 706 "of reine" for *or rein*.
701. *Conceit.* Conception, thought. Cf. 1298 below.
703. *His receipt.* What he has *received*; as in *Cor.* i. 1. 116.
 "The discontented members, the mutinous parts
 That envied his [the stomach's] receipt."

707. *Till, like a jade*, etc. Steevens aptly quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. i. 132 :

“ Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.”

For *jade* (=a worthless or vicious horse), cf. *V. and A.* 391.

721. *The spotted princess.* The polluted *soul*. For *spotted*, cf. *M. N. D.* i. i. 110, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 134, etc.

728. *Forestall.* Prevent; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 141, etc. The 7th ed. has “forest, all;” as “presence” for *prescience* in 727, and “swearing” for *sweating* in 740.

733. *Perplex'd.* Bewildered, confounded. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 346 : “Perplex'd in the extreme,” etc.

741. *Exclaiming ou.* Crying out against. Cf. *V. and A.* 930.

743. *Convertite.* Convert, penitent. The word is found also in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 190 and *K. John*, v. i. 19.

747. *Scapes.* Transgressions; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 73 : “some scape,” etc.

752. *Be.* The 5th and later eds. have “lie.”

766. *Black stage.* In the time of S. the stage was hung with black when tragedies were performed (Malone). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 140, note on *Hung be the heavens with black*.

768. *Defame.* Cf. 817 and 1033 below. These are the only instances of the noun in S.

774. *Proportion'd.* “Regular, orderly” (Schmidt).

780. *Supreme.* For the accent, see on 26 above.

781. *Arrive.* For the transitive use, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 110, *Cor.* ii. 3. 189, etc. For *prick*=dial-point, see *R. and J.* p. 175, note on *Prick of noon*.

782. *Misty.* The 1st and 2d eds. have “mustie;” corrected in the 3d ed., which, however, misprints “vapour” for *vapours*.

783. *In their smoky ranks his smother'd light.* That is, his light smothered in their smoky ranks. Gr. 419a.

786. *Distain.* The 5th and later eds. have “disdaine.”

791. *Palmers'.* Pilgrims'. See *A. W.* p. 161.

792. *Where.* Whereas. See *L. L. L.* p. 136, or Gr. 134.

805. *Sepulchred.* For the accent, see *Lear*, p. 210.

807. *Character'd.* For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 189.

811. *Cipher.* Decipher; used by S. only here and in 207 and 1396 of this poem.

812. *Quote.* Note, observe. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 154. The word is spelled *cote* in the 1st and 2d eds. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 132.

817. *Feast-finding.* “Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts” (Steevens). Their music of course made them welcome.

820. *Senseless.* Not sensible of the wrong done it.

828. *Crest-wounding.* Staining or disgracing the family *crest* or coat of arms.

830. *Mot.* Motto, or *word*, as it was sometimes called. See *Per.* p. 140.

841. *Guilty.* Malone reads “guiltless.” Sewell makes the line a question; but, as Boswell says, Lucrece at first reproaches herself for hav-

ing received Tarquin's visit, but instantly defends herself by saying that she did it out of respect to her husband.

848. *Intrude*. Inyade; not elsewhere transitive in S.

849. *Cuckoos*. For the allusion to the cuckoo's laying its eggs in other birds' nests, see the long note in 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 195.

851. *Folly*. "Used, as in Scripture, for *wickedness*." (Malone). Schmidt explains it as "inordinate desire, wantonness," both here and in 556 above. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 132: "She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore;" and see our ed. p. 206.

858. *Still-pining*. Ever-longing. Cf. "still-vex'd" (*Temp.* i. 2. 229), "still-closing" (*Id.* iii. 3. 64), etc. For *Tantalus*, see *V. and A.* 599.

859. *Barrus*. Stores up; the only instance of the verb in S. The 5th and later eds. have "bannes" or "bans."

879. *Point'st*. Appointest; but not to be printed "'point'st," as by some editors. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 148.

884. *Temperance*. Chastity. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 201.

892. *Smoothing*. Flattering. See *Rich. III.* p. 188. The 5th and following eds. have "smothering."

899. *Sort*. Sort out, select. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 144.

914. *Appaid*. Satisfied; used by S. only here.

920. *Shift*. Trickery. Nares (s. v. *Shifter*) quotes *Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Descriptions*, 1616: "Shifting doth many times incur the indignitie of reproach, and to be counted a shifter is as if a man would say in plaine tearmes a coosener." Cf. 930 below.

925. *Copesmate*. Companion; used by S. nowhere else.

926. *Grisly*. Grim, terrible. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 145.

928. *Watch of woes*. "Divided and marked only by woes" (Schmidt). Cf. *Macb.* p. 187, note on *Whose howl's his watch*.

930. *Injurious, shifting*. St., D., and H. adopt Walker's conjecture of "injurious-shifting;" but *shifting* may be =cozening, deceitful. See 01. 920 just above.

936. *Fine*. Explained by Malone as =soften, refine, and by Steevens as =bring to an end. The latter is on the whole to be preferred.

943. *Wrong the wronger*. That is, treat him as he treats others, make him suffer. Farmer would read "wring" for *wrong*.

944. *Ruinat*. Cf. *Sonn.* 10. 7: "Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate," etc.

With thy hours. Steevens conjectures "with their bowers," and Malone was at first inclined to read "with his hours."

948. *To blot old books and alter their contents*. As Malone remarks, S. little thought how the fate of his own compositions would come to illustrate this line.

950. *Cherish springs*. That is, young shoots. Cf. *V. and A.* 656. Warb. wanted to read "tarish" (=dry up, from Fr. *tarir*); Heath conjectured "sere its;" and Johnson "perish."

953. *Beldam*. Grandmother; as in 1458 below.

962. *Retiring*. Returning; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 281, etc.

981. *Curled hair*. "A distinguishing characteristic of a person of rank" (Malone). Cf. *Oth.* p. 160, note on *Curled*.

985. *Orts.* Scraps, remnants. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 158 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 400.
993. *Unrecalling.* Not to be recalled. See Gr. 372. For *crime*, the 4th and following eds. have "time."
1001. *Slanderous.* Disgraceful; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 20: "To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads." The office of executioner, or *deathsmān* (cf. *Lear*, p. 248), was regarded as ignominious.
1016. *Out.* The 4th and following eds. have "Our."
1021. *Force not.* Regard not, care not for. See *L. L. L.* p. 161.
1024. *Uncheerful.* The 4th and later eds. have "unsearchfull."
1027. *Helpless.* Unavailing; as in 1056 below. See on *V. and A.* 604.
1035. *Afear'd.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*.
1045. *Mean.* For the singular, see *R. and J.* p. 189.
1062. *Graff.* Graft. All the early eds. except the 1st and 2d have "grasse."
1070. *With my trespass never will dispense.* That is, will never excuse it. Cf. 1279 and 1704 below. See *C. of E.* p. 117, note on 103.
1079. *Philomel.* The nightingale. Cf. 1128 below.
1084. *Cloudy.* Cf. *V. and A.* 725. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 180, note on *Cloudy men.* For *shames*=is ashamed, cf. 1143 below.
1092. *Nought to do.* That is, nothing to do with, no concern in.
1094. *Fond.* Foolish; as in 216 above.
1105. *Sometime.* The 4th and following eds. have "sometimes." The two forms are used indiscriminately.
1109. *Annoy.* See on *V. and A.* 497.
1114. *Ken.* Sight. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 113: "losing ken of Albion's wished coast," etc.
1119. *Who.* See on 388 above.
1124. *Stops.* Referring to the *stops* of musical instruments. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 76, 376, 381, etc.
1126. *Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears.* Tune your lively notes for those who like to hear them. With *pleasing* cf. *unrecalling* in 993 above.
1127. *Dumps.* Mournful elegies. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 85: "Tune a deploring dump." See also *Much Ado*, p. 137.
1128. *Of ravishment.* Referring to her being ravished by Tereus. See *T. A.* ii. 4. 26 fol. and iv. 1. 48 fol.
1132. *Diapason.* Used by S. only here.
1133. *Burden-wise.* As in the *burden* of a song.
1134. *Descant'st.* Singest. For the noun, see *T. G. of V.* p. 125. Here the early eds. all have "descants." See Gr. 340. *Skill* must be regarded as the direct object of *descant'st*, not governed by *with* understood, as Malone makes it, pointing "descant'st, better skill."
1135. *Against a thorn.* The nightingale was supposed to press her breast against a thorn while singing. See *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 179, note on 25.
1140. *Frets.* The stops that regulated the vibration of the strings in lutes, etc. See *Ham.* p. 230, or *Much Ado*, p. 144 (on *A lute-string*).
1142. *And for.* And because.

1143. *Shaming*. Being ashamed; as in 1084 above.
1144. *Seated from the way*. Situated out of the way.
1149. *At gaze*. Staring about.
1160. *Conclusion*. Experiment. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 217.
1167. *Peel'd*. Here and in 1169 the early eds. have "pil'd," "pild," or "pill'd;" and this last form might well enough be retained. Cf. *Gen.* xxx. 37, 38.
1186. *Deprive*. Take away; as in 1752 below. See *Hum.* p. 195.
1202. *Confound*. Ruin; as in 160 above.
1205. *Oversee*. The *overseer* of a will was one who had a supervision of the executors. The poet, in his will, appoints John Hall and his wife as *executors*, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as *overseers*. In some old wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor* (Malone).
1206. *Overseen*. Bewitched, as by the "evil eye." Cf. *o'erlooked* in *M. W.* v. 5. 87 and *M. of V.* iii. 2. 15 (see our ed. p. 148).
1221. *Sorts*. Adapts, as if choosing or selecting. Cf. 899 above. See also 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 162.
1222. *For why*. Because; as in *P. P.* 5, 8, 10, etc. See *T. G. of V.* p. 139, or *Gr.* 75.
1229. *Eyne*. See on 643 above.
1233. *Pretty*. In this and similar expressions *pretty* may be explained as = "moderately great" (Schmidt), or "suitable, sufficient," as some make it. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 10: "a pretty age," etc.
1241. *And therefore are they*, etc. "Hence do they (women) receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates (men) choose" (Malone).
1242. *Strange kinds*. Alien or foreign natures.
1244. *Then call them not*, etc. Malone compares *T. N.* ii. 2. 30:
 "How easy is it for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
 For such as we are made of, such we be;"
- and *M. for M.* ii. 4. 130:
 "Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints."
1247. *Like a goodly*. The 5th and 6th eds. have simply "like a," and the 7th reads "like unto a."
1254. *No man inveigh*. Let no man inveigh. All the eds. but the 1st have "inveighs."
1257. *Hild*. For *held*, for the sake of the rhyme. The 5th and later eds. have "held." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 11. 17:
 "How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
 Let them record them that are better skild," etc.
1258. *Fulfill'd*. Filled full. See *T. and C.* p. 162.
1261. *Precedent*. Example, illustration.
1263. *Present*. Instant; as in 1307 below.

1269. *Counterfeit*. Likeness, image; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 115, *Macb.* ii. 3. 81, etc.
1279. *With the fault I thus far can dispense*. See on 1070 above.
1298. *Conceit*. Conception, thought; as in 701 above.
1302. *Inventions*. Elsewhere used of thoughts expressed in writing; as in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 29, 34, *T. N.* v. 1. 341, etc.
1325. *Interprets*. The figure here is taken from the old *motion*, or dumb-show, which was explained by an *interpreter*. Cf. *T. of A.* p. 135, (note on 35), or *Ham.* p. 228 (on 228).
1329. *Sounds*. That is, waters (which may be *deep*, though not fathomless). Malone conjectured "floods."
1335. *Fowls*. The 6th and 7th eds. have "soules;" an easy misprint when the long *s* was in fashion.
1338. *Villain*. Servant, bondman. Cf. *Lear*, p. 232.
1345. *God wot*. God knows. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 18: "no, no, good friends, God wot." See our ed. p. 203.
1353. *That*. So that; as in 94 above.
1355. *Wistly*. Wistfully. See on *V. and A.* 343.
- 1357, 1358. Note the imperfect rhyme.
1368. *The which*. Referring to *Troy*.
1370. *Cloud-kissing Ilion*. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 220: "Yond towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds," etc.
1371. *Conceited*. Fanciful, imaginative. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 204: "an admirable conceited fellow;" *L. C.* 16: "conceited characters," etc.
1372. *As*. That. Gr. 109.
1377. *Strife*. That is, "his art with nature's workmanship at strife" (*V. and A.* 291). Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 37.
1380. *Pioneer*. The early eds. have "pyoner" or "pioner." See *Ham.* p. 198. Here the rhyme requires *pioneer*.
1384. *Lust*. Pleasure. Cf. *T. and C.* p. 200, note on 132.
1388. *Triumphing*. Accented on the second syllable; as often. See *L. L. L.* p. 148.
1400. *Deep regard and smiling government*. "Profound wisdom and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason" (Malone); or deep thought and complacent self-control. For *deep regard*, cf. 277 above.
1407. *Purl'd*. "Curl'd" (Steevens's conjecture); used by S. only here.
1411. *Mermaid*. Siren. See on *V. and A.* 429.
1417. *Bollen*. Swollen; used by S. nowhere else. Cf. Chaucer, *Black Knight*, 101: "Bollen hertes," etc. The later form *bolled* occurs in *Exod.* ix. 31.
1418. *Pelt*. Probably = throw out angry words, be passionately clamorous; as Malone, Nares, and Schmidt explain it. Cf. *Wils, Fits, and Fancies*: "all in a pelting chafe," etc. The noun is also sometimes = a great rage; as in *The Unnatural Brother*: "which put her ladyship into a horrid pelt," etc.
1422. *Imaginary*. Imaginative; as in *Sonn.* 27. 9: "my soul's imaginary sight," etc.
1423. *Kind*. Natural. See *Much Ado*, p. 118.

1436. *Strand*. All the early eds. have "strond." See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 139.

1440. *Than*. The old form of *then*, sometimes found in the early eds. (as in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 200, 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 9, etc.), here used for the sake of the rhyme.

1444. *Stell'd*. Spelled "steld" in all the early eds., and probably = placed, fixed. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 1:

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

See our ed. p. 137. In *Lear*, iii. 7. 61, we find "the stelled fires," where *stelled* is commonly explained as derived from *stella*, though probably = fixed, as here. K. and H. suspect that *stell'd* is "simply a poetical form of *styled*, that is, written or depicted as with a *stilus* or *stylus*."

1449. *Bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 474 fol.

1450. *Anatomiz'd*. "Laid open, shown distinctly" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 162, ii. 7. 56, *A. W.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

1452. *Chaps*. Spelled "chops" in all the early eds. except the 7th. Cf. *chopt* or *chopped* in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 50, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 294, etc., and *choppy* in *Macb.* i. 3. 44.

1460. *Ban*. Curse; as in *V. and A.* 326.

1479. *Moe*. More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

1486. *Swounds*. Swoons. All the early eds. have "sounds," as the word was often spelled.

1488. *Unadvised*. Unintentional, inadvertent. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 149.

1489. *Confounds*. Destroys. See on 160 above.

1494. *On ringing*. A-ringing. See Gr. 180. *His* = its.

1496. *Set a-work*. See *Ham.* p. 211, or Gr. 24.

1499. *Painting*. All the early eds. except the 1st and 2d have "painted."

1500. *Who*. The reading of all the early eds. changed in some modern ones to "whom." See Gr. 274.

1504. *Blunt*. Rude, rough. The 5th and later eds. have "these blunt."

1505. *His woes*. "That is, the woes suffered by *Patience*" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 117 and *Per.* v. 1. 139.

1507. *The harmless show*. "The harmless painted figure" (Malone).

1511. *Guilty instance*. Token or evidence of guilt. For *instance*, see *Much Ado*, p. 135.

1521. *Sinon*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190 and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 61.

1524. *That*. So that. See on 94 above.

1525. *Stars shot from their fixed places*. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 153: "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres."

1526. *Their glass*, etc. "Why Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent, should be called the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-fetched" (Malone). Boswell cites what Lydgate says of Priam's palace:

"That verely when so the sonne shone
Upon the golde meynt among the stone,
They gave a lyght withouten any were,
As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere."

1527. *Advisedly*. Deliberately, attentively.

1544. *Beguil'd*. Rendered deceptive or guileful. Cf. *guiled* in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 97; and see Gr. 374. The early eds. have "armed to beguild" (or "beguil'd"); corrected by Malone.

1551. *Falls*. Lets fall. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 184, or *J. C.* p. 175.

1555. *Effects*. Outward manifestations or attributes. Cf. *Lear*, p. 171. Some make it =efficacies, powers, or faculties.

1565. *Unhappy*. Mischievous, fatal, pernicious; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 127, *Lear*, iv. 6. 232, etc.

1576. *Which all this time*. This (namely, *time*) has passed unheeded by her during this interval that she has spent with painted images; or *which* may perhaps refer to the slow passage of time just mentioned, and the meaning may be, This she has forgotten all the while that she has been looking at the pictures. H. says: "*Which* refers to *time* in the preceding stanza, and is the object of *spent*: Which that she hath spent with painted images, *it* hath all this time overslipped her thought." This seems needlessly awkward and involved.

1588. *Water-gulls*. The word is evidently used here simply as =*rain-bows*, to avoid the repetition of that word. Nares and Wb. define it as "a watery appearance in the sky, accompanying the rainbow;" according to others, it means the "secondary bow" of the rainbow (which H. speaks of as being "within" the primary bow). Halliwell (*Archaic Dict.*) says: "I am told a second rainbow above the first is called in the Isle of Wight a *watergeal*. Carr has *weather-gull*, a secondary or broken rainbow."

For *element* = sky, see *J. C.* p. 140.

1589. *To*. In addition to. Gr. 185.

1592. *Sod*. The participle of *seethe*, used interchangeably with *sodden*. See *L. L. L.* p. 145.

1595. *Both*. The 5th and later eds. have "But."

1598. *Uncouth*. Strange (literally, unknown). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 6: "this uncouth forest," etc.

1600. *Attir'd in discontent*. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146: "so attir'd in wonder," etc.

1604. *Gives her sorrow fire*. The metaphor is taken from the discharge of the old-fashioned fire-lock musket. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 38: "for you gave the fire."

1606. *Address'd*. Prepared, ready. See *J. C.* p. 156.

1615. *Moe*. The reading of the first three eds.; "more" in the rest. See on 1479 above.

1632. *Hard-favour'd*. See on *V. and A.* 133.

1645. *Adulterate*. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 142, *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

1661. *Declin'd*. All the eds. except the 1st have "inclin'd."

1662. *Wretched*. Walker plausibly conjectures "wreathed." Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 19: "to wreathe your arms."

1667. *As through an arch*, etc. Doubtless suggested by the tide rushing through the arches of Old London Bridge. See *Cor.* p. 271 (note on 47) and 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 29, foot-note.

1671. *Recall'd in rage*, etc. Farmer wished to read "recall'd, the rage being past."

1672. *Make a saw.* The metaphor is quaint, but readily understood from the context. The noun *saw* is used by S. nowhere else, though *handsaw* occurs in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 187 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 397.

1680. *One woe.* The 1st and 2d eds. have "on" for *one*, a common spelling. Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 164, note on 70.

1691. *Venge.* Not *'venge*, as often printed. See *Rich. II.* p. 158.

1694. *Knights, by their oaths, etc.* Malone remarks: "Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced." See *T. and C.* p. 174, note on 283.

1698. *Bewray'd.* Exposed, made known. Cf. *Lear*, p. 199.

1704. *With the foul act dispense.* See on 1070 above.

1705. *Advance.* Raise; opposed to *low-declined*. For *advance* = lift up, see *Cor.* p. 210.

1713. *Carv'd in it.* All the early eds. have "it in" for *in it*, except the 7th, which omits *it*. The correction is Malone's.

1715. *By my excuse, etc.* Livy makes Lucretia say: "Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiae vivet;" which Painter, in his novel (see p. 16 above) translates thus: "As for my part, though I clear my selfe of the offence, my body shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall hereafter impute no dishonest act to Lucrece."

1720. *Assays.* Attempts; as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 406, *Ham.* iii. 3. 69, etc.

1728. *Spright.* See on 121 above.

1730. *Astonish'd.* Astounded, thunderstruck. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 146, etc.

1738. *That.* So that; as in 1764 below. See on 94 above.

1740. *Vastly.* "Like a waste" (Steevens); the only instance of the word in S.

1745. *Rigol.* Circle. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 193.

1752. *Depriv'd.* Taken away; as in 1186 above.

1754. *Unliv'd.* Probably the poet's own coinage, and used by him only here.

1760. *Fair fresh.* D. reads "fresh fair," and St. and H. "fresh-fair."

1765. *Last.* All the early eds. but the 1st and 2d have "hast," and in the next line "thou" for *they*.

1766. *Surcease.* Cease; as in *Cor.* iii. 2. 121 and *R. and J.* iv. 1. 97.

1774. *Key-cold.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 5: "Poor key-cold figure of a holy king;" and see our ed. p. 183.

1784. *Thick.* Fast. Cf. *thick-coming* in *Macb.* v. 3. 38. See also *Cymb.* p. 189, note on *Speak thick*.

1788. *This windy tempest, etc.* Cf. *T. and C.* p. 198 (note on 55), or 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 146 (note on 146).

1801. *Too late.* Too lately. Cf. 426 above and *V. and A.* 1026. See also *Rich. III.* p. 209.

1803. *I owed her.* She was mine. For *owe* = own, see *Rich. II.* p. 204, or *K. John*, p. 141.

1805. *Dispers'd.* For the accent, see on 26 above.

1816. *Advisedly.* Deliberately. Cf. 180 and 1527 above. So *advised* = deliberate, in 1849 below.

1819. *Unsounded*. Not *sounded* or understood hitherto. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 57.
1822. *Wounds help*. Walker would read "heal" and St. "salve" for *help*.
1829. *Relenting*. The 5th and later eds. have "lamenting."
1832. *Suffer these abominations*, etc. That is, permit these abominable Tarquins to be chased, etc.
1839. *Complain'd*. Bewailed. For the transitive use, cf. *Rich. II.* p. 197. Gr. 291.
1845. *Allow*. Approve. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.
1851. *Thorough*. Used interchangeably with *through*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares*. The 5th ed. has "through out," and the 7th "throughout."
1854. *Plausibly*. With applause or acclamations (Malone and Steevens); or "readily, willingly" (Schmidt). It is the only instance of the adverb in S. *Plausible* occurs only in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 253, where it is = pleased, willing.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

For the feminine use of *lover* in the title, cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 181.

1. *Re-worded*. Compare *Ham.* iii. 4. 143: "I the matter will re-word."
2. *Sistering*. We find the verb in *Per.* v. prol. 7: "her art sisters the natural roses."
3. *Spirits*. Monosyllabic; as not unfrequently. Cf. 236 below; and see on *V. and A.* 181. *Accorded* = agreed.
4. *Laid*. Malone reads "lay," which is the form elsewhere in S.
5. *Fickle*. Apparently referring to her behaviour at the time.
6. *A-twain*. So in the folio text of *Lear*, ii. 2. 80, where the quartos have "in twain." In *Oth.* v. 2. 206, the 1st quarto has *a-twain*, the other early eds. "in twain."
7. *Her world*. Malone quotes *Lear*, iii. 1. 10:

"Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

See our ed. p. 215.

11. *Done*. Past, lost. Cf. *V. and A.* 197, 749, and *R. of L.* 23.
14. *Sear'd*. Withered. H. has "sere."
15. *Heave her napkin*. Lift her handkerchief. For *heave*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 157:

"O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:"

and for *napkin* see *Oth.* p. 188.

16. *Conceited characters*. Fanciful figures. See on *R. of L.* 1371.
17. *Laundering*. Wetting; used by S. only here. Malone calls the verb "obsolete;" but it has come into use again in our day.

18. *Season'd*. A favourite figure with S. See *Much Ado*, p. 155. For *pelleted* (=rounded), cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 165.
21. *Size*. This use of the word seems peculiar now; but cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 136, *A. and C.* iv. 15. 4, v. 2. 97, etc.
22. *Carriage*. The figure is taken from a gun-carriage. *Levell'd* was a technical term for aiming a gun. See *Rich. III.* p. 232.
30. *Careless hand of pride*. That is, hand of careless pride.
31. *Sheav'd*. Straw. Cf. 8 above.
33. *Threaden*. The word is used again in *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 10: "threaden sails."
36. *Maund*. Hand-basket; used by S. only here. Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xiii.:

"And in a little maund, being made of oziers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad;"

Herrick, *Poems*: "With maunds of roses for to strew the way," etc. Hence *Maundy Thursday*, from the baskets in which the royal alms were distributed at Whitehall.

37. *Bedded*. The quarto (the 1609 ed. of *Sonnets*, in which the poem first appears) has "bedded;" corrected by Sewell. K. retains "bedded" as =imbedded, set.

40. *Applying wet to wet*. A favourite conceit with S. See *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 48, *R. and J.* i. 1. 138, 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 8, *Ham.* iv. 7. 186, etc.

42. *Cries some*. Cries for some. Malone puts *some* in italics (= "cries 'Some'").

45. *Posied*. Inscribed with posies, or mottoes. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 164. Rings were often made of *bone* and ivory.

47. *Moe*. More. Cf. *R. of L.* 1479.

48. *Sleided*. Untwisted or unwrought. Cf. *Pericles*, p. 149. *Feat* = featly, dexterously. See *Temp.* p. 120.

49. *Curious*. Careful; as in *A. W.* i. 2. 20, *Cymb.* i. 6. 191, etc.

50. *Fluxive*. Flowing, weeping; used by S. only here.

51. *Gan*. The quarto has "gaue," which K. retains (as "gave"); corrected by Malone.

53. *Unapproved*. Not *approved*, or proved true. Cf. *Ham.* p. 171, note on *Approve*.

55. *In top of rage*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 7. 4: "in tops of all their pride;" *A. and C.* v. 1. 43: "in top of all design," etc.

Rents=*rends*. See *M. N. D.* p. 166.

58. *Sometime*. Formerly; used interchangeably with *sometimes* in this sense. Gr. 68a. *Ruffle*=bustle, stir; the only instance of the noun in S.

60. *The swiftest hours*. "The prime of life, when Time appears to move with his quickest pace" (Malone). *They*, according to Malone, refers to the fragments of the torn-up letters; though he admits that the clause may be connected with *hours*, meaning that "this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world." This latter explanation is doubtless the correct one.

61. *Fancy*. Often = love (see on *R. of L.* 200), and here used concretely for the lover. Cf. 197 below. *Fastly* is used by S. only here.

64. *Slides he down*, etc. That is, lets himself down by the aid of his staff, as he seats himself beside her. *Grained* = of rough wood, or showing the grain of the wood. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 114: "My grained ash" (=spear).

69. *Ecstasy*. Passion, excitement. Cf. *V. and A.* 895.

80. *Outwards*. External features; not elsewhere plural in S. For *Of* the quarto has "O;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt).

81. *Stuck*. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 61:

"O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee."

88. *What's sweet to do*, etc. "Things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them" (Steevens).

91. *Sawn*. Explained by some as a form of the participle of *see*, used for the sake of the rhyme; by others as = *sown*, which Boswell says is still pronounced *sawn* in Scotland. The latter is the more probable.

93. *Phoenix*. Explained by Malone and Schmidt as = "matchless, rare." So *termless* = indescribable.

95. *Bare*. Bareness; not elsewhere used substantively by S.

104. *Authoriz'd*. Accented on the second syllable; as in the other two instances in which S. uses the word (*Sonn.* 35. 6 and *Macb.* iii. 4, 66).

107. *That horse*, etc. H. does not include this line in the supposed comment.

112. *Manage*. See on the verb in *V. and A.* 598.

116. *Case*. Dress; as in *M. for M.* ii. 4. 13, etc.

118. *Came*. The quarto has "Can;" corrected by Sewell. K. retains "Can."

126. *Catching all passions*, etc. Steevens says: "These lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey."

127. *That*. So that. See on *V. and A.* 242.

139. *Moe*. Cf. 47 above.

140. *Owe*. Own. See on *R. of L.* 1803.

144. *Was my own fee-simple*. "Had an absolute power over myself" (Malone). See *A. W.* p. 171.

153. *Foil*. The background used to set off a jewel. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 242.

155. *Assay*. Essay, try. Cf. *V. and A.* 608.

162. *Blood*. Passion. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 131, note on 162.

163. *Proof*. Experience. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 131.

169. *Further*. St. conjectures "father."

170. *The patterns of his fond beguiling*. "The examples of his seduction" (Malone).

171. *Orchards*. Gardens. See *J. C.* p. 142. For the figure, cf. *Sonn.* 16. 6.

173. *Brokers*. Panders, go-betweens. Cf. *Ham.* p. 191.
174. *Thought*. Malone took this to be a noun.
176. *My city*. For the figure, cf. *R. of L.* 469 (see also 1547), *A. W.* i. 1. 137, etc.
182. *Woo*. The quarto has "vow;" corrected by D.
185. *Acture*. Action; not found elsewhere. Cf. *enactures* in *Ham.* iii. 2. 207.
- Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "My illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution [or animal passion], and not approved by my reason: pure and genuine love had no share in them, or in their consequences; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged."
192. *Teen*. Trouble, pain. See on *V. and A.* 808.
193. *Leisures*. Moments of leisure. Schmidt makes it = "affections, inclinations," which it *implies*.
197. *Fancies*. See on 61 above.
198. *Paled*. The quarto has "palyd," and Sewell reads "pallid." *Paled* is due to Malone.
204. *These talents*, etc. "These *loquets*, consisting of hair platted and set in gold" (Malone).
205. *Impleach'd*. Interwoven. Cf. *pleached* in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 7, and *thick-pleached* in *Id.* i. 2. 8 (see our ed. p. 126).
207. *Beseech'd*. Cf. the past tense in *Ham.* iii. 1. 22.
208. *Annexions*. Additions; used by S. only here, as *annexment* only in *Ham.* iii. 3. 21.
210. *Quality*. "In the age of S. peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stone" (Stevens).
212. *Invis'd*. "Invisible" (Malone); or, "perhaps = inspected, investigated, tried" (Schmidt). No other example of the word is known.
214. *Weak sights*, etc. Eye-glasses of emerald were much esteemed by the ancients; and the near-sighted Nero is said to have used them in watching the shows of gladiators.
215. *Blend*. Walker makes this a participle = blended. He adds: "The expression is perhaps somewhat confused, but it refers to the ever-varying hue of the opal."
217. *Blazon'd*. Interpreted, explained. Cf. the noun in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 307.
219. *Pensiv'd*. Found only here. *Pensive* occurs in 3 *Hen.* VI. iv. 1. 10 and *R. and J.* iv. 1. 39. H. adopts Lettsom's conjecture of "pensive" here; but the "pensiu'd" of the quarto could hardly be a misprint.
223. *Of force*. Perforce, of necessity. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 148, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 40, etc.
224. *Einpatron me*. Are my patron saint.
225. *Phraseless*. Probably = indescribable, like *termless* in 94 above. Schmidt thinks it may possibly be = silent, like *speechless* (hand) in *Cor.* v. 1. 67.
229. *What me*, etc. Whatever obeys me, your minister, for (or instead of) you, etc.
231. *Distract*. Disjoined, separate. For the accent, see on *R. of L.* 26.

232. *A sister*. The quarto has "Or sister;" corrected by Malone.
233. *Note*. Notoriety, distinction. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 170, on *A crescent note*.
234. *Which late*, etc. Who lately withdrew from her noble suitors.
235. *Whose rarest havings*, etc. "Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her" (Malone).
236. *Spirits*. Monosyllabic, as in 3 above. *Coat* may be =coat-of-arms (Malone), or dress as indicative of rank, as some explain it.
240. *Have not*. H. adopts Barron Field's conjecture of "love not"—a needless if not an injurious change.
241. *Paling the place*, etc. The quarto has "Playing the place," etc.; for which no really satisfactory emendation has been proposed. *Paling*, which is as tolerable as any, is due to Malone, who explains the line thus: "Securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love." Lettsom conjectures "Salving the place which did no harm receive." St. proposes "Filling the place," etc. *Paling* is adopted by K., D., W., and H. For *pale*=enclose, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 103, etc.
243. *Contrives*. Some make this =wear away, spend; as in *T. of S.* i. 2. 278 (see our ed. p. 141).
250. *Eye*. The rhyme of *eye* and *eye* is apparently an oversight, no misprint being probable.
251. *Immur'd*. The quarto has "enur'd" and "procure;" both corrected by Gildon.
252. *To tempt, all*. Most eds. join *all* to *tempt*, which, to our thinking, mars both the antithesis and the rhythm.
258. *Congest*. Gather in one; used by S. only here.
260. *Nun*. The quarto has "Sunne." The correction was suggested by Malone, and first adopted by D.
261. *Ay, dieted*. The quarto has "I dieted," not "I died," as Malone (who reads "and dieted") states.
262. *Believ'd her eyes*, etc. "Believed or yielded to her eyes when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to assail her chastity" (Malone). "When I the assail" was an anonymous conjecture which Malone was at first inclined to adopt.
265. *Sting*. Stimulus, incitement.
271. *Love's arms are proof*, etc. Another corrupt and perplexing line. The quarto has "peace" for *proof*, which was suggested by Malone. Steevens conjectures "Love aims at peace," D. "Love arms our peace," and Lettsom "Love charms our peace."
272. *And sweetens*. And it (*Love*) sweetens.
273. *Aloes*. The only mention of the bitter drug in S.
276. *Supplicant*. Not found elsewhere in S.
279. *Credent*. Credulous. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 30: "too credent ear," etc.
280. *Prefer and undertake*. Recommend (cf. *M. of V.* p. 140) and guarantee, or answer for (see 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 158, *Hen. VIII.* prol. 12, etc.).
281. *Dismount*. "The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest" (Malone). For *level'd*=aimed, see on 22 above.

286. *Who glaz'd with crystal gate*, etc. Malone points thus: "Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate;" making *gate* "the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get*." *Flame* he took to be the object of *gate*.

293. *O cleft effect!* The quarto has "Or" for *O*; corrected by Gildon.

294. *Extincture*. Extinction; used by S. only here.

297. *Daff'd*. Doffed, put off. See *A. and C.* p. 203, or *Much Ado*, p.

138. *Stole* (=robe) is not found elsewhere in S.

298. *Civil*. Decorous; as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 243: "civil and humane seeming," etc.

303. *Cautels*. Deceits. Cf. *Ham.* p. 187.

305. *Swooning*. The quarto has "sounding," and "sound" in 308 below. See on *R. of L.* 1486; and cf. *R. and J.* p. 186 (on *Swounded*).

309. *Level*. See on 281 above.

314. *Luxury*. Lust, lasciviousness; the only meaning of the word in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 166.

315. *Preach'd pure maid*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 227: "speak sad brow and true maid."

318. *Unexperient*. Used by S. only here, as *unexperienced* only in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 86.

319. *Cherubin*. Used by S. ten times. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 162. *Cherub* he has only in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50, *cherubim* not at all.

327. *Owed*. That is, owned, or his own. See on 140 above. *Borrow'd motion* = counterfeit expression of feeling.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Swinburne remarks: "What Coleridge said of Ben Jonson's epithet for 'turtle-footed peace,' we may say of the label affixed to this rag-picker's bag of stolen goods: *The Passionate Pilgrim* is a pretty title, a very pretty title; pray what may it mean? In all the larcenous little bundle of verse there is neither a poem which bears that name nor a poem by which that name would be bearable. The publisher of the booklet was like 'one Ragozine, a most notorious pirate;' and the method no less than the motive of his rascality in the present instance is palpable and simple enough. Fired by the immediate and instantly proverbial popularity of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, he hired, we may suppose, some ready hack of unclean hand to supply him with three doggrel sonnets on the same subject, noticeable only for the porcine quality of prurience; he procured by some means a rough copy or an incorrect transcript of two genuine and unpublished sonnets by Shakespeare, which with the acute instinct of a felonious tradesman he laid atop of his worthless wares by way of gilding to their base metal; he stole from the two years published text of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and reproduced, with more or less mutilation or corruption, the sonnet of Longaville, the 'canzonet' of Biron, and the far lovelier love-song of Dumain. The rest of the ragman's gatherings, with three most notable exceptions,

is little better for the most part than dry rubbish or disgusting refuse ; unless a plea may haply be put in for the pretty commonplaces of the lines on a 'sweet rose, fair flower,' and so forth ; for the couple of thin and pallid if tender and tolerable copies of verse on 'Beauty' and 'Good Night,' or the passably light and lively stray of song on 'crabbed age and youth.' I need not say that those three exceptions are the stolen and garbled work of Marlowe and of Barnfield, our elder Shelley and our first-born Keats ; the singer of Cynthia in verse well worthy of Endymion, who would seem to have died as a poet in the same fatal year of his age that Keats died as a man ; the first adequate English laureate of the nightingale, to be supplanted or equalled by none until the advent of his mightier brother."

The contents of Jaggard's piratical collection, stated more in detail, were as follows (the order being that of the "Globe" ed.):

I., II. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* 138 and 144, with some early or corrupt readings (to be noted in our ed. of the *Sonnets*).

III. Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 60 fol. : "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," etc. The verbal variations in the two versions (as in V. and XVI.) are few and slight.

IV. (I. of the present ed.).

V. The sonnet in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 109 fol. : "If love make me forsworn," etc.

VI., VII. (II. and IV. of this ed.).

VIII. The following sonnet, probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems: In diuers humors*, 1598 (appended, with a separate title-page, to a small volume containing *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia* and *The Complaint of Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie*), it had first appeared, with this heading : "To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie:"

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign :
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

Barnfield terms these poems "fruits of unriper years," and expressly claims their authorship. The above sonnet is the first in the collection. Both this and XX. are omitted in the second edition of *Lady Pecunia*, 1605 ; but so also are nearly all of the "Poems in Divers Humors," so that no substantial argument can rest upon the absence of the two *P. P.* sonnets from that edition (Halliwell).

IX., X. (III. and V. of this ed.).

XI. The following sonnet, probably by Bartholomew Griffin, in whose

Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde, 1596, it had appeared with some variations:*

“Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
‘Even thus,’ quoth she, ‘the warlike god embrac’d me,’
And then she clipp’d Adonis in her arms;
‘Even thus,’ quoth she, ‘the warlike god unlac’d me,’
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
‘Even thus,’ quoth she, ‘he seized on my lips,’
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!”

XII., XIII., XIV. (VI., VII., and VIII. of this ed.).

XV. Here begin the “Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke” (see p. 12 above) with the following, which is certainly not Shakespeare’s, though it is not found elsewhere :

“It was a lording’s daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair’st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.”

XVI. Dumain’s poem to Kate, in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 101 fol. : “On a day—alack, the day!” etc. The chief variations are noted in our ed. of *L. L. L.* p. 149.

XVII. The following, from Thomas Weelkes’s *Madrigals*, 1597, pretty certainly not Shakespeare’s:†

“My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss;

* Instead of lines 9-14, the following are given in the *Fidessa* :

“But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!”

† Weelkes was the composer of the music, but not necessarily the author of the words. The poem is found also in *England’s Helicon*, 1600, with the title “The Unknown Shepheard’s Complaint,” and subscribed “Ignoto” (Halliwell).

Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot ;
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss :
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame :
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 My sighs so deep
 Procure to weep,
 In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye ;
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully :
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
 Poor Corydon
 Must live alone ;
 Other help for him I see that there is none."

XVIII. (IX. of this ed.).

XIX. The following imperfect version of Marlowe's "Come, live with me," etc., with *Love's Answer* (a mere fragment), attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh :*

* For complete copies of both these poems see our ed. of *M. W.* p. 150.

“ Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.”

XX. The following (except lines 27, 28) from Richard Barnfield's *Poems: In divers humors*, 1598 (the first 28 lines also found in *England's Helicon*, 1600, where it is subscribed “Ignoto”):

“ As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind ;
 Faithful friends are hard to find ;
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such-like flattering,
 ' Pity but he were a king ;'
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice ;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have at commandement :
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown ;
 They that fawn'd on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need :
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe."

Some editors have divided the above poem, making the first 28 lines (or the portion printed in *England's Helicon*) a separate piece ; but the whole (except lines 27, 28) forms a continuous "Ode" in Barnfield's book, and there is no real division in the 1599 ed. of the *P. P.* The editors have been misled by the printer's arrangement of his matter in that little book, where each page has an ornamental head-piece and tail-piece, with unequal portions of text between. The first 14 lines of this poem are on one page, the next 12 on the next page (27 and 28 wanting), the next 14 on the next, and the last 16 on the next. As there is something like a break in the piece between the 2d and 3d pages as thus arranged, it might appear at first sight that it was a division between poems rather than *in* a poem ; but, as Mr. Edmonds has pointed out, "the poet's object being to show the similarity of his griefs to those of the nightingale, he devotes the lines ending with *sorrowing* to the bird," and then "takes up his own woes with the line *Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd*, and enlarges upon them to the end of the ode."

The editor of *England's Helicon* seems to have taken the first two pages from the *P. P.*, supposing them to be a complete poem ; but feeling that it ended too abruptly, he added the couplet,

"Even so, poore bird like thee,
 None a-live will pittie mee,"

to round it off.

It may be added that his signing the poem "Ignoto" shows that he was not aware it was Barnfield's, and did not consider that its appearance in the *P. P.* proved it to be Shakespeare's ; and the same may be said of XVII., the *Helicon* copy of which is evidently from the *P. P.*, not from Weelkes. On the other hand, XVI. of the *P. P.* ("On a day, alack the day," etc.), taken from *L. L. L.*, is given in the *Helicon* with

Shakespeare's name attached to it. Furnivall says: "Mr. Grosart has shown in his prefaces to his editions of Barnfield's *Poems* and Griffin's *Fidessa* that there is no reason to take from the first his Ode (XX.) and his Sonnet (VIII.), or from the second his Venus and Adonis Sonnet (XI.), many of whose readings the *Passionate Pilgrim* print spoils." See also Mr. Edmonds's able plea in behalf of Barnfield's title to VIII. and XX. in the preface to his reprint (London, 1870) of the 1599 ed. of the *P. P.* p. xiv. fol.

I.—1. *Cytherea*. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 53, *W. T.* iv. 4. 122, and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14.

9. *Conceit*. Understanding. Cf. *Pericles*, p. 145.

10. *Figur'd*. Expressed by signs. Coll. conjectures "sugar'd."

II.—4. *Tarriance*. The word occurs again in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 90.

6. *Spleen*. Heat; as often in a figurative sense. Cf. *K. John*, p. 141.

12. *Wistly*. Wistfully. See on *V. and A.* 343.

13. *Whereas*. Where. See *Pericles*, p. 136, or 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 153.

III. The 2d line is wanting in all the editions; the omission being first marked by Malone.

3. *Dove*. See on *V. and A.* 153.

5. *Steep-up*. Cf. *Sonn.* 7. 5: "the steep-up heavenly hill." We find *steep-down* in *Oth.* v. 2. 280.

11. *Ruth*. Pity. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 199.

IV. This may be Shakespeare's. Cf. *Sonn.* 138.

3. *Brighter than glass*, etc. Steevens quotes the following lines "written under a lady's name on an inn window:"

"Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, laevis,
Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!"

For *brittle* the old *brickle* (see *Wb.*) might well be substituted.

14. *Out-burneth*. Sewell has "out burning."

V. This is probably not Shakespeare's.

1. *Vaded*. Faded. Cf. vii. 2 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *Faded*.

3. *Timely*. Early. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 188.

8. *For why*. Because. See on *R. of L.* 1222. The old eds. have "lefts" for *left'st* in both 8 and 9. Cf. *Gr.* 340.

*VI. Possibly Shakespeare's. In the eds. of 1599 and 1612 it is printed, as here, in twelve lines. Malone and others make twenty of it.

2. *Pleasance*. Pleasure. Cf. *Oth.* p. 180.

4. *Brave*. Fair, beautiful. See *M. of V.* p. 154.

VII. Probably not Shakespeare's; perhaps by the same author as V.

1. *Doubtful*. A copy of this poem, said to be from an ancient MS. and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxii. p. 521, has "fleet-

ing" for *doubtful* both here and in 5 below. In 3 it has "almost in the bud" for *first it gins to bud*; in 4, "that breaketh" for *that 's broken*; in 7, "As goods, when lost, are wond'rous seldom found;" in 8 "can excite" for *will refresh*, and in 10 "unite" for *redress*; in 11 "once, is ever" for *once 's forever*; and in 12 "pains" for *pain*.

A second copy, "from a corrected MS.," appeared in the same magazine, vol. xxx. p. 39. The readings are the same as in the other copy, except that it has "a fleeting" for "and fleeting" in 1, and "fading" for *vaded* in 8.

7. *Seld.* Seldom. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 150: "As seld I have the chance." We find "seld-shown" in *Cor.* ii. 1. 229.

VIII. Probably not Shakespeare's. All recent eds. make the last three stanzas a separate poem; but this is unquestionably a mistake. See *Adendum*, p. 214 below.

3. *Diff'd me.* Put me off, sent me away. See *Much Ado*, p. 138; and cf. *L. C.* 297.

4. *Descant.* Comment; as in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 27. Cf. *R. of L.* 1134.

8. *Nill.* Will not. Cf. *Ham.* p. 259.

9. 'T may be. Steevens says: "I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together with such offensive elisions. They may both be omitted without injury to sense or metre."

12. *As take.* Cf. *Gr.* 112.

14. *Charge the watch.* Probably =accuse or blame the watch (for marking the time so slowly).

17. *Philomela.* The nightingale. See on *R. of L.* 1079. The Camb. editors conjecture that *sits and* should be omitted; and they are probably right.

21. *Pack'd.* Sent packing, gone. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 146: "Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven."

23. *Solace, solace.* The old eds. have "solace and solace;" corrected by Malone.

27. *Moon.* The old eds. have "houre;" corrected by Malone.

30. *Short, night, to-night.* Shorten to-night, O night. For the antithesis, cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 200:

"I shall short my word
By lengthening my return."

IX. This may perhaps be Shakespeare's. Furnivall says: "That 'to sin and never for to saint,' and the whole of the poem, are by some strong man of the Shakspeare breed."

1. *Whenas.* When. See on *V. and A.* 999.

2. *Stall'd.* Got as in a *stall*, secured. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 111:

"when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee."

4. *Partial fancy like.* For *fancy*=love, see on *R. of L.* 200. The early eds. have "fancy (party all might)". Malone gave in 1780 "fancy, partial tike," but later from an ancient MS. "fancy, partial like." St. conjectures "fancy martial might;" the Camb. editors read "fancy, martial

wight" (a conjecture of Malone's); and W. "fancy's partial might." The text is from a MS. in the possession of Coll. As Schmidt notes, *like* is "almost =love;" as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 431, *K. John*, ii. 1. 511, *R. and F.* i. 3. 97, etc.

8. *Filed talk*. "Studied or polished language" (Malone). See *L. L. L.* p. 153, note on *His tongue filed*.

12. *Sell*. The early eds. have "sale;" corrected by Malone, from his old MS., which also has "thy" for *her*. The editors have generally adopted "thy," but the other reading may be = "praise her person highly, as a salesman praises his wares" (W.). Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 1. 78: "We'll but commend what we intend to sell;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 240: "To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;" *Sonn.* 21. 14: "I will not praise that purpose not to sell," etc.

14. *Clear ere*. The reading of Malone's MS. for the "calme yer" of the old eds.

20. *Ban*. Curse. See on *V. and A.* 326.

28. *In thy lady's ear*. Malone reads "always in her ear."

32. *Humble-true*. First hyphenated by St.

42. *Nought*. On the rhyme with *oft*, cf. *Lear*, p. 193, note on 309-313. In *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 13 and *Macb.* iv. 1. 70, *nought* rhymes with *thought*.

43-46. *Think women still*, etc. Expect women always, etc. Malone reads from the old MS. thus:

"Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint."

The early eds. have in 45, 46:

"There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint."

The reading in the text is due to W., and gives a clear meaning with very slight changes in the old text. In a passage so corrupt, emendation is but guess-work at best; but this seems to us a happier guess than that of the writer of Malone's MS. We do not, however, think it necessary to put "seek" for *still* in 43, as W. does.

50. *Lest that*. The early eds. have "Least that." Malone reads "For if" from his MS., connecting the line with what follows.

51. *To round me i' the ear*. To whisper in my ear. Cf. *K. John*, p. 151, note on *Rounded*. The early eds. have "on th' are" and "on th' ere." Malone changed "on" to *i'* in 1780; but in 1790 he read "ring mine ear." Coll. has "warm my ear" (from his old MS.). W. reads "She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear." H. follows Coll.

54. *Bewray'd*. Disclosed, exposed. See on *R. of L.* 1698.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

The title-page of Chester's *Loves Martyr*, after referring at some length to that poem and "the true legend of famous King *Arthur*," which fol-

lows it, continues thus: "To these are added some new compositions of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subject: viz. the Phœnix and Turtle."

The part of the book containing these "compositions" has a separate title-page, as follows:

HEREAFTER | FOLLOVV DIVERSE | Poeticall Essaies on the former Sub- | ject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. | Done by the best and chiefest of our | moderne writers, with their names sub- | scribed to their particular workes: | neuer before extant. | And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight, | Sir Iohn Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori*. | [woodcut of anchor] *Anchora Spei*. | MDCI.

Among these poems are some by Marston, Chapman, and Ben Jonson.

Malone has no doubt of the genuineness of *The Phœnix and the Turtle*. W. says: "There is no other external evidence that these verses are Shakespeare's than their appearance with his signature in a collection of poems published in London while he was living there in the height of his reputation.* The style, however, is at least a happy imitation of his, especially in the bold and original use of epithet." Dowden writes us that he has now no doubt that the poem is Shakespeare's (cf. his *Primer*, ed. 1878, p. 112); and Furnivall also believes it to be genuine.

Dr. Grosart (see his introduction to the New Shaks. Soc. ed. of Chester's *Loves Martyr*) sees a hidden meaning in this poem and those associated with it in Chester's book. "The *Phœnix* is a person and a woman, and the *Turtle-dove* a person and a male; and while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is 'Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love,' it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). . . . No one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate in recognizing her as the *Rosalin* and *Phœnix* of Robert Chester, and the 'moderne writers' of this book. . . . So with the *Turtle-dove*, epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth . . . and it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought."

Dr. Grosart believes *The Phœnix and the Turtle* to be Shakespeare's, and calls it "priceless and *unique*." He adds: "Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem as well represent its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any [preface to *Parnassus*, 1875]: 'I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was

* This is a point in favour of their being Shakespeare's which, so far as we are aware, other critics have overlooked; and it seems to us of some importance. It must be borne in mind that Chester's book was not a publisher's piratical venture, like *The Passionate Pilgrim*, but the reputable work of a gentleman who would hardly have ventured to insult his patron to whom he dedicates it, by palming off anonymous verses as the contribution of a well-known poet of the time.

written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen *Chester's Love's Martyr* and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet, and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his recent *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (2d ed. 1882) says: "It was towards the close of the present year, 1600, or at some time in the following one, that Shakespeare for the first and only time, came forward in the avowed character of a philosophical writer." After giving an account of Chester's book, he adds: "The contribution of the great dramatist is a remarkable poem in which he makes a notice of the obsequies of the phœnix and turtle-dove subservient to the delineation of spiritual union. It is generally thought that Chester himself intended a personal allegory, but, if that be the case, there is nothing to indicate that Shakespeare participated in the design, nor even that he had endured the punishment of reading *Love's Martyr*."

1. *The bird of loudest lay.* As Dr. Grosart remarks, this is *not* the *Phœnix*, as has generally been assumed, as "it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death," and besides it is nowhere represented as gifted with song.

2. *The sole Arabian tree.* Malone cites *Temp.* iii. 3. 22 :

"Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there."

He adds: "This singular coincidence likewise serves to authenticate the present poem." The *tree* is probably the *palm*, the Greek name of which is the same as that of the phœnix (*φοίνιξ*).

3. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter. See *Ham.* p. 176, or *W. T.* p. 168.

4. *To.* For its use with *obey*, cf. *T. and C.* p. 187.

Dr. Grosart, who takes the *bird* to be the nightingale, says: "I have myself often watched the lifting and tremulous motion of the singing nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story."

5. *Shrieking harbinger.* The screech-owl (Steevens). Cf. *M. N. D.* v. I. 383 :

"Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud."

The *fever's end* is of course death.

14. *That defunctive music can.* "That understands funereal music" (Malone). For this *can*=know, see Wb. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 5638 (ed. Tyrwhitt):

"I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,
And Jacob eke, as fer as ever I can," etc.

16. *His*. Its.

17. *Treble-dated*. Living thrice as long as man. Steevens quotes Lucretius, v. 1053:

"Cornicum ut secla vetusta.
Ter tres aetates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix."

18. *That thy sable gender mak'st*, etc. "Thou crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath" (E. W. Gosse). It was a popular belief that the crow could change its sex at will.

25. *As*. That. Cf. *R. of L.* 1372 and 1420.

32. *But in them it were a wonder*. "So extraordinary a phenomenon as *hearts remote, yet not asunder*, etc., would have excited admiration, had it been found anywhere else *except in these two birds*. In them it was not wonderful" (Malone).

34. *Saw his right*, etc. "It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to *mine* in 35" (Grosart).

37. *Property*. Property in self, individuality.

43. *To themselves*. Grosart suggests that these words should be joined to what precedes.

44. *Simple were so well compounded*. That is, were so well blended into one.

45. *That*. So that. Cf. *V. and A.* 242.

49. *Threne*. Threnody, funeral song. It is the Anglicized *threnos* (θρήνος), with which the following stanzas are headed. Malone quotes Kendal's *Poems*, 1577:

"Of verses, threnes, and epitaphs,
Full fraught with tears of teene."

A book entitled *David's Threanes* was published in 1620, and reprinted two years later as *David's Tears*.

67. *These dead birds*. That these *birds* are not Elizabeth and Essex has been shown clearly in Dr. F. J. Furnivall's paper "On Chester's *Love's Martyr*" in *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 451 fol.

ADDENDA.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM, VIII. (p. 210). Dowden (in his Introduction to the "Griggs" fac-simile of the 1599 ed. of *P. P.*) gives good reasons for not dividing this poem, but neither he nor any other critic has seen that the 1599 ed. proves its unity beyond a doubt. The first two stanzas are on one page, the next two on another, and the last stanza on a third; but the third stanza does *not* begin with the *large initial letter*, which elsewhere in the book is used to mark the beginning of a poem. We may add that there is similar typographical evidence in the 1599 ed. that XX. (cf. p. 208 above) should not be divided.

Dowden notes that in the 1640 ed. of the *Poems*, the five stanzas of VIII. appear as one poem (see p. 215 below). Malone (in his *Supplement*, 1780) seems to have been the first editor to divide it.

THE 1640 EDITION OF THE POEMS (p. 13).—The contents of this book are not described accurately by any editor or bibliographer that we have been able to consult. They are as follows :

1. Poems by Leon. Digges* and John Warren† in eulogy of Shakespeare.

2. All the Sonnets (except Nos. 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, and 126) arranged under various titles. The first group, for instance, includes 67, 68, and 69, with the heading "The glory of beautie," and the second puts together 60, 63, 64, 65, and 66 under the title "Injurious Time." From one to five sonnets appear under a title. When two or more are grouped they are printed as a continuous piece, with no space between the sonnets. ‡

3. All the poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (not "some," as the "Cambridge" ed. says, or "the greater part," as Knight and others give it), mostly interspersed among the Sonnets and furnished with titles. For instance, No. 4 ("Sweet Cytherea," etc.) is headed "A sweet provocation;" No. 8 ("If music," etc.), "Friendly concord;" No. 10 ("Sweet rose," etc.), "Loves Losse;" No. 12 ("Crabbed age," etc.), "Ancient Antipathy;" No. 15 ("It was a lording's daughter," etc), "A Duell;" and so on. The five stanzas of "Good night, good rest," are printed as one poem with the title "Loath to depart." "As it fell upon a day" also appears without division, and is entitled "Sympathizing love."

4. The following translations from Ovid, and other poems :

"The Tale of Cephalus and Procris" (inserted *before* Sonnets 153 and 154).

"That Menelaus was cause of his owne wrongs."

"Vulcan was Iupiters Smith, an excellent workeman, on whom the Poets father many rare Workes, among which, I find this one. Mars and Venus."

"The History how the Mynotaure was begot."

"This Mynotaure, when he came to growth, was inclosed in the Lab-
orinth, which was made by the curious Arts-master Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus pursue."

"Achilles his concealment of his Sex in the Court of Lycomedes."

A Lover's Complaint (Shakespeare's).

"The amorous Epistle of Paris to Hellen."

"Hellen to Paris."

"The Passionate Shepheard to his Love" (the complete text of Marlowe's poem, given imperfectly in *P. P.*).

"The Nimphs reply to the Shepheard" (the six stanzas, of which only one is given in *P. P.*).

"Another of the same Nature" (a poem of 44 lines, beginning :

* Not the verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, but a much longer piece, beginning "Poets are borne not made, when I would prove," etc. See Ingleby's *Centurie of Praise*, 2d ed. p. 231 fol.

† A sonnet, beginning "What, lofty Shakespeare, art again reviv'd?" See *Centurie of Praise*, p. 235.

‡ For a full list of the groups with their titles, see Knight's *Pictorial Shakspeare*, vol. ii. of Tragedies, etc., p. 487 fol., or Dowden's larger ed. of the *Sonnets*, p. 47 fol.

"Come live with me and be my deare,
 And vve will revill all the yeare,
 In plaines and groves, on hills and dales,
 Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales
 There shall you have the beautilous Pine,
 The Ceder and the spreading Vine,
 And all the vwoods to be a skrene,
 Least *Phæbus* kisse my Summers Queene."

And ending thus :

"If these may serve for to intice,
 Your presence to Loves Paradise,
 Then come vvith me and be my deare,
 And we will straight begin the yeare.").

"Take, O take those lips away" (the stanza in *M. for M.* iv. i. i fol., with the additional stanza, ascribed to Fletcher, and quoted in our ed. of *M. for M.* p. 160 ; the song appearing here without a title).

"Let the bird of lowest [*sic*] lay" (*The Phœnix and the Turtle*, without a title, except for the *Threnos*, which is headed "*Threnes*").

"Why should this Desart be" (the lines from *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol., without a title).

"An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, William Sheakespeare" (signed "I. M.," that is, John Milton).

"On the death of William Shakespeare, who died in Aprill, Anno Dom. 1616" (the lines, "Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh," etc., signed here "W. B.," that is, William Basse, who probably wrote them, though they have been ascribed to Dr. Donne and others).

"An Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, M. William Shakspeare" ("I dare not do thy memory that wrong," etc., unsigned and not traced to any author).

5. After the "FINIS" that follows the above poems there is an appendix, with the heading: "An Addition of some Excellent | Poems, to those precedent, of | Renowned *Shakespeare*, | By other Gentlemen."

The poems are as follows :

"His Mistresse Drawne" (signed "B. L."—evidently intended for "B. I.," or Ben Jonson, in whose works the lines are printed).

"Her minde" (signed "B. I.," and also printed as his).

"His Mistris Shade."

"Lavinia walking in a frosty Morning."

"A Sigh sent to his Mistresse."

"An Allegoricall allusion of melancholy thoughts to Bees" (signed "I. G.").

"The Primrose."

"A Sigh."

"A Blush."

"Am I dispis'd because you say," etc. (no title).

"Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Grasse."

"On his Love going to Sea."

"Aske me no more where *Love* bestovves," etc. (no title).

A second "FINIS" ends the volume.

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Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy (*Sonn. 33*).

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

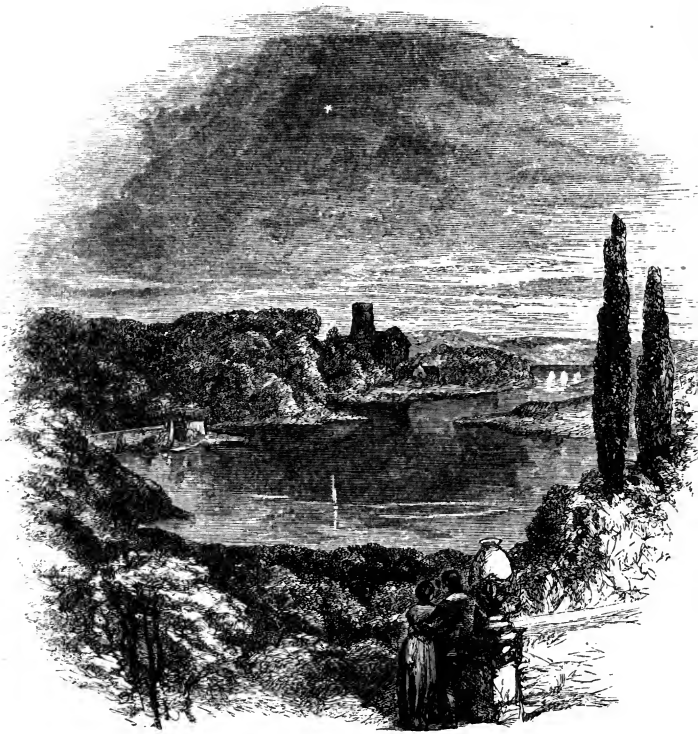
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STATUE OF MARY FITTON.

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Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west
As those two mourning eyes become thy face (*Sonn.* 132).



INTRODUCTION
TO
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

I. THEIR HISTORY.

The *Sonnets* were first published in 1609, with the following title-page (as given in the fac-simile of 1870):

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Im-
printed. | AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be
solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609.

In some copies the latter part of the imprint reads: "to be solde by *John Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609."

At the end of the volume *A Lover's Complaint* was printed.

In 1640 the Sonnets (except Nos. 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, and 126), re-arranged under various titles, with the pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, the lines "Why should this a desert be," etc. (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol.), "Take, O take those lips away," etc. (*M. for M.* iv. 1. 1 fol.), and sundry translations from Ovid, evidently not Shakespeare's (see our ed. of *V. and A.* p. 215), were published with the following title:

POEMS: | WRITTEN | BY | WIL. SHAKESPEARE. | Gent. | Printed at London by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *John Benson*, dwelling in | S^t. *Dunstons* Church-yard. 1640.

There is an introductory address "To the Reader" by Benson, in which he asserts that the poems are "of the same purity the Authour himselfe then living avouched," and that they will be found "seren, cleere and eligantly plaine." He adds that by bringing them "to the perfect view of all men" he is "glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author."

The order of the poems in this volume is followed in the editions of Gildon (1710) and of Sewell (1725 and 1728); also in those published by Ewing (1771) and Evans (1775). In all these editions the sonnets mentioned above (18, 19, etc.) are omitted, and 138 and 144 are given in the form in which they appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

The first complete reprint of the Sonnets, after the edition of 1609, appears to have been in the collected edition of Shakespeare's Poems, published by Lintott in 1709 (see our ed. of *Venus and Adonis*, etc., p. 13).

The earliest known reference to the Sonnets is in the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres (cf. *M. N. D.* p. 9, and *C. of E.* p. 101), who speaks of them as "his sugred Sonnets among

his private friends." This was in 1598, and in the next year two of them (138 and 144) were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. We do not know that any of the others were published before 1609. They were probably written at intervals during many years. "Some, if we were to judge by their style, belong to the time when *Romeo and Juliet* was written. Others—as, for example, 66–74—echo the sadder tone which is heard in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*" (Dowden). It is evident that there is a gap of at least three years (see 104) between 99 and the following group (100–112).

The theories concerning these interesting poems cannot even be enumerated in the space at our command. "Some have looked on them as one poem ; some as several poems—of groups of sonnets ; some as containing a separate poem in each sonnet. They have been supposed to be written in Shakespeare's own person, or in the character of another, or of several others ; to be autobiographical or heterobiographical, or allegorical ; to have been addressed to Lord Southampton, to Sir William Herbert, to his own wife, to Lady Rich, to his child, to his nephew, to himself, to his muse. The 'W. H.' in the dedication has been interpreted as William Herbert, William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart (his nephew), William Himself, and Henry Wriothesly" (Fleay).*

For our own part, we find it as difficult to believe that some of the Sonnets are autobiographical as that others are not ; and all that has been written to prove that 1–126 are all addressed to the same person fails to convince us. It is clear enough that certain sets (like 1–17, for instance)

* Some of these theories are discussed in the extracts given below from Dowden's Introduction to his valuable edition of the *Sonnets*. For an admirable *résumé* of the entire literature of the subject, see the larger edition of Dowden (London, 1881), Part II. of the Introduction, pp. 36–110.

form a regular series, but that all the poems are arranged in the order in which Shakespeare meant to have them is not so clear. There is no evidence that the edition of 1609 was supervised or even authorized by him. The enigmatical dedication is not his, but the publisher's; and the arrangement of the poems is probably that of the person who procured them for publication, whoever he may have been. The order seems to us more like that of a *collector*—one who knew something of their history, and was interested in getting them together for publication—than that of the *author*. Possibly this collector had his own little theory as to the interconnection of some of them, like certain of the modern editors, no one of whom seems on the whole to have been any more successful in classifying them. We fear that both their order and the means by which the publisher got possession of them must continue to be among the insoluble problems of literature.*

II. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE SONNETS.

[From Dowden's Edition.†]

The student of Shakspeare is drawn to the Sonnets not alone by their ardour and depth of feeling, their fertility and condensation of thought, their exquisite felicities of phrase, and their frequent beauty of rhythmical movement, but in a peculiar degree by the possibility that here, if nowhere else, the greatest of English poets may—as Wordsworth puts it—have “unlocked his heart.”‡ It were strange if his silence,

* See also *Addenda*, p. 184 fol. below.

† *The Sonnets of William Shakspeare*, edited by Edward Dowden (London, 1881), p. xv. fol. (also in the larger ed. p. 4 fol.).

‡ Poets differ in the interpretation of the Sonnets as widely as critics:

“*With this same key*
Shakespeare unlocked his heart’ once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!”

So, Mr. Browning; to whom replies Mr. Swinburne, “No whit the less like Shakespeare, but undoubtedly the less like Browning.” Some of

deep as that of the secrets of Nature, never once knew interruption. The moment, however, we regard the Sonnets as autobiographical, we find ourselves in the presence of doubts and difficulties, exaggerated, it is true, by many writers, yet certainly real.

If we must escape from them, the simplest mode is to assume that the Sonnets are "the free outcome of a poetic imagination" (Delius). It is an ingenious suggestion of Delius that certain groups may be offsets from other poetical works of Shakspeare; those urging a beautiful youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring may be a derivative from *Venus and Adonis*; those declaring love for a dark complexioned woman may rehandle the theme set forth in Berowne's passion for the dark Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost*; those which tell of a mistress resigned to a friend may be a non-dramatic treatment of the theme of love and friendship presented in the later scenes of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Perhaps a few sonnets, as 110 and 111, refer to circumstances of Shakspeare's life (Dyce); the main body of these poems may still be regarded as mere exercises of the fancy.

Such an explanation of the Sonnets has the merit of simplicity; it unties no knots, but cuts all at a blow; if the collection consists of disconnected exercises of the fancy, we

Shelley's feeling with reference to the Sonnets may be guessed from certain lines to be found among the *Studies for Epipsychidion and Cancelled Passages* (Poetical Works: ed. Forman, vol. ii. pp. 392, 393), to which my attention has been called by Mr. E. W. Gosse:

"If any should be curious to discover
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
Let them read Shakspeare's sonnets, taking thence
A whetstone for their dull intelligence
That tears and will not cut, or let them guess
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor, and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
Half-hidden and yet beautiful."

need not try to reconcile discrepancies, nor shape a story, nor ascertain a chronology, nor identify persons. And what indeed was a sonneteer's passion but a painted fire? What was the form of verse but an exotic curiously trained and tended, in which an artificial sentiment imported from Italy gave perfume and colour to the flower?

And yet, in this as in other forms, the poetry of the time, which possesses an enduring vitality, was not commonly caught out of the air, but—however large the conventional element in it may have been—was born of the union of heart and imagination; in it real feelings and real experience, submitting to the poetical fashions of the day, were raised to an ideal expression. Spenser wooed and wedded the Elizabeth of his *Amoretti*. The *Astrophel and Stella* tells of a veritable tragedy, fatal perhaps to two bright lives and passionate hearts. And what poems of Drummond do we remember as we remember those which record how he loved and lamented Mary Cunningham?

Some students of the Sonnets, who refuse to trace their origin to real incidents of Shakspeare's life, allow that they form a connected poem, or at most two connected poems, and these, they assure us, are of deeper significance than any mere poetical exercises can be. They form a stupendous allegory; they express a profound philosophy. The young friend whom Shakspeare addresses is in truth the poet's Ideal Self, or Ideal Manhood, or the Spirit of Beauty, or the Reason, or the Divine Logos; his dark mistress, whom a prosaic German translator (Jordan) takes for a mulatto or quadroon, is indeed Dramatic Art, or the Catholic Church, or the Bride of the Canticles, black but comely. Let us not smile too soon at the pranks of Puck among the critics; it is more prudent to move apart and feel gently whether that sleek nole, with fair large ears, may not have been slipped upon our own shoulders.

When we question saner critics why Shakspeare's Sonnets

may not be at once *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, poetry and truth, their answer amounts to this: Is it likely that Shakspeare would so have rendered extravagant homage to a boy patron? Is it likely that one who so deeply felt the moral order of the world would have yielded, as the poems to his dark lady acknowledge, to a vulgar temptation of the senses? or, yielding, would have told his shame in verse? Objections are brought forward against identifying the youth of the Sonnets with Southampton or with Pembroke; it is pointed out that the writer speaks of himself as old, and *that* in a sonnet published in Shakspeare's thirty-fifth year; here evidently he cannot have spoken in his own person, and if not here, why elsewhere? Finally, it is asserted that the poems lack internal harmony; no real person can be—what Shakspeare's friend is described as being—true and false, constant and fickle, virtuous and vicious, of hopeful expectation, and publicly blamed for careless living.

Shakspeare speaks of himself as old; true, but in the sonnet published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (138), he speaks as a lover, contrasting himself, skilled in the lore of life, with an inexperienced youth; doubtless at thirty-five he was not a Florizel nor a Ferdinand. In the poems to his friend, Shakspeare is addressing a young man perhaps of twenty years, in the fresh bloom of beauty; he celebrates with delight the floral grace of youth, to which the first touch of time will be a taint; those lines of thought and care, which his own mirror shows, bear witness to time's ravage. It is as a poet that Shakspeare writes, and his statistics are those not of arithmetic but of poetry.

That he should have given admiration and love without measure to a youth highborn, brilliant, accomplished, who singled out the player for peculiar favour, will seem wonderful only to those who keep a constant guard upon their affections, and to those who have no need to keep a guard at all. In the Renaissance epoch, among natural products of

a time when life ran swift and free, touching with its current high and difficult places, the ardent friendship of man with man was one. To elevate it above mere personal regard a kind of ~~Neo-Platonism~~ was at hand, which represented Beauty and Love incarnated in a human creature as earthly vicegerents of the Divinity. "It was then not uncommon," observes the sober Dyce, "for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants us in terming them amatory." Montaigne, not prone to take up extreme positions, writes of his dead Estienne de la Boëtie with passionate tenderness which will not hear of moderation. The haughtiest spirit of Italy, Michael Angelo, does homage to the worth and beauty of young Tommaso Cavalieri in such words as these :

"Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain ;
E'en as you will I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky,
Your will includes and is the lord of mine."

The learned Languet writes to young Philip Sidney : "Your portrait I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight." And Sidney to his guardian friend : "The chief object of my life, next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship, and there you shall have the chiefest place." "Some," said Jeremy Taylor, "live under the line, and the beams of friendship in that position are imminent and perpendicular." "Some have only a dark day and a long night from him [the Sun], snows and white cattle, a miserable life and a perpetual harvest of Catarrhes and Consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies ; but some have splendid fires and aromattick spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage, because they dwell in his eye and look in his face and are the Courtiers of the Sun, and wait upon him in his Chambers of the East ; just so it is in friend-

ship." Was Shakspeare less a courtier of the sun than Lan-guet or Michael Angelo?

If we accept the obvious reading of the Sonnets, we must believe that Shakspeare at some time of his life was snared by a woman, the reverse of beautiful according to the conventional Elizabethan standard — dark-haired, dark-eyed, pale-cheeked (132); skilled in touching the virginal (128); skilled also in playing on the heart of man; who could attract and repel, irritate and soothe, join reproach with caress (145); a woman faithless to her vow in wedlock (152). Through her no calm of joy came to him; his life ran quicker but more troubled through her spell, and she mingled strange bitterness with its waters. Mistress of herself and of her art, she turned when it pleased her from the player to capture a more distinguished prize, his friend. For a while Shakspeare was kept in the torture of doubt and suspicion; then confession and tears were offered by the youth. The wound had gone deep into Shakspeare's heart:

"Love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury."

But, delivering himself from the intemperance of wrath, he could forgive a young man beguiled and led astray. Through further difficulties and estrangements their friendship travelled on to a fortunate repose. The series of sonnets which is its record climbs to a high, sunlit resting-place. The other series, which records his passion for a dark temptress, is a whirl of moral chaos. Whether to dismiss him, or to draw him farther on, the woman had urged upon him the claims of conscience and duty; in the latest sonnets — if this series be arranged in chronological order — Shakspeare's passion, grown bitter and scornful (151, 152), strives, once for all, to defy and wrestle down his better will.

Shakspeare of the Sonnets is not the Shakspeare serenely victorious, infinitely charitable, wise with all wisdom of the intellect and the heart, whom we know through *The Tempest*

and *King Henry VIII*. He is the Shakspeare of *Venus and Adonis* and *Romeo and Juliet*, on his way to acquire some of the dark experience of *Measure for Measure*, and the bitter learning of *Troilus and Cressida*. Shakspeare's writings assure us that in the main his eye was fixed on the true ends of life ; but they do not lead us to believe that he was inaccessible to temptations of the senses, the heart, and the imagination. We can only guess the frailty that accompanied such strength, the risks that attended such high powers ; immense demands on life, vast ardours, and then the void hour, the deep dejection. There appears to have been a time in his life when the springs of faith and hope had almost ceased to flow ; and he recovered these not by flying from reality and life, but by driving his shafts deeper towards the centre of things. So Ulysses was transformed into Prospero, worldly wisdom into spiritual insight. Such ideal purity as Milton's was not possessed nor sought by Shakspeare ; among these sonnets, one or two might be spoken by Mercutio, when his wit of cheveril was stretched to an ell broad. To compensate—Shakspeare knew men and women a good deal better than did Milton, and probably no patches of his life are quite as unprofitably ugly as some which disfigured the life of the great idealist. His daughter could love and honour Shakspeare's memory. Lamentable it is, if he was taken in the toils, but at least we know that he escaped all toils before the end. May we dare to conjecture that Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, black from "Phœbus' amorous pinches," a "lass unparalleled," has some kinship through the imagination with our dark lady of the virginal? "Would I had never seen her," sighs out Antony, and the shrewd onlooker Enobarbus replies, "O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel."

Shakspeare did not, in Byron's manner, invite the world to

gaze upon his trespass and his griefs. Setting aside two pieces printed by a pirate in 1599, not one of these poems, as far as we know, saw the light until long after they were written, according to the most probable chronology, and when in 1609 the volume entitled "Shake-speares Sonnets" was issued, it had, there is reason to believe, neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author.* Yet their literary merits entitled these poems to publication, and Shakspeare's verse was popular. If they were written on fanciful themes, why were the Sonnets held so long in reserve? If, on the other hand, they were connected with real persons, and painful incidents, it was natural that they should not pass beyond the private friends of their possessor.

But the Sonnets of Shakspeare, it is said, lack inward unity. Some might well be addressed to Queen Elizabeth, some to Anne Hathaway, some to his boy Hamnet, some to the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton; it is impossible to make all these poems (1-126) apply to a single person. Difficulties of this kind may perplex a painful commentator, but would hardly occur to a lover or a friend living "where the beams of friendship are imminent." The youth addressed by Shakspeare is "the master-mistress of his passion" (20); summing up the perfections of man and woman, of Helen and Adonis (53); a liege, and yet through love a comrade; in years a boy, cherished as a son might be; in will a man, with all the power which rank and beauty give. Love, aching with its own monotony, invites imagination to invest it in changeful forms. Besides, the varying feelings of at least three years (104)—three years of loss and gain, of love, wrong, wrath, sorrow, repentance, forgiveness, perfected union—are uttered in the Sonnets. When Shakspeare began to write, his friend had the untried innocence of boyhood and an unspotted fame; afterwards came the offence

* The quarto of 1609, though not carelessly printed, is far less accurate than *Venus and Adonis*.

and the dishonour. And the loving heart practised upon itself the piteous frauds of wounded affection: now it can credit no evil of the beloved, now it must believe the worst. While the world knows nothing but praise for one so dear, a private injury goes deep into the soul; when the world assails his reputation, straightway loyalty revives, and even puts a strain upon itself to hide each imperfection from view.

A painstaking student of the Sonnets, Henry Brown, was of opinion that Shakspeare intended in these poems to satirize the sonnet-writers of his time, and in particular his contemporaries, Drayton and John Davies of Hereford. Professor Minto, while accepting the series (1-126) as of serious import, regards the sonnets addressed to a woman (127-152) as "exercises of skill undertaken in a spirit of wanton defiance and derision of commonplace." Certainly, if Shakspeare is a satirist in 1 to 126, his irony is deep; the malicious smile was not noticed during two centuries and a half. The poems are in the taste of the time; less extravagant and less full of conceits than many other Elizabethan collections, more distinguished by exquisite imagination, and all that betokens genuine feeling; they are, as far as manner goes, such sonnets as Daniel might have chosen to write if he had had the imagination and the heart of Shakspeare. All that is quaint or contorted or "conceited" in them can be paralleled from passages of early plays of Shakspeare, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where assuredly no satirical intention is discoverable. In the sonnets 127 to 154 Shakspeare addresses a woman to whom it is impossible to pay the conventional homage of sonneteers; he cannot tell her that her cheeks are lilies and roses, her breast is of snow, her heart is chaste and cold as ice. Yet he loves her, and will give her tribute of verse. He praises her precisely as a woman who, without beauty, is clever and charming, and a coquette, would choose to be praised. True, she owns no commonplace attractions; she is no pink and white goddess;

all her imperfections he sees ; yet she can fascinate by some nameless spell ; she can turn the heart hot or cold ; if she is not beautiful, it is because something more rare and fine takes the place of beauty. She angers her lover ; he declares to her face that she is odious, and at the same moment he is at her feet.

A writer whose distinction it is to have produced the largest book upon the Sonnets, Mr. Gerald Massey, holds that he has rescued Shakspeare's memory from shame by the discovery of a secret history, legible in these poems to rightly illuminated eyes.* In 1592, according to this theory, Shakspeare began to address pieces in sonnet-form to his patron Southampton. Presently the earl engaged the poet to write love sonnets on his behalf to Elizabeth Vernon ; assuming also the feelings of Elizabeth Vernon, Shakspeare wrote dramatic sonnets, as if in her person, to the earl. The table-book containing Shakspeare's autograph sonnets was given by Southampton to Pembroke, and at Pembroke's request was written the dark-woman series ; for Pembroke, although authentic history knows nothing of the facts, was enamoured of Sidney's Stella, now well advanced in years, the unhappy Lady Rich. A few of the sonnets which pass for Shakspeare's are really by Herbert, and he, the " Mr. W. H." of Thorpe's dedication, is the " only begetter," that is, procurer of these pieces for the publisher. The Sonnets require re-arrangement, and are grouped in an order of his own by Mr. Massey.

Mr. Massey writes with zeal ; with a faith in his own opinions which finds scepticism hard to explain except on some theory of intellectual or moral obliquity ; and he exhibits a wide, miscellaneous reading. The one thing Mr. Massey's elaborate theory seems to me to lack is some evidence in its support. His arguments may well remain unanswered. One hardly knows how to tug at the other end of a rope of sand.

* The first hint of this theory was given by Mrs. Jameson.

With Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Swinburne, with François-Victor Hugo, with Kreyssig, Ulrici, Gervinus, and Hermann Isaac,* with Boaden, Armitage Brown, and Hallam, with Furnivall, Spalding, Rossetti, and Palgrave, I believe that Shakspeare's Sonnets express his own feelings in his own person. To whom they were addressed is unknown. We shall never discover the name of that woman who for a season could sound, as no one else, the instrument in Shakspeare's heart from the lowest note to the top of the compass. To the eyes of no diver among the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam. Already, when Thorpe dedicated these poems to their "only begetter," she perhaps was lost in the quick-moving life of London, to all but a few, in whose memory were stirred, as by a forlorn, small wind, the grey ashes of a fire gone out. As to the name of Shakspeare's youthful friend and patron, we conjecture on slender evidence at the best. Setting claimants aside on whose behalf the evidence is absolutely none, except that their Christian name and surname begin with a W and an H, two remain whose pretensions have been supported by accomplished advocates. Drake (1817), a learned and refined writer, was the first to suggest that the friend addressed in Shakspeare's Sonnets was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* was dedicated in 1593, and in the following year *Lucrece*, in words of strong devotion resembling those of the twenty-sixth sonnet.† B. Heywood Bright (1819), and James Boaden (1832), independently arrived at the conclusion that the Mr. W. H. of the dedication, the "begetter" or inspirer of the Sonnets, was William Herbert,

* A learned and thoughtful student of the Sonnets. See his articles in *Archiv für das Studium der Neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, 1878-79.

† Drake did not, as is sometimes stated, suppose that Mr. W. H. was Southampton. He took "begetter" to mean *obtainer*; and left Mr. W. H. unidentified. Others hold that "W. H." are the initials of Southampton's names reversed, as a blind to the public.

Earl of Pembroke, to whom, with his brother, as two well-known patrons of the great dramatist, his fellows Heminge and Condell dedicated the First Folio. Wriothesley was born in 1573, nine years after Shakspeare; Herbert in 1580. Wriothesley at an early age became the lover of Elizabeth Vernon, needing therefore no entreaties to marry (1-17); he was not beautiful; he bore no resemblance to his mother (3.9); his life was active, with varying fortunes, to which allusions might be looked for in the Sonnets, such as may be found in the verses of his other poet, Daniel. Further, it appears from the punning sonnets (135 and 143), that the Christian name of Shakspeare's friend was the same as his own, *Will*, but Wriothesley's name was Henry. To Herbert the punning sonnets and the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication can be made to apply. He was indeed a nobleman in 1609, but a nobleman might be styled *Mr.*; "Lord Buckhurst is entered as *M. Sackville* in *England's Parnassus*" (Minto); or the *Mr.* may have been meant to disguise the truth. Herbert was beautiful; was like his illustrious mother; was brilliant, accomplished, licentious; "the most universally beloved and esteemed," says Clarendon, "of any man of his age." Like Southampton, he was a patron of poets, and he loved the theatre. In 1599 attempts were unsuccessfully made to induce him to become a suitor for the hand of the Lord Admiral's daughter. So far the balance leans towards Herbert. But his father lived until 1601 (see 13 and Notes); Southampton's father died while his son was a boy; and the date of Herbert's birth (1580), taken in connection with Meres's mention of sonnets, and the "Two loves" of the *Passionate Pilgrim* sonnet (1599), 144, may well cause a doubt.

A clue, which promises to lead us to clearness, and then deceives us into deeper twilight, is the characterization (78-86) of a rival poet who for a time supplanted Shakspeare in his patron's regard. This rival, the "better spirit" of 80,

was learned (78); dedicated a book to Shakspeare's patron (82); celebrated his beauty and knowledge (82); in "hymns" (85); was remarkable for "the full proud sail of his great verse" (86, 80); was taught "by spirits" to write "above a mortal pitch," was nightly visited by "an affable familiar ghost" who "gulled him with intelligence" (86). Here are allusions and characteristics which ought to lead to identification. Yet in the end we are forced to confess that the poet remains as dim a figure as the patron.

Is it Spenser? He was learned, but what ghost was that which gulled him? Is it Marlowe? His verse was proud and full, and the creator of Faustus may well have had dealings with his own Mephistophelis, but Marlowe died in May, 1593, the year of *Venus and Adonis*. Is it Drayton, or Nash, or John Davies of Hereford? Persons in search of an ingeniously improbable opinion may choose any one of these. Is it Daniel? Daniel's reputation stood high; he was regarded as a master by Shakspeare in his early poems; he was brought up at Wilton, the seat of the Pembrokes, and in 1601 he inscribed his *Defence of Ryme* to William Herbert, the Pembroke family favoured astrologers, and the ghost that gulled Daniel may have been the same that gulled Allen, Sandford, and Dr. Dee, and through them gulled Herbert. Here is at least a clever guess, and Boaden is again the guesser. But Professor Minto makes a guess even more fortunate. No Elizabethan poet wrote ampler verse, none scorned "ignorance" more, or more haughtily asserted his learning than Chapman. In *The Tears of Peace* (1609), Homer as a spirit visits and inspires him; the claim to such inspiration may have been often made by the translator of Homer in earlier years. Chapman was pre-eminently the poet of Night. *The Shadow of Night*, with the motto "Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis," appeared in 1594; the title-page describes it as containing "two poetical Hymnes." In the dedication Chapman assails unlearned

“passion-driven men,” “hide-bound with affection to great men’s fancies,” and ridicules the alleged eternity of their “idoltrous platts for riches.” “Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls *like a heavenly familiar*.” Of Chapman’s Homer a part appeared in 1596; dedicatory sonnets in a later edition are addressed to both Southampton and Pembroke.

Mr. W. H., the only begetter of the Sonnets, remains unknown. Even the meaning of the word “begetter” is in dispute. “I have some cousin-germans at court,” writes Decker in *Satiromastix*, “shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king’s revels,” where *beget* evidently means *procure*. Was the “begetter” of the Sonnets, then, the person who procured them for Thorpe? I cannot think so; there is special point in the choice of the word “begetter,” if the dedication be addressed to the person who inspired the poems and for whom they were written. Eternity through offspring is what Shakspeare most desires for his friend; if he will not beget a child, then he is promised eternity in verse by his poet—in verse “whose influence is thine, and *born of thee*” (78). Thus was Mr. W. H. the begetter of these poems, and from the point of view of a complimentary dedication he might well be termed the *only* begetter.

I have no space to consider suggestions which seem to me of little weight—that W. H. is a misprint for W. S., meaning William Shakspeare; that “W. H. all” should be read “W. Hall;” that a full stop should be placed after “wisheth,” making Mr. W. H., perhaps William Herbert or William Hathaway, the wisher of happiness to Southampton, the only begetter (Ph. Chasles and Bolton Corney); nor do I think we need argue for or against the supposition

of a painful German commentator (Barnstorff), that Mr. W. H. is none other than Mr. William Himself. When Thorpe uses the words "the adventurer in setting forth," perhaps he meant to compare himself to one of the young volunteers in the days of Elizabeth and James, who embarked on naval enterprises, hoping to make their fortunes by discovery or conquest; so he with good wishes took his risk on the sea of public favour in this light venture of the Sonnets.*

The date at which the Sonnets were written, like their origin, is uncertain. In *Willobie's Avisas*, 1594, in commendatory verse prefixed to which occurs the earliest printed mention of Shakspeare by name, H. W. (Henry Willobie), pining with love for Avisas, bewrays his disease to his familiar friend W. S., "who not long before had tried the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection." W. S. encourages his friend in a passion which he knows must be hopeless, intending to view this "loving Comedy" from far off, in order to learn "whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player." From Canto 44 to 48 of *Avisas*, W. S. addresses H. W. on his love-affair, and H. W. replies. It is remarkable that Canto 47 in form and substance bears resemblance to the stanzas in *The Passionate Pilgrim* beginning "Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame." Assuming that W. S. is William Shakespeare, we learn that he had loved unwisely, been laughed at, and recovered from the infection of his passion before the end of 1594. It seemed impossible to pass by a poem which has been described as "the one contemporary book which has ever been supposed to throw any direct or indirect light on the mystic matter" of the Sonnets. But although the reference to W. S., his passion for Avisas fair and chaste, and his recovery, be matter of interest to inquirers after Shakspeare's life, *Willobie's Avisas* seems to

* See Dr. Grosart's *Donne*, vol. ii: pp. 45, 46.

me to have no point of connection with the Sonnets of Shakspeare.* . . .

Various attempts have been made by English, French, and German students to place the Sonnets in a new and better order, of which attempts no two agree between themselves. That the Sonnets are not printed in the quarto, 1609, at haphazard, is evident from the fact that the *Envoy*, 126, is rightly placed; that poems addressed to a mistress follow those addressed to a friend; and that the two Cupid and Dian sonnets stand together at the close. A nearer view makes it apparent that in the first series (1-126) a continuous story is conducted through various stages to its termination; a more minute inspection discovers points of contact or connection between sonnet and sonnet, and a natural sequence of thought, passion, and imagery. We are in the end convinced that no arrangement which has been proposed is as good as that of the quarto. But the force of this remark seems to me to apply with certainty only to Sonnets 1-126. The second series (127-154), although some of its pieces are evidently connected with those which stand near them, does not exhibit a like intelligible sequence; a better arrangement may, perhaps, be found; or, it may be, no possible arrangement can educe order out of the struggles between will and judgment, between blood and reason; tumult and chaos are, perhaps, a portion of their life and being.

A piece of evidence confirming the opinion here advanced will be found in the use of *thou* and *you* by Shakspeare as a mode of address to his friend. Why *thou* or *you* is chosen, is not always explicable; sometimes the choice seems to be determined by considerations of euphony; sometimes of

* The force of the allusion to tragedy and comedy is weakened by the fact that we find in *Alcilia* (1595) the course of love spoken of as a tragic-comedy, where no reference to a real actor on the stage is intended: "Sic incipit stultorum Tragicomoedia."

rhyme; sometimes intimate affection seems to indicate the use of *you*, and respectful homage that of *thou*; but this is by no means invariable. What I would call attention to, however, as exhibiting something like order and progress in the arrangement of 1609, is this: that in the first fifty sonnets, *you* is of extremely rare occurrence, in the second fifty *you* and *thou* alternate in little groups of sonnets, *thou* having still a preponderance, but now only a slight preponderance; in the remaining twenty-six, *you* becomes the ordinary mode of address, and *thou* the exception. In the sonnets to a mistress, *thou* is invariably employed. A few sonnets of the first series, as 63-68, have "my love," and the third person throughout.*

Whether idealizing reality or wholly fanciful, an Elizabethan book of sonnets was—not always, but in many instances—made up of a chain or series of poems, in a designed or natural sequence, viewing in various aspects a single theme, or carrying on a love-story to its issue, prosperous or the reverse. Sometimes advance is made through the need of discovering new points of view, and the movement, always delayed, is rather in a circuit than straight forward. In Spenser's *Amoretti* we read the progress of love from humility through hope to conquest. In *Astrophel and*

* I cannot here present detailed statistics.¹ *Thou* and *you* are to be considered only when addressing friend or lover, not Time, the Muse, etc. Five sets of sonnets may then be distinguished: 1. Using *thou*. 2. Using *you*. 3. Using neither, but belonging to a *thou* group. 4. Using neither, but belonging to a *you* group. 5. Using both (24). I had hoped that this investigation was left to form one of my gleanings. But Professor Goedeke, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, March, 1877, looked into the matter; his results seem to me vitiated by an arbitrary division of the sonnets using neither *thou* nor *you* into groups of eleven and twelve, and by a fantastic theory that Shakspeare wrote his sonnets in books or groups of fourteen each.

¹ In his larger ed., published later, Dowden adds a tabular classification of the Sonnets under the five heads mentioned.—*Ed.*

Stella, we read the story of passion struggling with untoward fate, yet at last mastered by the resolve to do high deeds :

“Sweet ! for a while give respite to my heart
Which pants as though it still would leap to thee ;
And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenancy
To this great Cause.”

In *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* the story is of a new love supplanting an old, of hot and cold fevers, of despair, and, as last effort of the desperate lover, of an imagined attempt to subdue the affections of his cruel lady by magic art. But in reading Sidney, Spenser, Barnes, and still more, Watson, Constable, Drayton, and others, although a large element of the art-poetry of the Renaissance is common to them and Shakspeare, the student of Shakspeare's Sonnets does not feel at home. It is when we open Daniel's *Delia* that we recognize close kinship. The manner is the same, though the master proves himself of tardier imagination and less ardent temper. Diction, imagery, rhymes, and, in sonnets of like form, versification, distinctly resemble those of Shakspeare. Malone was surely right when he recognized in Daniel the master of Shakspeare as a writer of sonnets—a master quickly excelled by his pupil. And it is in Daniel that we find sonnet starting from sonnet almost in Shakspeare's manner, only that Daniel often links poem with poem in more formal wise, the last or the penultimate line of one poem supplying the first line of that which immediately follows.

Let us attempt to trace briefly the sequence of incidents and feelings in the Sonnets 1-126. A young man, beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished, is the heir of a great house ; he is exposed to temptations of youth, and wealth, and rank. Possibly his mother desires to see him married ; certainly it is the desire of his friend. “I should be glad if you were caught,” writes Languet to Philip Sidney, “that so you might give to your country sons like yourself.” “If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be do

ing better service to your country than if you were to cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards and Frenchmen." "Sir," said Cræsus to Cambyses," Languet writes to Sidney, now aged twenty-four, "I consider your father must be held your better, because he was the father of an admirable prince, whereas you have as yet no son like yourself." It is in the manner of Sidney's own Cecropia that Shakspeare urges marriage upon his friend.* "Nature when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child" (Sonnet 13. 14); "she gave you beauty to move love; she gave you wit to know love; she gave you an excellent body to reward love; which kind of liberal rewarding is crowned with an unspeakable felicity. For this as it bindeth the receiver, so it makes happy the bestower; this doth not impoverish, but enrich the giver (6. 6). O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are as it were eternized! . . . Have you seen a pure Rose-water kept in a crystal glass, how fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glass imprisons it! Break the prison and let the water take his own course, doth it not embrace the dust, and lose all his former sweetness and fairness; truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint of Crystalline marriage (5); . . . And is a solitary life as good as this? then can one string make as good music as a consort (8)."

In like manner Shakspeare urges the youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring (1-17).† But if *Will* refuses, then his poet will make war against Time and Decay, and confer immortality upon his beloved one by Verse (15-19). *Will* is the pattern and exemplar of human beauty (19), so uniting in himself the perfections of man and woman (20); this

* *Arcadia*, lib. iii. Noticed by Mr. Massey in his *Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends*, pp. 36, 37.

† In what follows, to avoid the confusion of *he* and *him*, we call Shakspeare's friend, as he is called in 135, *Will*.

is no extravagant praise, but simple truth (21). And such a being has exchanged love with Shakspeare (22), who must needs be silent with excess of passion (23), cherishing in his heart the image of his friend's beauty (24), but holding still more dear the love from which no unkind fortune can ever separate him (25). Here affairs of his own compel Shakspeare to a journey which removes him from *Will* (26, 27). Sleepless at night, and toiling by day, he thinks of the absent one (27, 28); grieving for his own poor estate (29), and the death of friends, but finding in the one beloved amends for all (30, 31); and so Shakspeare commends to his friend his poor verses as a token of affection which may survive if he himself should die (32). At this point the mood changes—in his absence his friend has been false to friendship (33); now, indeed, *Will* would let the sunshine of his favour beam out again, but that will not cure the disgrace; tears and penitence are fitter (34); and for sake of such tears *Will* shall be forgiven (35), but henceforth their lives must run apart (36); Shakspeare, separated from *Will*, can look on and rejoice in his friend's happiness and honour (37), singing his praise in verse (38), which he could not do if they were so united that to praise his friend were self-praise (39); separated they must be, and even their loves be no longer one; Shakspeare can now give his love, even her he loved, to the gentle thief; wronged though he is, he will still hold *Will* dear (40); what is he but a boy whom a woman has beguiled (41)? and for both, for friend and mistress, in the midst of his pain, he will try to feign excuses (42). Here there seems to be a gap of time. The Sonnets begin again in absence, and some students have called this, perhaps rightly, the Second Absence (43 fol.). His friend continues as dear as ever, but confidence is shaken, and a deep distrust begins to grow (48). What right indeed has a poor player to claim constancy and love (49)? He is on a journey which removes him from *Will* (50, 51). His

friend perhaps professes unshaken loyalty, for Shakspeare now takes heart, and praises *Will's* truth (53, 54)—takes heart, and believes that his own verse will forever keep that truth in mind. He will endure the pain of absence, and have no jealous thoughts (57, 58); striving to honour his friend in song better than ever man was honoured before (59); in song which shall outlast the revolutions of time (60). Still he cannot quite get rid of jealous fears (61); and yet, what right has one so worn by years and care to claim all a young man's love (62)? *Will*, too, in his turn must fade, but his beauty will survive in verse (63). Alas! to think that death will take away the beloved one (64); nothing but verse can defeat time and decay (65). For his own part Shakspeare would willingly die, were it not that, dying, he would leave his friend alone in an evil world (66). Why should one so beautiful live to grace this ill world (67) except as a survival of the genuine beauty of the good old times (68); yet beautiful as he is, he is blamed, for careless living (69), but surely this must be slander (70). Shakspeare here returns to the thought of his own death: when I leave this vile world, he says, let me be forgotten (71, 72); and my death is not very far off (73); but when I die my spirit still lives in my verse (74). A new group seems to begin with 75. Shakspeare loves his friend as a miser loves his gold, fearing it may be stolen (fearing a rival poet?). His verse is monotonous and old-fashioned (not like the rival's verse?) (76); so he sends *Will* his manuscript book unfilled, which *Will* may fill, if he please, with verse of his own; Shakspeare chooses to sing no more of Beauty and of Time; *Will's* glass and dial may inform him henceforth on these topics (77). The rival poet has now won the first place in *Will's* esteem (78-86). Shakspeare must bid his friend farewell (87). If *Will* should scorn him, Shakspeare will side against himself (88, 89). But if his friend is ever to hate him, let it be at once, that the bitter-

ness of death may soon be past (90). He has dared to say farewell, yet his friend's love is all the world to Shakspeare, and the fear of losing him is misery (91); but he cannot really lose his friend, for death would come quickly to save him from such grief; and yet *Will* may be false and Shakspeare never know it (92); so his friend, fair in seeming, false within, would be like Eve's apple (93); it is to such self-contained, passionless persons that nature intrusts her rarest gifts of grace and beauty; yet vicious self-indulgence will spoil the fairest human soul (94). So let *Will* beware of his youthful vices, already whispered by the lips of men (95); true, he makes graces out of faults, yet this should be kept within bounds (96). Here again, perhaps, is a gap of time.* Sonnets 97-99 are written in absence, which some students, perhaps rightly, call Third Absence. These three sonnets are full of tender affection, but at the close of 99 allusion is made to *Will's* vices, the canker in the rose. After this followed a period of silence. In 100 love begins to renew itself, and song awakes. Shakspeare excuses his silence (101); his love has grown while he was silent (102); his friend's loveliness is better than all song (103); three years have passed since first acquaintance; *Will* looks as young as ever, yet time must insensibly be altering his beauty (104). Shakspeare sings with a monotony of love (105). All former singers praising knights and ladies only prophesied concerning *Will* (106); grief and fear are past; the two friends are reconciled again; and both live forever united in Shakspeare's verse (107). Love has conquered time and age, which destroy mere beauty of face (108). Shakspeare confesses his errors, but now he has returned to his home of

* The last two lines of 96—not very appropriate, I think, in that sonnet—are identical with the last two lines of 36. It occurs to me as a possibility that the MS. in Thorpe's hands may here have been imperfect, and that he filled it up so far as to complete 96 with a couplet from an earlier sonnet.

love (109), he will never wander again (110); and his past faults were partly caused by his temptations as a player (111); he cares for no blame and no praise now except those of his friend (112). Once more he is absent from his friend (Fourth Absence?), but full of loving thought of him (113, 114). Love has grown and will grow yet more (115). Love is unconquerable by Time (116). Shakspeare confesses again his wanderings from his friend; they were tests of *Will's* constancy (117); and they quickened his own appetite for genuine love (118). Ruined love rebuilt is stronger than at first (119); there were wrongs on both sides and must now be mutual forgiveness (120). Shakspeare is not to be judged by the report of malicious censors (121); he has given away his friend's present of a table-book, because he needed no remembrancer (122); records and registers of time are false; only a lover's memory is to be wholly trusted, recognizing old things in what seem new (123); Shakspeare's love is not based on self-interest, and therefore is uninfluenced by fortune (124); nor is it founded on external beauty of form or face, but is simple love for love's sake (125). *Will* is still young and fair, yet he should remember that the end must come at last (126).

Thus the series of poems addressed to his friend closes gravely with thoughts of love and death. The Sonnets may be divided at pleasure into many smaller groups, but I find it possible to go on without interruption from 1 to 32; from 33 to 42; from 43 to 74; from 75 to 96; from 97 to 99; from 100 to 126.*

I do not here attempt to trace a continuous sequence in the sonnets addressed to the dark-haired woman, 127-154; I doubt whether such continuous sequence is to be found in

* Perhaps there is a break at 58. The most careful studies of the sequence of the Sonnets are Mr. Furnivall's, in his preface to the *Leopold Shakspeare*, and Mr. Spalding's, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1878.

them ; but in the Notes some points of connection between sonnet and sonnet are pointed out.

If Shakspeare "unlocked his heart" in these Sonnets, what do we learn from them of that great heart? I cannot answer otherwise than in words of my own formerly written. "In the Sonnets we recognize three things: that Shakspeare was capable of measureless personal devotion ; that he was tenderly sensitive, sensitive above all to every diminution or alteration of that love his heart so eagerly craved ; and that, when wronged, although he suffered anguish, he transcended his private injury, and learned to forgive. . . . The errors of his heart originated in his sensitiveness, in his imagination (not at first inured to the hardness of fidelity to the fact), in his quick consciousness of existence, and in the self-abandoning devotion of his heart. There are some noble lines by Chapman, in which he pictures to himself the life of great energy, enthusiasms, and passions, which forever stands upon the edge of utmost danger, and yet forever remains in absolute security :

'Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air ;
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is,—there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.'

"Such a master-spirit, pressing forward under strained canvas, was Shakspeare. If the ship dipped and drank water, she rose again ; and at length we behold her within view of her haven, sailing under a large, calm wind, not without tokens of stress of weather, but if battered, yet unbroken by the waves." The last plays of Shakspeare, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII.*, illuminate the Sonnets and justify the moral genius of their writer.

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Comments on the Sonnets*.*]

The great question is, do Shakspeare's Sonnets speak his own heart and thoughts or not? And were it not for the fact that many critics really deserving the name of Shakspeare students, and not Shakspeare fools, have held the Sonnets to be merely dramatic, I could not have conceived that poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing, poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspeare's growth and life, could ever have been conceived to be other than what they are, the records of his own loves and fears. And I believe that if the acceptance of them as such had not involved the consequence of Shakspeare's intrigue with a married woman, all readers would have taken the Sonnets as speaking of Shakspeare's own life. But his admirers are so anxious to remove every stain from him that they contend for a non-natural interpretation of his poems. . . . They forget Shakspeare's impulsive nature, and his long absence from his home. They will not face the probabilities of the case, or recollect that David was still God's friend though Bathsheba lived. The Sonnets are, in one sense, Shakspeare's Psalms. Spiritual struggles underlie both poets' work. For myself, I 'd accept any number of "slips in sensual mire" on Shakspeare's part, to have the "bursts of (loving) heart" given us in the Sonnets.

The true motto for the first group of Shakspeare's Sonnets is to be seen in David's words, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." We have had them reproduced for us Victorians, without their stain of sin and shame, in Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning's glorious Sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, "Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou

* *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. lxiii. fol.

dost love me." We may look upon the Sonnets as a piece of music, or as Shakspeare's pathetic sonata, each melody introduced, dropped again, brought in again with variations, but one full strain of undying love and friendship through the whole. Why could Shakspeare say so beautifully for Antonio of *The Merchant*, "All debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure"? Why did he make Antonio of *Twelfth-Night* say, "A witchcraft drew me hither"? Why did he make Viola declare—

"And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die"?

Why did he paint Helena alone; saying—

"T was pretty though a plague
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eyes, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics"?

Because he himself was Helena, Antonio. A witchcraft drew him to a "boy," a youth to whom he gave his

"Love without pretension or restraint,
All his in dedication."

Shakspeare towards him was as Viola towards the Duke. He went

"After him I love more than I love these eyes,
More than my life."

In the Sonnets we have the gentle Will, the melancholy mild-eyed man, of the Droeshout portrait. Shakspeare's tender, sensitive, refined nature is seen clearly here, but through a glass darkly in the plays.

I have no space to dwell on the sections into which I separate the Sonnets, and which follow in the table below. I will only call special attention to sections 9 and 11 β (Nos.

71-74, 87-93), in which Shakspeare's love to his friend is so beautifully set forth, and to section 13 (Nos. 97-99), in which Will's flower-like beauty is dwelt on, as Shakspeare's love for him in absence recalled it. Let those who want to realize the difference between one kind of friendship and another, contrast these Sonnets of Shakspeare's with Bacon's celebrated Essay on Friendship. On this point I quote the first page of a paper sent in to me at my Bedford Lectures :

“There are some men who love for the sake of what love yields, and of these was Lord Bacon ; and there are some who love for ‘love’s sake,’ and loving once, love always ; and of these was Shakspeare. These do not lightly give their love, but once given, their faith is incorporate with their being ; and having become part of themselves, to part with that part would be to be dismembered. Therefore if change or sin corrupt the engrafted limb, the only effect is that the whole body is shaken with anguish,

‘And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love’s wrongs, than hate’s known injury.’—*Sonn.* 40.

The offending member may be nursed into health, or loved into life again ; but—forsaken !—never !

‘Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.’—*Sonn.* 116.

These are not the men who reap outer advantage from their friendship ; they generally give rather than take ; they are often the victims of circumstance, and the scapegoats for their friends’ offences ; still, they reap the benefit which inward growth produces ; the glorious leaven of self-abnegating love within them impregnates their whole being ; they move simply and naturally among us, but we feel that they stand on a higher level than we—that they see with ‘larger, other eyes than ours,’ and we yield them homage, and feel better for having known them.”—M. J.

The thoughtless objection that many Sonnets in this group confuse the sex of the person they're addressed to, is so plainly answered by Shakspeare himself in Sonnet 20, on the master-mistress of his passion, that one can only wonder—although a Shakspeare student is bound to wonder at nothing in his commentators—that the objection was ever taken.

SONNETS.

ANALYSIS OF GROUP I. SONNETS 1-126.

- Section I. Sonnets 1-26. *a.* 1-17. Will's beauty, and his duty to marry and beget a son.
- β.* 18-26. Will's beauty, and Shakspeare's love for him.
- " 2. " 27-32. First Absence. Shakspeare travelling, and away from Will.
- " 3. " 33-35. Will's sensual fault blamed, repented, and forgiven.
- " 4. " 36-39. Shakspeare has committed a fault that will separate him from Will.
- " 5. " 40-42. Will has taken away Shakspeare's mistress. (See Group 2, § 6, Sonnets 133-136.)
- " 6. " 43-61. *a.* 43-56. Second Absence. Will absent. Shakspeare has a portrait of him.
- β.* 57-58. The sovereign: slave watching: so made by God.
- γ.* 59-60. Will's beauty.
- δ.* 61. Waking and watching. Shakspeare has *rivals*.
- " 7. " 62-65. Shakspeare full of self-love, conquered by Time, which will conquer Will too: yet Shakspeare will secure him eternity.
- " 8. " 66-70. Shakspeare (like Hamlet) tired of the world: but not only on public grounds. Will has mixed with bad company; but Shakspeare is sure he is pure, and excuses him.
- " 9. " 71-74. Shakspeare on his own death, and his entire love for his friend. (Compare the death-thoughts in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*.*)

* I do not think that "The coward conquest of a wretch's knife," 74. 11, alludes to an attempt to stab Shakspeare. I believe it is the "confounding age's cruel knife" of 63. 10.

- Section 10. Sonnets 75-77. Shakspeare's love, and always writing on one theme, his Will; with the present of a table-book, dial, and pocket looking-glass combined in one.
- " 11. " 78-93. *a.* 78-86. Shakspeare on his rivals in Will's love. (G. Chapman, the rival poet.)*
β. 87-93. Shakspeare's farewell to Will: most beautiful in the self-forgetfulness of Shakspeare's love.
- " 12. " 94-96. Will vicious.
- " 13. " 97-99. Third Absence. Will's flower-like beauty, and Shakspeare's love for him; followed by faults on both sides, and a separation,† ended by Will's desire, 120. 11.

* "The proud full sail of his great verse" (86. 1) probably alludes to the swelling hexameters of Chapman's englishing of Homer. "His spirit, by spirits taught to write," may well refer to Chapman's claim that Homer's spirit inspired him, a claim made, no doubt, in words, before its appearance in print in his *Tears of Peace*, 1609, Inductio, p. 112, col. i., Chatto and Windus ed.—

"I am, said he [Homer], *that spirit Elysian,*
 That *did thy bosom fill*
With such a flood of soul, that thou wert fain,
With exclamations of her rapture then,
 To vent it to the echoes of the vale
 *and thou didst inherit*
My true sense, for the time then, in my spirit;
And I invisibly went prompting thee." . . .

See, too, on Shakspeare's sneer at his rival's "affable familiar ghost, which nightly gulls him with intelligence," Chapman's Dedication to his *Shadow of Night* (1594), p. 3, "not without having drops of their souls like an awaked *familiar*," and in his *Tears of Peace*, p. 123, col. 2:

"Still being persuaded by the shameless night,
 That all my reading, writing, all my pains,
 Are serious trifles, and the idle veins
 Of an *unthrifty angel that deludes*
My simple fancy." . . .

These make a better case for Chapman being the rival than has been made for any one else. (Mr. Harold Littledale gave me some of these references.)

† Happily not ending like that of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux, in Coleridge.

- Section 14. Sonnets 100-121. *α.* 100-112. Renewing of love, three years after the first Sonnets (104). Shakspeare's love stronger now in its summer than it was in its spring, 102. 5 ; 119. 10-12.* Note the "hell of time" (120. 6) that Will's unkindness has made Shakspeare pass. †
- β. 113-114. Fourth Absence. Shakspeare sees Will in all nature.
- γ. 115-121. Shakspeare describes his love for Will, and justifies himself.
- " 15. " 122-126. Shakspeare excuses himself for giving away Will's present of some tables, again describes his love for Will, and warns Will that he too must grow old.

With regard to the Second Group of Sonnets, we must always keep Shakspeare's own words in No. 121 before us :

"No, I am that I am ; † and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own :
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign."

Still I think it is plain that Shakspeare had become involved in an intrigue with a married woman, who threw him over for his friend Will. She was dark, had beautiful eyes, and was a fine musician, but false. The most repulsive of the Sonnets is no doubt No. 129. But that and the others plainly show that Shakspeare knew that his love was his sin (142),

* The doctrine here that "ruin'd love, when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first" was also put into Tennyson's *Princess* in its " Blessings on the falling-out, that all the more endears ;" but was rightly taken out again.

† "And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain."—*Coleridge.*

‡ Compare Iago's "I am not what I am," in *Othello*, i. 1, and Parolles's "Simply the thing I am shall make me live," in *All's Well*, iv. 3.

and that in his supposed heaven he found hell.* Adultery in those days was no new thing, was treated with an indifference that we wonder at now. What was new, is that which Shakspeare shows us, his deep repentance for the sin committed. Sad as it may be to us to be forced to conclude that shame has to be cast on the noble name we reverence, yet let us remember that it is but for a temporary stain on his career, and that through the knowledge of the human heart he gained by his own trials we get the intensest and most valuable records of his genius. It is only those who have been through the mill themselves, that know how hard God's stones and the devil's grind.

The Second Group of Sonnets, 127-154, I divide into—

- Section I. Sonnet 127. On his mistress's dark complexion, brows, and eyes. (Cf. Berowne on his dark Rosaline, in *Love's Labours Lost*.)
- " 2. " 128. On her, his music, playing music (the virginals).
- " 3. " 129. On her, after enjoying her. He laments his weakness.
- " 4. " 130. On her, a chaffing description of her. (Compare Marlowe's *Ignoto; Lingua*, before 1603, in *Dodsley*, ix. 370; and Shirley's *Sisters*: "Were it not fine," etc.)
- " 5. " 131-132. Though plain to others, his mistress is fairest to Shakspeare's doting heart. But her deeds are black; and her black eyes pity him.
- " 6. " 133-136. She has taken his friend Will from him (cf. 40-42). He asks her to restore his friend (134), or to take him as part of her (and his Will (135). If she 'll but love his name, she 'll love him (Shakspeare), as his name too is Will (136).
- " 7. " 137-145. Shakspeare knows his mistress is not beautiful, and that she 's false, but he loves her (137). Each lies to and flatters the other (138). Still if she 'll only *look* kindly on him, it 'll be enough (139). She must not look too cruelly, or he might despair and go mad, and tell

* Sonnets 119. 2, 8; 147. 1, 14.

the world that ill of her that it would only too soon believe (140). He loves her in spite of his senses (141). She has broken her bed-vow; then let her pity him (142). She may catch his friend if she will but give him a smile (143). He has two loves, a fair man, a dark woman who'd corrupt the man (144, the *Key Sonnet*). She was going to say she hated him, but, seeing his distress, said, not him (145).

- Section 8. Sonnet 146. (? Misplaced.) A remonstrance with himself, on spending too much, either on dress or outward self-indulgence, and exhorting himself to give it up for inward culture. (The blank for two words in line 2, I fill with "Hemm'd with:" cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1022, "Hemm'd with thieves.")
- " 9. " 147-148. Shakspeare's feverish love drives him mad, his doctor—Reason—being set aside (147). Love has obscured his sight (148).
- " 10. " 149-152. He gives himself up wholly to his mistress; loves whom she loves, hates whom she hates (149). The worst of her deeds he loves better than any other's best (150). The more he ought to hate her, the more he loves her. He is content to be her drudge, for he loves her (151). Yet he's forsworn, for he's told lies of her goodness, and she has broken her bed-vow; he has broken twenty oaths (152).
- " 11. " 153-154. (May be made Group III., or Division 2 of Group II.). Two sonnets lighter in tone. In both Cupid sleeps, has his brand put out, in (153) a fountain, (154) a well, which the brand turns into medical baths; Shakspeare comes for cure to each, but finds none. He wants his mistress's eyes for that (153). Water cools not love (154).

I always ask that the Sonnets should be read between the Second and Third Periods,* for the "hell of time" of which

* For Mr. Furnivall's classification of Shakespeare's plays and poems, see our ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 25.—*Ed.*

they speak is the best preparation for the temper of that Third Period, and enables us to understand it. The fierce and stern decree of that Period seems to me to be, "there shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin," and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear.



GEORGE CHAPMAN (PAGES 24, 40).

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
M^r. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.



HEAD OF EROS (CUPID), FROM THE ANTIQUE

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory ;
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou, that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

(2)

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held ;
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer ' This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
 Proving his beauty by succession thine !
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

r

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another ;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime ;
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
 And being frank she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
 For, having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

2

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
 Will play the tyrants to the very same
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter and confounds him there;
 Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI. 3

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
 Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use is not forbidden usury
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :
 Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.*

VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
 But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract and look another way :
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII. 3

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
 The world will be thy widow and still weep
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep
 By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murtherous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murtherous hate
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove;
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
 Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more,
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII. (1)

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white,
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII. (2)

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live ;
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination ; then you were .
 Yourself again after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O, none but unthrifths ! Dear my love, you know
 You had a father ; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find :
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate :
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV. 

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
 And all in war with Time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 And many maiden gardens yet unset
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit;
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII. ②

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
 And stretched metre of an antique song;
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice,—in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

①

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created;
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
 Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love and look for recompense
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ ;
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,—
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
 Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove
 me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd,
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd;
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
 Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
 stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
 (For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

cheer

gloomy
dismal

useless

unavailing

partly?

renewance

1
2
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XXX.

①

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight;
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage;
 But since he died and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII. (1)

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

(2)

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak
 That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

(2)

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
 Such civil war is in my love and hate
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one ;
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store.
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
 For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?
Ay me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII. ②

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do show thee
 me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah ! thought kills me that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;
 Until life's composition be recur'd
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.
 This told, I joy ; but then, no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
 A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impanelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part;
 As thus: mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

②

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
 My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

Ll.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
 Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade:
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show.
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV. ①

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

LV. ①

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more
rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX. (1)

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow ;
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI. (2)

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight ?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?
 O, no ! thy love, though much, is not so great :
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake :
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed.
Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'T is thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn,
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring—
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life ;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV. (1)

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age,
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage,
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store,—
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,
 That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV. (1)

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

① 2

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill;
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad!

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head ;
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;
 All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
 In other accents do this praise confound
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were
 kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX. 2

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd or victor being charg'd ;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd ;
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI. 1

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you !
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

①

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee :
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure ;
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI. 2

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII. 2

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory can not contain
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

2

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
 He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building and of goodly pride.

Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;
 You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of
 men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit affords
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say 'T is so, 't is true,'
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse;
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence:
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For, bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

①

Then hate me when thou wilt—if ever, now ;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss.
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might,
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

②

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
 But these particulars are not my measure ;
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII. 3 2

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend ;
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
 But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII. 2

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new,
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place ;
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV. ①

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV. ②

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI. ②

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport :
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less ;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII. ①

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
 What old December's bareness every where !
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit,
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

(2)

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew ;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose :
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX.

(2)

The forward violet thus did I chide :
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair ;
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
 Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say
 ' Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
 But best is best, if never intermix'd ' ?
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
 Excuse not silence so ; for 't lies in thee
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

(2)

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
 I love not less, though less the show appear :
 That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new and then but in the spring
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days ;
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

(2)

Alack, what poverty my muse brings forth,
 That, having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Than when it hath my added praise beside !
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write !
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well ?
 For to no other pass my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV. ①

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
 'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 'Fair, kind, and true' have often liv'd alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes ;
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What 's in the brain that ink may character
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What 's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new;
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd,
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch.
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But, reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

 If this be error and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge,
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd
 And brought to medicine a healthful state
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd ;
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

2

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever !
 O benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing;
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain
 Beyond all date, even to eternity ;
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow and this shall ever be :
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass his fickle hour ;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st ;
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back.
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure !
 She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure ;
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem ;
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murtherous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

①

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII. (2)

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain ;
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part !
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd :
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
 Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me .
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
 And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus ;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;
 So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
 One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
 Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
 'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told;
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside;
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries;
 Yet do not so, but since I am near slain
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know ;
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
 wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote ;
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :
 But my five wits nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be ;
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee ;
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind :
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind ;
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy ' Will,'
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV. (2)

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still ;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell :
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV. (2)

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
 Breath'd forth the sound that said ' I hate '
 To me that languish'd for her sake ;
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet.
 ' I hate ' she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away ;
 ' I hate ' from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying ' not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more: .

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lower'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
 In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
 For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

 CLIII.
 2

Cupid laid'by his brand, and fell asleep :
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure : the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.



NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 Dowden, Prof. E. Dowden's eds. of the *Sonnets* (see p. 11, foot-note, above).
 Gildon, Chas. Gildon's ed. of Shakespeare's *Poems* (London, 1710).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Lintott, the 1709 ed. of the *Poems* (see p. 10 above).
 Massey, Gerald Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, etc. (London, 1866). Cf. p. 21 above.
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Palgrave, F. T. Palgrave's ed. of Shakespeare's *Songs and Sonnets* (London, 1879).
 ProL., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Séwell, Geo. Sewell's ed. of the *Poems* (7th vol. of Pope's ed. of 1725).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant. The numbers of the lines in the references are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



THE DEDICATION.—*The only begetter.* Boswell remarks: "The *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix*: 'I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels.' W. H. was probably one of the friends to whom Shakespeare's 'sugred sonnets,' as they are termed by Meres, had been communicated, and who furnished the printer with

his copy." W. says: "This dedication is not written in the common phraseology of its period; it is throughout a piece of affectation and elaborate quaintness, in which the then antiquated prefix *be-* might be expected to occur; *beget* being used for *get*, as Wiclif uses *betook* for *took* in *Mark*, xv. 1: 'And ledden him and betoken him to Pilate.'" Cf. Gr. 438.

SONNET I.—As Boswell and Boaden note, this and the following sonnets are only an expansion of *V. and A.* 169–174: "Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed," etc.

"Herr Krauss (*Shakespeare-Fahrbuch*, 1881) cites, as a parallel to the arguments in favour of marriage in these sonnets, the versified dialogue between Geron and Histor at the close of Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii." (Dowden).

2. *Rose*. In the quarto the word is printed in italics and with a capital. See on 20. 8 below.

6. *Self-substantial fuel*. "Fuel of the substance of the flame itself" (Dowden).

10. *Gaudy*. Gay and showy. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 812: "Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love," etc.

12. *Mak'st waste in niggarding*. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 223:

"*Benolio*. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Romeo. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste."

13. *Pity the world*, etc. "Pity the world, or else be a glutton, devouring the world's due, by means of the grave (which will else swallow your beauty—cf. *Sonn.* 77. 6) and of yourself, who refuse to beget offspring" (Dowden). Steevens conjectured "be thy grave and thee" = "be at once thyself and thy grave."

II.—"In *Sonn.* 1 the Friend is 'contracted to his own bright eyes; such a marriage is fruitless, and at forty the eyes will be 'deep-sunken.' The 'glutton' of 1 reappears here in the phrase 'all-eating shame; the 'makest waste' of 1 reappears in the 'thrifless praise' of 2. If the youth addressed were now to marry, at forty he might have a son of his present age, that is, about twenty" (Dowden).*

4. *Tatter'd*. The quarto has "totter'd," as in 26. 11 below. Cf. *K. John*, p. 178, note on *Tottering*. For *weed* (=garment), see *M. N. D.* p. 149.

* We reprint Dowden's introductory notes to each sonnet, but we must call attention here to his own comments upon them:

"Repeated perusals have convinced me that the Sonnets stand in the right order, and that sonnet is connected with sonnet in more instances than have been observed. My notes on each sonnet commonly begin with an attempt to point out the little links or articulations in thought and word, which connect it with its predecessor or the group to which it belongs. I frankly warn the reader that I have pushed this kind of criticism far, perhaps too far. I have perhaps in some instances fancied points of connection which have no real existence; some I have set down, which seem to myself conjectural. After this warning, I ask the friendly reader not to grow too soon impatient: and if, going through the text carefully, he will consider for himself the points which I have noted, I have a hope that he will in many instances see reason to agree with what I have said."

8. *Thriftless*. Unprofitable; as in *T. A.* ii. 2. 40: "What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!"

11. *Shall sum my count*, etc. "Shall complete my account, and serve as the excuse of my oldness" (Dowden). Hazlitt reads "whole" for *old*.

III.—"A proof by example of the truth set forth in 2. Here is a parent finding in a child the excuse for age and wrinkles. But here that parent is the mother. Were the father of Shakspeare's friend living, it would have been natural to mention him: 13. 14 'you had a father' confirms our impression that he was dead.

"There are two kinds of mirrors—first, that of glass; secondly, a child who reflects his parent's beauty" (Dowden).

5. *Unear'd*. Unploughed. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 192, note on *Ear*. For the figure, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 233: "He plough'd her, and she cropp'd." Steevens quotes *M. for M.* i. 4. 43. W. aptly remarks that the expression is "the converse of the common metaphor 'virgin soil.'"

7. *Fond*. Foolish; the usual meaning in *S.* Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 163.

For the passage Malone compares *V. and A.* 757-761.

9. *Thy mother's glass*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 1758, where Lucretius says:

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born."

11. *Windows of thine age*. Malone quotes *L. C.* 14: "Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age."

13. *Live*. Capell conjectures "love."

IV.—"In *Sonn.* 3 Shakspeare has viewed his friend as an inheritor of beauty from his mother; this legacy of beauty is now regarded as the bequest of nature. The ideas of unthriftiness (1) and niggardliness (5) are derived from *Sonn.* 1, 2; the 'audit' (12) is another form of the 'sum my count' of 2. 11. The new idea introduced in this Sonnet is that of usury, which reappears in 6. 5, 6" (Dowden).

3. *Nature's bequest*, etc. Dowden quotes *M. for M.* i. 1. 36:

"Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

Steevens compares Milton, *Comus*, 679:

"Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms."

See also *Id.* 720-727.

4. *Free*. Liberal, bountiful. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 100: "His heart and hand both open and both free," etc.

8. *Live*. Subsist. "With all your usury you have not a livelihood,

for, trafficking only with yourself, you put a cheat upon yourself, and win nothing by such usury" (Dowden).

12. *Audit*. Printed in italics and with a capital in the quarto. See on I. 2 above. *Acceptable* (note the accent) is used by S. nowhere else.

14. *Th' executor*. Malone reads "thy executor" (the conjecture of Capell).

V.—"In *Sonn.* 5 and 6, youth and age are compared to the seasons of the year; in 7, they are compared to morning and evening, the seasons of the day" (Dowden).

1. *Hours*. A dissyllable. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 151. Gr. 480.

2. *Gaze*. Object gazed at; as in *Much.* v. 8. 24: "Live to be the show and gaze o' the time."

4. *And that unfair*, etc. "And render that which was once beautiful no longer fair" (Malone). *Unfair* is the only instance of the verb (or the word) in S. Cf. *fairing* in 127. 6 below.

6. *Confounds*. Destroys. Cf. 60. 8, 64. 10, and 69. 7 below.

8. *Bareness*. Sewell (2d ed.) has "barrenness." Cf. 97. 4 below.

9. *Distillation*. Perfumes distilled from flowers. Malone compares *Sonn.* 54 and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 76: "Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd," etc.

11. *Bereft*. Taken away, lost.

14. *Leese*. "Lose" (Sewell's reading). Dowden notes that the word occurs in 1 *Kings*, xviii. 5, in the ed. of 1611 (*lose* in modern eds.).

VI.—"This sonnet carries on the thoughts of 4 and 5—the distilling of perfumes from the former, and the interest paid on money from the latter" (Dowden).

1. *Ragged*. Rugged, rough. See *A. Y. L.* p. 160.

5. *Use*. Interest. Cf. *V. and A.* 768: "But gold that 's put to use more gold begets;" and see also 134. 10 below.

6. *Happies*. Makes happy; the only instance of the verb in S.

13. *Self-will'd*. Delius conjectures "self-kill'd."

VII.—"After imagery drawn from summer and winter, S. finds new imagery in morning and evening" (Dowden).

7. *Yet mortal looks adore*, etc. Malone quotes *R. and J.* i. 1. 125:

"Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east."

10. *Recleth*. Dowden quotes *R. and J.* ii. 3. 3:

"And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path."

11. *Fore*. So in the quarto; "'fore" in the modern eds. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 155. *Converted*=turned away; as in 11. 4 below.

On the passage, Dowden compares *T. of A.* i. 2. 150: "Men shut their doors against a setting sun."

13. *Thyself*, etc. "Passing beyond your zenith" (Dowden).

VIII.—1. *Music to hear*. Thou, to hear whom is music. Malone

thought S. might have written "Music to ear" = "Thou whose every accent is music to the ear."

14. *Wilt prove none.* Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, an allusion to the proverbial expression that "one is no number." Cf. 136. 8: "Among a number one is reckon'd none." See also *R. and J.* p. 146, note on 32. The meaning seems to be that "since many make but one, one will prove also less than itself, that is, will prove none."

IX.—"The thought of married happiness in 8—husband, child, and mother united in joy—suggests its opposite, the grief of a weeping widow. 'Thou single wilt prove none' of 8. 14 is carried on in 'consumst thyself in single life' of 9. 2" (Dowden).

4. *Makeless.* Without a *make*, or mate. For *make*, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 11. 2: "That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make;" *Id.* iv. 2. 30: "And each not farre behinde him had his make," etc. In Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, the Host forms a hieroglyphic to express the proverb "A heavy purse makes a light heart," which he interprets thus:

"There 't is exprest! first, by a purse of gold,
A heavy purse, and then two turtles, makes,
A heart with a light stuck in 't, a light heart."

9. *Unthrif.* Prodigal; as in 13. 13 below. In *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 122, the only other instance of the noun in S., it is = good-for-nothing.

10. *His.* Its; referring to *what*.

12. *The user.* The one having the *use* of it, the possessor. Sewall reads "the us'rer."

X.—"The 'murtherous shame' of 9. 14 reappears in the 'For shame!' and 'murtherous hate' of 10. In 9 Shakspeare denies that his friend loves any one; he carries on the thought in the opening of 10, and this leads up to his friend's love of Shakspeare, which is first mentioned in this sonnet" (Dowden).

7. *Ruinatē*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 944: "To ruinate proud buildings," etc. The meaning is, "seeking to bring to ruin that house (that is, family) which it ought to be your chief care to repair." Dowden adds; "these lines confirm the conjecture that the father of Shakspeare's friend was dead." Cf. 13. 9-14 below. For the figure, cf. also 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 83 and *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 9.

9. *Thy thought.* Thy purpose of not marrying.

XI.—"The first five lines enlarge on the thought (10. 14) of beauty living 'in thine;' showing how the beauty of a child may be called *thine*" (Dowden).

2. *Departest.* *From* may be understood, the preposition (Gr. 394) being often omitted in relative sentences when it has been previously expressed; or the verb may be transitive, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 91: "Depart the chamber," etc.

4. *Corvertest.* Dost turn away. Cf. 7. 11 above and 14. 12 below. Note the rhyme with *departest*, and see also 14. 12, 17. 2, 49. 10, and 72. 6 below.

7. *The times*. "The generations of men" (Dowden).
 9. *For store*. "To be preserved for use" (Malone). Schmidt makes *store* = "increase of men, fertility, population."
 11. *Look, whom she best endow'd*, etc. To whom she gave much she gave more. Cf. *Matt.* xiii. 12: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." Sewell (1st ed.), Malone, St., Delius, and H. read "gave thee more;" making *whom she best endow'd* = "however liberal she may have been to others" (Malone).
 14. *Not let that copy die*. Malone compares *T. N.* i. 5. 261:

"Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
 If you will lead these graces to the grave
 And leave the world no copy."

XII.—"This sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of 5, 6, and 7. Lines 1, 2, like *Sonn.* 7, speak of the decay and loss of the brightness and beauty of the *day*; lines 3-8, like *Sonn.* 5 and 6, of the loss of the sweets and beauties of the *year*" (Dowden).

2. *Brave*. Beautiful. Cf. 15. 8 below. See also *Ham.* ii. 2. 312: "this brave o'erhanging firmament," etc.

3. *Violet past prime*. Dowden compares *Ham.* i. 3. 7: "A violet in the youth of primy nature."

4. *Sable curls all silver'd*. The quarto has "or siluer'd;" corrected by Malone. The Camb. ed. notes an anonymous conjecture, "o'er-silvered with white." Steevens compares *Ham.* i. 2. 242:

"It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd;"

referring to the Ghost's beard.

8. *Beard*. Capell ("C." in the Var. of 1821) quotes *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 95:

"the green corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard."

9. *Question make*. Consider. Elsewhere it is = doubt; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 156, 184, *L. C.* 321, etc.

14. *Save breed*, etc. "Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful" (Malone).

XIII.—"Shakspeare imagines his friend in 12. 14, borne away by Time. It is only while he lives here that he is his own (1, 2). Note *you* and *your* instead of *thy*, *thine*, and the address *my love* for the first time" (Dowden). Cf. p. 27 above.

1. *Yourself*. That is, master of yourself; as the context shows.

5. *Beauty which you hold in lease*. Malone compares Daniel's *Delia*, 47:

"in beauty's lease expir'd appears
 The date of age, the calends of our death."

6. *Determination*. End; the legal sense. On the passage, cf. *V. and A.* 171 fol.

10. *Husbandry*. Economy, thrift. Cf. *Macb.* p. 183.

13. *Unthrifths*. See on 9. 9 above.

14. *You had a father.* Dowden compares *A. W.* i. 1. 19: "This young gentlewoman had a father—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 't is!" See on 10. 7 above; but cf. p. 185 below.

XIV.—"In 13 S. predicts stormy winter and the cold of death; he now explains what his astrology is, and at the close of the sonnet repeats his melancholy prediction" (Dowden).

1, 2. Dowden quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "O sweet Philoclea, . . . thy heavenly face is my astronomy;" and *Astrophel and Stella* (ed. 1591), Sonn. 26:

"Though dusty wits dare scorn astrology
 * * * * *
 [I] oft forejudge my after-following race
 By only those two stars in Stella's face."

So Daniel, *Delia*, 30 (on Delia's eyes):

"Stars are they sure, whose motions rule desires;
 And calm and tempest follow their aspects."

6. *Pointing.* Pointing out, appointing. See *T. of S.* p. 148. Cf. Bacon, *Essay* 45 (ed. of 1625): "But this to be, if you doe not point, any of the lower Roomes, for a Dining Place of Servants;" and *Essay* 58: "Pointing Dayes for Pitched Fields," etc. *His*=its; as in 9. 10 above.

8. *Oft predict.* Frequent prediction or prognostication. Sewell reads "ought predict" (=anything predicted).

9. *From thine eyes*, etc. Steevens quotes *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 350: "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive," etc.

11-14. Dowden puts *Truth . . . convert* and *Thy end . . . date* in quotation marks, explaining *read such art* as ="gather by reading such truths of science as the following."

12. *Store.* See on 11. 9 above. Malone paraphrases thus: "If thou wouldst change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny."

Convert here rhymes with *art*, as in Daniel's *Delia*, 11, with *heart* (Dowden). See on 11. 4 above, and cf. *R. of L.* 592.

XV.—"Introduces Verse as an antagonist of Time. The stars in 14 determining weather, plagues, dearths, and fortune of princes reappear in 15. 4, commenting in secret influence on the shows of this world" (Dowden).

3. *Stage.* Malone reads "state;" but, as Dowden notes, the theatrical words *presenteth* (see *M. N. D.* p. 156) and *shows* confirm the old text.

9. *Conceit.* Conception, imagination; as in 108. 13 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 238.

11. *Debateth.* Combats, contends. Malone quotes *A. W.* i. 2. 75:

"nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure."

Schmidt may be right in putting the present passage under *debate*=discuss. Dowden hesitates between the two explanations.

XVI.—“The gardening image *engraft* in 15. 14 suggests the thought of ‘maiden gardens’ and ‘living flowers’ of this sonnet” (Dowden).

6. *Maiden gardens yet unset.* Malone compares *L. C.* 171: “Heard where his plants in others’ orchards grew.”

7. *Bear your living flowers.* Lintott, Gildon, Malone, H., and others change *your* to “you;” but, as Dowden says, “*your living flowers* stands over against *your painted counterfeit.*”

8. *Much liker, etc.* Much more like you than your painted portrait is. For *counterfeit*, cf. *M. of V.* p. 150.

9. *Lines of life.* Probably = “living pictures, that is, children” (an anonymous explanation in the Var. of 1821). Dowden remarks: “The unusual expression is selected because it suits the imagery of the sonnet, *lines* applying to (1) lineage, (2) delineation with a pencil, a portrait, (3) lines of verse, as in 18. 12. *Lines of life* are living lines, living poems and pictures, children.” H. reads “line of life,” which he makes = “living line, or lineage.”

10. *This time’s pencil.* We are inclined to think this is = any painter of the time. Massey supposes that some particular artist is referred to, perhaps Mirevelt, who painted the Earl of Southampton’s portrait. The quarto reads “this (Time’s pensel or my pupill pen),” etc., and the modern eds. generally read “this, Time’s pencil,” etc. Dowden asks: “Are we to understand the line as meaning ‘Which this pencil of Time or this my pupil pen;’ and is Time here conceived as a limner who has painted the youth so fair, but whose work cannot last for future generations? In 19 ‘Devouring Time’ is transformed into a scribe; may not ‘tyrant Time’ be transformed here into a painter? In 20 it is Nature who paints the face of the beautiful youth. This masterpiece of twenty years can endure neither as painted by Time’s pencil, nor as represented by Shakspeare’s unskilful, pupil pen. Is the *painted counterfeit* Shakspeare’s portrayal in his verse? Cf. 53. 5.”

11. *Fair.* Beauty. Cf. 18. 7, 68. 3, and 83. 2 below.

XVII.—“In 16 Shakspeare has said that his ‘pupil pen’ cannot make his friend live to future ages. He now carries on this thought; his verse, although not showing half his friend’s excellencies, will not be believed in times to come” (Dowden).

2. *Deserts.* For the rhyme with *parts*, see on 14. 12 above. Cf. 72. 6 below.

12. *Stretched metre.* “Overstrained poetry” (Dowden). Keats took this line for the motto of his *Endymion*.

13, 14. “If a child were alive his beauty would verify the descriptions in Shakspeare’s verse, and so the friend would possess a twofold life, in his child and in his poet’s rhyme” (Dowden).

XVIII.—“Shakspeare takes heart, expects immortality for his verse, and so immortality for his friend as surviving in it” (Dowden).

3. *Rough winds do shake, etc.* Malone quotes *Cymb.* i. 3. 36:

“And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing;”

and *T. of S.* v. 2. 140: “as whirlwinds shake fair buds.”

5. *Eye of heaven*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 37: "the searching eye of heaven;" and *R. of L.* 356: "The eye of heaven is out."

7. *Fair*. Beauty. See on 16. 11 above. So in 10 below, *fair thou owest*=beauty thou possessest. For *owe*, cf. 70. 14 below.

14. *So long lives this*. This anticipation of immortality for their works was a common conceit with the poets of the time. Cf. Spenser, *Amoretti*, 27, 69, 95; Drayton, *Idea*, 6, 44; Daniel, *Delia*, 39, etc.

XIX.—"Shakspeare, confident of the immortality of his friend in verse, defies Time" (Dowden).

1. *Devouring*. Walker conjectures "Destroying."

4. *Phoenix*. For allusions to the phoenix in S., see *A. Y. L.* p. 189, note on 17.

5. *Fleets*. The quarto has "fleet'st;" but the analogy of 8. 7 ("confounds") favours Dyce's emendation, which is also adopted by Dowden and H.

10. *Antique*. Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S.

XX.—"His friend is 'beauty's pattern' (19. 12); as such he owns the attributes of male and female beauty" (Dowden).

Palgrave omits this sonnet, with 151, 153, and 154.

1. *With Nature's own hand painted*. Not artificially coloured—a fashion which S. detested, as he did false hair. See *L. L. L.* p. 151, note on 254.

2. *Master-mistress of my passion*. "Who sways my love with united charms of man and woman" (Dowden).

5. *Less false in rolling*. Dowden compares Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. i. 41:

"Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly."

8. *Hues*. Printed in the quarto in italics and with a capital. This led Tyrwhitt to surmise that "Mr. W. H." might be Mr. William Hews, or Hughes. But the following words are all printed in the same manner: *Rose*, 1. 2; *Audit*, 4. 12; *Statues*, 55. 5; *Intrim*, 56. 9; *Alien*, 78. 3; *Satire*, 100. 11; *Autumne*, 104. 5; *Abisme*, 112. 9; *Alcumie*, 114. 4; *Syren*, 119. 1; *Hereticke*, 124. 9; *Informer*, 125. 13; *Audite*, 126. 11; and *Quietus*, 126. 12. The word *hue* was used by Elizabethan writers not only in the sense of *complexion*, but also in that of *shape*, *form*. In Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 9. 17, Talus tries to seize Malengin, who transforms himself into a fox, a bush, a bird, a stone, and then a hedgehog:

"Then gan it [the hedgehog] run away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew."

The meaning here may then be "A man in form and appearance, having the mastery over all forms in that of his, which steals, etc." (Dowden).

11. *Defeated*. Disappointed, defrauded. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. i. 161:

"They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent."

13. *Prick'd*. Marked. See *J. C.* p. 160; and for the equivoque cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 122.

XXI.—“The first line of 20 suggests this sonnet. The face of Shakspeare's friend is painted by Nature alone, and so too there is no false painting, no poetical hyperbole, in the description. As containing examples of such extravagant comparisons, amorous fancies, far-fetched conceits of sonnet-writers as S. here speaks of, Mr. Main (*Treasury of English Sonnets*, p. 283) cites Spenser's *Amoretti*, 9 and 64; Daniel's *Delia*, 19; Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, Sonn. 48. Compare also Griffin's *Fidessa*, Sonn. 39; and Constable's *Diana* (1594), the 6th Decade, Sonn. 1” (Dowden). *Sonn.* 130 is in the same vein as this.

1. *So is it not*, etc. “I am not like that poet who exaggerates in praise of a painted beauty, coupling her with all other beauty in earth or heaven” (Palgrave).

5. *Couplement*. Union, combination. The quarto has “cooplément.” Gildon reads “complement,” and Sewell (2d ed.) “compliment.” For *compare* as a noun, cf. 35. 6 and 130. 14 below.

8. *Rondure*. Circle. Cf. *rondure* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 259.

12. *Gold candles*. Malone compares *M. of V.* v. 1. 220: “these blessed candles of the night;” *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9: “Night's candles are burnt out;” and *Macb.* ii. 1. 5:

“There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.”

13. *That like of hearsay well*. Apparently referring to the common place style of which he has been speaking. Schmidt makes it = “tho' fall in love with what has been praised by others;” and Dowden “tho' like to be buzzed about by talk.” For *like of* = like, see *L. L. L.* p. 130. Cf. *Gr.* 177.

14. *I will not praise*, etc. Steevens quotes *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 239:

“Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.”

Cf. also 102. 3 below.

XXII.—“The praise of his friend's beauty suggests by contrast Shakspeare's own face marred by time. He comforts himself by claiming his friend's beauty as his own. Lines 11–14 give the first hint of possible wrong committed by the youth against friendship” (Dowden).

4. *Expiate*. Bring to an end. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 23: “Make haste, the hour of death is expiate;” and see the note in our ed. p. 213. Here as there, Steevens conjectures “expire,” which W. and H. adopt. Surely there is no need of coining a word to replace one which S. twice uses and which can be plausibly explained. Malone quotes Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracie*, in which an old courtier speaks of himself as “A poor and expiate humour of the court.”

XXIII.—“The sincerity and silent love of his verses; returning to the thought of 21” (Dowden).

1. *As an unperfect actor*, etc. Malone compares *Cor. v. 3. 40*:

“Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.”

S. uses *unperfect* only here; but we find *unperfectness* in *Oth. ii. 3. 298*.

2. *Besides*. For the prepositional use, cf. *T. N. iv. 2. 92*: “Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?” See our ed. p. 158, or Gr. 34.

5. *For fear of trust*. Fearing to trust myself. Schmidt makes it = “doubting of being trusted;” but the context clearly confirms the explanation we have given. Dowden calls attention to the construction of the first eight lines, 5, 6 referring to 1, 2, and 7, 8 to 3, 4.

6. *Ceremony*. H. says that the word “is here used as a trisyllable, as if spelt *cer'mony*,” but how he would scan the verse we cannot imagine. The word is clearly a quadrisyllable, as almost always in S.

9. *Books*. Sewell reads “looks;” but, as Malone notes, the old reading is supported by 13 below. The *books*, as Dowden remarks, are probably the manuscript books in which the poet writes his sonnets.

12. *More than that tongue*, etc. “More than that tongue (the tongue of another than S.) which hath more fully expressed more ardours of love, or more of your perfections” (Dowden).

XXIV.—“Suggested by the thought (22. 6) of Shakspeare's heart being lodged in his friend's breast, and by the conceit of 23. 14; there eyes are able to hear through love's fine wit; here eyes do other singular things, play the painter” (Dowden).

1. *Stell'd*. Fixed. Cf. *Battle of Bothwell Bridge* (Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*): “They stell'd their cannons on the height.” See *V. and A.* p. 195. Here the quarto has “steeld;” corrected by D. (the conjecture of Capell).

2. *Table*. The *tablet* or surface on which a picture is painted. Cf. *A. W. i. i. 106* and *K. John, ii. i. 503* (see our ed. p. 150).

4. *Perspective*. The word in S. means either a kind of picture which was so painted as to be distinct only when viewed obliquely, or a kind of glass employed to produce optical illusions. See the long note in *Rich. II.* p. 180. Here the meaning seems to be that the poet's eye (*the painter*) is that *through* which the person addressed must look to see his *image*, or picture, hanging in the *bosom's shop*, or heart, within. For the accent of *perspective*, see Gr. 492.

Dowden remarks: “The strange conceits in this sonnet are paralleled in Constable's *Diana* (1594), Sonn. 5 (p. 4, ed. Hazlitt):

‘Thine eye, the glasse where I behold my heart,
Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye
May see my heart, and there thyselfe espy
In bloody colours how thou painted art.’

Compare also Watson's *Tears of Fancie* (1593), Sonn. 45, 46 (ed. Arber, p. 201):

‘My Mistres seeing her faire counterfet
So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest
* * * * *
But it so fast was fixed to my heart,’ etc.

11. *Where-through*. Cf. *where-against* in *Cor.* iv. 5. 113, *whereout* in *T.* and *C.* iv. 5. 245, *where-until* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 493, etc.

XXV.—“In this sonnet S. makes his first complaint against Fortune, against his low condition. He is about to undertake a journey on some needful business of his own (26, 27), and rejoices to think that at least in one place he has a fixed abode, in his friend’s heart” (Dowden).

Prof. Hales (*Cornhill Mag.* Jan. 1877) suggests that the journeys spoken of in the *Sonnets* may have been from London to Stratford.

5. *Great princes’ favourites*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 8:

“Where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites
Made proud by princes,” etc.

Hales thinks that Essex or Raleigh may have furnished the suggestion of the simile.

6. *The marigold*. The “garden marigold” (*Calendula officinalis*). Cf. the long note in *W. T.* p. 191; and see also *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 155, note on 10.

9. *For fight*. The quarto reads “for worth;” corrected by Malone at the suggestion of Theo., who also proposed *forth* for the rhyming word in 11 if *worth* was retained. W. adopts the latter reading. Capell proposed “for might;” and Steevens suggested this delectable emendation:

“The painful warrior for worth famed,
After a thousand victories once foil’d,
Is from the book of honour quite razed,” etc.

XXVI.—“In 25 S. is in disfavour with his stars, and unwillingly—as I suppose—about to undertake some needful journey. He now sends this written embassy to his friend (perhaps it is the *Envoy* to the preceding group of sonnets), and dares to anticipate a time when the ‘star that guides his *moving*,’ now unfavourable, may point on him graciously with fair aspect” (Dowden).

Drake writes (*Shakspeare and His Times*, vol. ii. p. 63): “Perhaps one of the most striking proofs of this position [that the *Sonnets* are addressed to the Earl of Southampton] is the hitherto unnoticed fact that the language of the *Dedication to the Rape of Lucrece*, and that of part of the *twenty-sixth sonnet* are almost precisely the same. The *Dedication* runs thus: ‘The *love* I dedicate to your Lordship is without end. . . . The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part of all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater.’” Capell had previously noted the parallel.

2. *My duty strongly knit*. Steevens quotes *Macb.* iii. 1. 15.

8. *In thy soul’s thought*, etc. That is, “I hope some happy idea of yours will convey my duty, even naked as it is, into your soul’s thought” (Dowden). For *bestow* (=stow, deposit), see *C. of E.* p. 114. Sewell has “my” for *thy*.

10. *Aspect*. Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

11. *Tatter'd*. The quarto has "tottered." See on 2. 4 above.

12. *Respect*. Regard, consideration. The quarto has "their" for *thy*, as in 27. 10 below.

XXVII.—"Written on a journey, which removes S. farther and farther from his friend" (Dowden).

3. *Head*. Dowden omits the comma after this word, thinking that the construction may be "a journey in my head begins to work my mind."

6. *Intend*. Here Schmidt makes the word = "bend, direct;" as in *M. W.* ii. 1. 188, *I Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 92, *A. and C.* v. 2. 201, etc.

9. *Imaginary*. Imaginative. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 265: "foul imaginary eyes of blood" (that is, the sanguinary eyes of my imagination), etc.

11. *Like a jewel*, etc. Malone quotes *R. and J.* i. 5. 47:

"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

13. *By day my limbs*, etc. By day my limbs find no quiet for myself, that is, on account of my travel; by night my mind finds no quiet for thee, that is, thinking of thee. For the interlaced construction, cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 164:

"though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him;"

and see note in our ed. p. 161. Cf. also 75. 11, 12 below.

XXVIII.—"A continuation of *Sonn. 27*" (Dowden).

5. *Either's*. The quarto has "ethers," the ed. of 1640 "others."

9. *To please him*, etc. Most eds. put a comma after *him*. On the whole, we prefer to omit it, as the Camb. ed. does.

11. *Swart-complexion'd*. First hyphenated by Gildon. For *swart* (=dark, black), cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 104, *K. John*, iii. 1. 46, etc.

12. *Twire*. Peep, twinkle. Boswell quotes B. J., *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 1: "Which maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers thus." Nares adds B. and F., *Woman Pleased*, iv. 1: "I saw the wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee;" and Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, act iv.: "I saw a thing stir under a hedge, and I peeped, and I spied a thing, and I peered and I tweered underneath." Gildon reads "tweere out." Malone conjectures "twirl not," Stevens "twink not," and Massey "tire not." For *gild'st* the quarto has "guil'st;" corrected by Sewell.

14. *Strength*. The quarto has "length;" corrected by D. (the conjecture of Capell and Coll.). Dowden, who retains the old text (though with some hesitation), explains it thus: "Each day's journey draws out my sorrows to a greater length; but this process of drawing-out does not weaken my sorrows, for my night-thoughts come to make my sorrows as strong as before, nay stronger." Capell suggested to Malone "draw my sorrows stronger . . . length seem longer."

XXIX.—"These are the night-thoughts referred to in the last line of 28; hence a special appropriateness in the image of the lark rising at break of day" (Dowden).

8. *With what I most enjoy contented least.* "The preceding line makes it not improbable that S. is here speaking of his own poems" (Dowden).

12. *Sings hymns at heaven's gate.* Malone quotes *Cymb.* ii. 3. 21: "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;" and Reed adds Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. 1 (referring to the lark):

"How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings."

Milton may have remembered S. when he wrote (*P. L.* v. 198):

"ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend," etc.

XXX.—"Sonnet 29 was occupied with thoughts of *present* wants and troubles; 30 tells of thoughts of past griefs and losses" (Dowden).

1. *Sessions of sweet silent thought.* Malone quotes *Oth.* iii. 3. 138:

"who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
With meditations lawful?"

6. *Dateless.* Endless; the only sense in S. Cf. 153. 6 below; and see also *Rich.* II. i. 3. 151 and *R. and J.* v. 3. 115.

8. *Moan the expense.* Lament the loss. Dowden thinks it means "pay my account of moans for," being explained by what follows ("tell o'er," etc.); but we cannot agree with him. For *expense*, cf. 94. 6 and 129. 1 below.

10. *Tell.* Count; as in 138. 12 below. Cf. *Temp.* p. 123.

XXXI.—"Continues the subject of 30—Shakspeare's friend compensates all losses in the past" (Dowden).

5. *Obsequious.* Funereal. See *Ham.* p. 180.

6. *Dear religious love.* "In *A Lover's Complaint*, the beautiful youth pleads to his love that all earlier hearts which had paid homage to him now yield themselves through him to her service (a thought similar to that of this sonnet); one of these fair admirers was a nun, a sister sanctified, but (250): 'Religious love *put out Religion's eye*'" (Dowden). Walker would read "dear-religious," which he explains as "making a religion of its affections."

8. *Thee.* The quarto has "there;" corrected by Gildon.

11. *Parts of me.* Shares in me, claims upon me.

XXXII.—"From the thought of dead friends of whom he is the survivor, S. passes to the thought of his own death, and his friend as the survivor. This sonnet reads like an *Envoy*" (Dowden).

4. *Lover.* For the masculine use, see *M. of V.* p. 153.

5, 6. Dowden asks: "May we infer from these lines (and 10) that S. had a sense of the wonderful progress of poetry in the time of Elizabeth?"

7. *Reserve.* Preserve; as in *Per.* iv. 1. 40:

"reserve
That excellent complexion," etc.

XXXIII.—“A new group seems to begin with this sonnet. It introduces the wrongs done to S. by his friend” (Dowden).

4. *Heavenly alchemy.* Steevens compares *K. John*, iii. 1. 77:

“To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.”

He might have added *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 391–393.

6. *Rack.* A mass of floating clouds. Cf. *Temp.* p. 137. D. quotes Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, 115: “The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*).” On the passage, Capell compares 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 221 fol.

7. *Forlorn.* Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124: “Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus.” For the other accent, see *R. of L.* 1500 and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 805. See also on 107. 4 below.

12. *The region cloud.* S. uses *region* several times as =air. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 509:

“the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region;”

and again in 607: “the region kites.” See our ed. p. 211.

14. *Stain.* Grow dim, as if *stained* or soiled. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 48: “If virtue’s gloss will stain with any soil,” etc. Cf. the transitive use in 35. 3 below. See also the noun in *V. and A.* 9: “Stain to all nymphs” (that is, by eclipsing them), etc.

XXXIV.—“Carries on the idea and metaphor of 33” (Dowden).

12. *Cross.* The quarto has “losse;” corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). Cf. 42. 12 and 133. 8.

XXXV.—“The ‘tears’ of 34 suggest the opening. Moved to pity, S. will find guilt in himself rather than in his friend” (Dowden).

4. *Canker.* Canker-worm; as in 70. 7, 95. 2, and 99. 12 below. See also *M. N. D.* p. 150.

5. *Make faults.* Cf. *R. of L.* 804: “all the faults which in thy reign are made;” *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: “All faults I make,” etc.

And even I, etc.: “And even I am faulty in this, that I find precedents for your misdeed by comparisons with roses, fountains, sun, and moon” (Dowden).

6. *Authorizing.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. See *Macb.* p. 218. For *compare*, see on 21. 5 above. The meaning is: “giving a precedent for thy fault by comparing it with mine” (Palgrave).

7. *Amiss.* For the noun, cf. 151. 3 below and *Ham.* iv. 5. 18.

For *corrupting, salving*, Capell would read “corrupt in salving.”

8. *Thy . . . thy.* The quarto reads “their . . . their;” corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). Steevens explains the line thus: “Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence.”

9. *Sense.* Reason. Malone conjectured “incense” for *in sense*. Dow-

den says: "If we receive the present text, 'thy adverse party' must mean Shakspeare. But may we read:

'For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, [that is, judgment,
Thy adverse party, as thy advocate.' reason]

Sense—against which he has offended—brought in *as* his advocate?"

14. *Sweet thief*. Cf. 40. 9: "gentle thief." For *sourly* Gildon has "sorely."

XXXVI.—"According to the announcement made in 35, S. proceeds to make himself out the guilty party" (Dowden).

1. *We two must be twain*. Malone compares *T. and C.* iii. 1. 110: "She'll none of him; they two are twain."

4. *Borne*. The Var. of 1821 misprints "born."

5. *Respect*. Regard, affection. Dowden quotes *Cor.* iii. 3. 112:

"I do love
My country's good with a *respect* more tender,
More holy and profound than my own life."

Palgrave explains *one respect* as = "one thing we look to."

6. *A separable spite*. "A cruel fate that *spitefully separates* us from each other" (Malone). *Separable* is used by S. only here. For the active use of adjectives in *-ble*, see Gr. 3. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 185 (on *Deceivable*), *Lear*, p. 193 (on *Comfortable*), etc.

9. *Evermore*. Walker conjectures "ever more."

10. *My bewailed guilt*. Explained by Spalding and others as "the blots that remain with S. on account of his profession" as an actor; but Dowden thinks the meaning may be: "I may not claim you as a friend, lest my relation to the dark woman—now a matter of grief—should convict you of faithlessness in friendship." The interpretation of many expressions in the Sonnets must depend upon the theory we adopt concerning their autobiographical or non-autobiographical character, and their relations to one another.

12. *That honour*. The honour you give me.

13, 14. These lines are repeated at the end of *Sonn.* 96.

XXXVII.—"Continues the thought of 36. 13, 14" (Dowden).

3. *So I, made lame*. Cf. 89. 3 below: "Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt." Capell and others have inferred that S. was literally lame. Malone remarks: "In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friend's imputing to him a fault of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it: so (he adds) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt. If S. was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent. The context in the verse before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also *poor* and *despised*, for neither of which suppositions is there the smallest ground." Dowden says: "S. uses *to lame* in the sense of *disable*; here the *worth* and *truth* of his friend are set over against the lameness of S.; the lame-

ness then is metaphorical—a disability to join in the joyous movement of life, as his friend does.”

Dearest. Most intense. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: “my dearest foe;” and see note in our ed. p. 185.

7. *Entitled in thy parts.* Finding their *title* or claim to the throne in thy qualities. Cf. *R. of L.* 57:

“But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus’ doves doth challenge that fair field;”

and see note in our ed. p. 183. Malone explains *entitled* as “ennobled.” The quarto has “their parts,” which Schmidt would retain, explaining the passage thus: “or more excellencies, having a just claim to the first place as their due.”

XXXVIII.—“The same thought as that of the two preceding sonnets: S. will look on, delight in his friend, and sing his praise. In 37. 14 S. is ‘ten times happy’ in his friend’s happiness and glory; thus he receives ten times the inspiration of other poets from his friend, who is ‘the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth’ than the old nine Muses” (Dowden).

8. *Invention.* Imagination, or the poetic faculty. Cf. 76. 6, 103. 7, and 105. 11 below.

13. *Curious.* Fastidious, critical. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20:

“Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos’d thee.”

XXXIX.—“In 38 S. spoke of his friend’s worth as ten times that of the nine Muses, but in 37 he had spoken of his friend as the better part of himself. He now asks how he can with modesty sing the worth of his own better part. Thereupon he returns to the thought of 36, ‘we two must be twain;’ and now, not only are the two lives to be divided, but ‘our dear love’—undivided in 36—must ‘lose name of single one’” (Dowden).

12. *Which time and thoughts, etc.* Which doth so sweetly beguile time and thoughts. Malone takes *thoughts* to be =melancholy (cf. *J. C.* p. 146). See on 44. 9 below. The quarto has “dost” for *doth*; corrected by Malone.

13, 14. “Absence teaches how to make of the absent beloved two persons: one, absent in reality; the other, present to imagination” (Dowden).

XL.—“In 39. S. desires that his love and his friend’s may be separated, in order that he may give his friend what otherwise he must give also to himself. Now, separated, he gives his beloved all his loves, yet knows that, before the gift, all his was his friend’s by right. ‘Our love losing name of single one’ (39. 6) suggests the manifold loves, mine and thine” (Dowden).

5, 6. Then if for love of me you receive her whom I love, I cannot blame you for using her. *For* in 6 =because; as in 54. 9 and 106. 11 below. Gr. 151.

7, 8. "Yet you are to blame if you deceive yourself by an unlawful union while you refuse loyal wedlock" (Dowden). The quarto has "this selfe" for *thyself*; corrected by Gildon.

10. *All my poverty*. The poor little that I have. Cf. 103. 1 below. For *thee*, see Gr. 220.

XLI.—"The thought of 40. 13, 'Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,' is carried out in this sonnet" (Dowden).

1. *Pretty*. Bell and Palgrave read "petty." Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 37:

"But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit."

3. *Befits*. See Gr. 333.

5, 6. *Gentle thou art*, etc. Steevens quotes 1 *Hen VI.* v. 3. 77:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

8. *She have*. The quarto reads "he have;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt). Dowden thinks that the old text may be right.

9. *Ay me!* H. and some others read "Ah me!" which is not found in S. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

My seat. Malone reads "thou mightst, my sweet, forbear;" but, as Boaden notes, the old reading is confirmed and explained by *Oth.* ii. 1. 304:

"I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat."

Dr. Ingleby adds, as a parallel, *R. of L.* 412, 413.

XLII.—"In 41. 13, 14 S. declares that he loses both friend and mistress; he now goes on to say that the loss of his friend is the greater of the two" (Dowden).

9. *My love's gain*. That is, my mistress's gain.

11. *Both twain*. Dowden compares *L. L. L.* v. 2. 459: "I remit both twain."

XLIII.—Dowden asks: "Does this begin a new group of sonnets?"

1. *Wink*. Shut my eyes. Cf. *V. and A.* p. 172.

2. *Unrespected*. Unnoticed, unregarded; as in 54. 10 below, the only other instance of the word in S.

5. *Whose shadow*, etc. "Whose image makes bright the shades of night" (Dowden).

11. *Thy*. The quarto again misprints "their;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell).

13. *All days are nights to see*, etc. "All days are gloomy to behold," etc. (Steevens). Malone wished to read "nights to me;" and Lettsom conjectured:

"All days are nights to me till thee I see,
And nights bright days when dreams do show me thee."

Thee me = thee to me.

XLIV.—“In 43 he obtains sight of his friend in dreams; 44 expresses the longing of the waking hours to come into his friend's presence by some preternatural means” (Dowden).

4. *From*. Gildon has “To.” *Where*=to where.

6. *Farthest earth remov'd*. That is, earth farthest removed. See Gr. 419a; and cf. III. 2 below.

9. *Thought kills me*. Here, as Dowden notes, *thought* may mean “melancholy contemplation.” See on 39. 12 above.

11. *So much of earth and water wrought*. That is, so much of these baser elements being wrought into my nature. The allusion is to the old idea of the four elements entering into the composition of man. See *J. C.* p. 185, note on *His life was gentle*, etc. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 10: “Does not our life consist of the four elements?” and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 22: “He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,” etc. See also *A. and C.* v. 2. 292. Walker quotes Chapman, *Iliad*, vii. :

“But ye are earth and water all, which—symboliz'd [that is, collected] in one—
Have fram'd your faint unfiery spirits.”

XLV.—“Sonnet 44 tells of the duller elements of earth and water; this sonnet, of the elements of air and fire” (Dowden).

4. *Present-absent*. The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

6. *Melancholy*. To be pronounced *mélanch'ly* (Walker).

9. *Recur'd*. Restored to health. Cf. *V. and A.* 465: “A smile recures the wounding of a frown.” See also *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 130.

12. *Thy*. Again “their” in the quarto; corrected by Malone.

XLVI.—“As 44 and 45 are a pair of companion sonnets, so are 46 and 47. The theme of the first pair is the opposition of the four elements in the person of the poet; the theme of the second is the opposition of the heart and the eye, that is, of love and the senses” (Dowden).

3. *Thy*. The quarto has “their,” as in 8, 13, and 14 below; corrected by Malone.

9. *'Cide*. The quarto has “side;” corrected by Sewell (2d ed.).

10. *Quest*. Inquest, or jury; as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 189:

“What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge?”

12. *Moiety*. Share, portion; not necessarily an exact half. Cf. *Ham.* p. 174.

XLVII.—“Companion sonnet to the last” (Dowden).

1. *Took*. Capell conjectures “strook.”

3. *Famish'd for a look*. Cf. 75. 10 below. Malone quotes *C. of E.* ii. 1. 88: “Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.”

9. *Thy picture or*. Lintott has “the picture or,” and Gildon “the picture of.”

10. *Art*. The quarto has “are;” corrected by Malone.

11. *Not*. The quarto has “nor :” corrected in the ed. of 1640.

With *Sonn.* 46, 47, Dowden compares *Sonn.* 19, 20 of Watson's *Tears of Fancie*, 1593 (ed. Arber, p. 188) :

"My hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,
(Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting):
That they should weepe till loue and fancie dies,
Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting.
Mine eies vpon my hart inflict this paine
(Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)
That it should loue and purchase fell disdain,
A grieuous penance which my heart doth proue,
Mine eies did weep as hart had them imposed,
My hart did pine as eies had it constrained," etc.

Sonnet 20 continues the same :

"My hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,

* * * * *

Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,
And from the eies descended to the hart;

Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise," etc.

Cf. also *Diana* (ed. 1584), Sixth Decade, Sonnet 7 (Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 254); and Drayton, *Idea*, 33.

XLVIII.—"Line 6 of 46, in which S. speaks of keeping his friend in the closet of his breast, suggests 48 (see lines 9-12). I have said he is safe in my breast; yet, ah! I feel he is not" (Dowden).

11. *Gentle closure of my breast.* Cf. *V. and A.* 782: "Into the quiet closure of my breast."

14. Dowden asks: "Does not this refer to the woman who has sworn love (152. 2), and whose truth to S. (spoken of in 41. 13) now proves thievish?" Capell compares *V. and A.* 724: "Rich preys make true men thieves." For the antithesis of *true men* and *thieves*, see *Cymb.* p. 182.

XLIX.—"Continues the sad strain with which 48 closes. Notice the construction of the sonnet, each of the quatrains beginning with the same words, 'Against that time;' so also 64, three quatrains beginning with the words 'When I have seen.' So Daniel's sonnet beginning 'If this be love,' repeated in the first line of each quatrain" (Dowden).

3. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 142.

4. *Advis'd respects.* Deliberate considerations; as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 214: "More upon humour than advis'd respects." For *advis'd*, see *M. of V.* p. 130, or *Rich. II.* p. 165.

7. *Converted.* Changed. Steevens compares *J. C.* iv. 2. 20:

"When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony."

8. *Reasons.* That is, for the change it has undergone.

10. *Desert.* Rhyming with *part*, and spelled "desart" in the quarto. See on 14. 12 and 17. 2 above. Cf. 72. 6 below.

L.—"This sonnet and the next are a pair, as 44, 45 are, and 46, 47. The *journey* is that spoken of in 48. 1" (Dowden).

6. *Dully.* The quarto has "duly;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

7. *Instinct*. Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149.

LI.—“Companion to 50” (Dowden).

6. *Swift extremity*. The extreme of swiftness.

10. *Perfect'st*. The quarto has “perfects,” and Gildon “perfect.” *Perfect'st* is due to D. For the superlative, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. i. 317: “Silence is the perfectest herald of joy;” and for the contracted form, see Gr. 473.

11. *Shall neigh—no dull flesh*, etc. The quarto reads “shall naigh noe dull flesh,” etc. Malone was the first to make *no dull flesh* parenthetical. Dowden thinks the meaning may be, “Desire, which is all love, shall neigh, there being no dull flesh to cumber him as he rushes forward in his fiery race.” Massey makes *flesh* the object of *neigh* (=neigh to).

13. *Wilful-slow*. The hyphen is due to Malone.

14. *Go*. The word here, as Dowden notes, seems to have the specific sense of walking as opposed to running. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 22:

“*Stephano*. We 'll not run, Monsieur monster.
Trinculo. Nor go neither;”

and *T. G. of V.* iii. i. 388: “Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve thy turn.” Schmidt defines *go* in these two passages as = “walk leisurely, not to run;” but the instance in the text he puts under the head of *go* = “make haste.”

LII.—“The joy of hope; the hope of meeting his friend spoken of in the last sonnet” (Dowden).

1. *Key*. Pronounced *kay* in the time of S. Note the rhyme with *survey*.

4. *For blunting*. For fear of blunting. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 136: “Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold;” and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. i. 74:

“Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.”

See Gr. 154.

5. *Therefore are feasts*, etc. Malone quotes 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 229:

“If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents;”

and *Id.* iii. 2. 57:

“and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.”

8. *Captain*. Chief. For the adjective use, cf. 66. 12 below. For *carcanet*=necklace, see *C. of E.* p. 124.

11. *Special blest*. Malone has “special-blest.” For adjectives used adverbially, see Gr. 1.

LIII.—“Not being able, in absence, to possess his friend, he finds his friend's shadow in all beautiful things” (Dowden).

2. *Strange*. Stranger, not your own.

4. "*You*, although but one person, can give off all manner of shadowy images. Shakspeare then, to illustrate this, chooses the most beautiful of men, Adonis, and the most beautiful of women, Helen; both are but shadows or counterfeits (or pictures, as in *Sonn.* 16) of the 'master-mistress' of his passion" (Dowden).

5. *Counterfeit*. On the rhyme with *set*, Walker remarks that *-feit* was pronounced nearly as *fate*; and so of *ei* generally. He quotes Ford, *Perkin Warbeck*, iii. 2, where Katherine, referring to the word *counterfeit*, says:

"Pray do not use
That word; it carries *fate* in 't."

In *C. of E.* iv. 2. 63 *straight* rhymes with *conceit*; and in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 399, *conceit* with *wait*. Many similar examples might be cited.

8. *Tires*. Head-dresses. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 190:

"If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers."

See also *Much Ado*, p. 148. In the present passage, the word may possibly be a contraction of *attires*.

9. *Foison*. Plenty, harvest (here = autumn). See *Macb.* p. 240. On the passage, Malone compares *A. and C.* v. 2. 86:

"For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping."

LIV.—"Continues the thought of 53. There S. declared that over and above external beauty, more real than that of Helen and Adonis, his friend was pre-eminent for his constancy, his truth. Now he proceeds to celebrate the worth of this truth" (Dowden).

5. *Canker-blooms*. Dog-roses. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 28: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;" and *I Hen. IV.* i. 3. 76:

"To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke."

8. *Discloses*. Uncloses, unfolds. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 40:

"The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd."

9. *For*. Because; as in 106. 11 below. See also on 40. 6 above.

10. *Unrespected*. Unregarded. Cf. 43. 2 above.

12. *Sweetest odours*. For the allusion to distillation of perfumes, see on 5. 9 above.

14. *Vade*. Fade. See *V. and A.* p. 209. The quarto has "by verse;" corrected by Malone. *That* refers to the abstract *youth* implied in the concrete *youth*.

LV.—"A continuation of 54. This looks like an *Envoy*, but 56 is still a sonnet of absence" (Dowden).

Mr. Tyler (*Athenæum*, Sept. 11, 1880) ingeniously argues that the

thought and phrasing of lines in this sonnet are derived from a passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Shakespeare among others is mentioned with honour :

"As Ovid saith of his worke ;

*Famque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas ;*

And as Horace saith of his :

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum :*

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners workes ;

*Nec Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.*

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, Chronus, Vulcanus, et Pater ipse gentis ;

*Nec tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec evis,
Aeternum potuit hoc abolere decus."*

1. *Monuments.* The quarto has "monument ;" corrected by Malone.
3. *These contents.* What is contained in these verses of mine.
7. *Mars his sword.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. i. 58 : "Mars his idiot," etc. Gr. 217.

13. *Till the judgment, etc.* "Till the decree of the judgment day that you arise from the dead" (Dowden). H. has this strange note : "*Arise* is here used transitively, and is put in the plural for the rhyme, though its subject is in the singular : 'Till the judgment-day that raises yourself from the dead,' is the meaning."

LVI.—"This, like the sonnets immediately preceding, is written in absence. The *love S.* addresses ('Sweet love, renew thy force') is the love in his own breast. Is the sight of his friend, of which he speaks, only the imaginative seeing of love ; such fancied sight as two betrothed persons may have although severed by the ocean?" (Dowden.)

6. *Wink.* Close in sleep, as after a full meal. See on 43. 1 above.

8. *Dullness.* "Taken in connection with *wink*, meaning sleep, *dullness* seems to mean *drowsiness*, as when Prospero says of Miranda's slumber (*Temp.* i. 2. 185) "'T is a good dullness'" (Dowden).

13. *Else.* The quarto has "As ;" corrected by Palgrave.

LVII.—"The absence spoken of in this sonnet seems to be voluntary absence on the part of Shakspeare's friend" (Dowden).

5. *World-without-end hour.* "The tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So *L. L. L.* v. 2. 799 : 'a world-without-end bargain'" (Malone).

12. *Where you are, etc.* How happy you make those where you are.

13. *Will.* The quarto has "Will" (not in italics). "If a play on

words is intended, it must be 'Love in your Will (your Will Shakspeare; can think no evil of you, do what you please;)' and also 'Love can discover no evil in your will'" (Dowden).

LVIII.—"A close continuation of 57; growing distrust in his friend, with a determination to resist such a feeling. Hence the attempt to disqualify himself for judging his friend's conduct, by taking the place of a vassal, a servant, a slave, in relation to a sovereign" (Dowden).

3. *To crave.* For the *to*, see Gr. 350.

6. *The imprison'd absence of your liberty.* "The separation from you, which is proper to your state of freedom, but which to me is imprisonment. Or the want of such liberty as you possess, which I, a prisoner, suffer" (Dowden).

7. *Tame to sufferance.* "Bearing tamely even cruel distress; or, tame even to the point of entire submission" (Dowden). Malone compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 225: "made tame to fortune's blows." *Bide each check* = endure each rebuke or rebuff.

10. *Your time To what*, etc. Malone reads "your time: Do what," etc.

LIX.—"Is this connected with the preceding sonnet? or a new starting-point? Immortality conferred by verse (54, 55) is again taken up in 60, connected with 59, and jealousy (57) in 61" (Dowden).

5. *Record.* Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. 122. 8 below.

6. *Courses.* Yearly courses, not daily. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 6:

"After
So many courses of the sun enthron'd;"

T. and C. iv. 1. 27: "A thousand complete courses of the sun," etc.

7. *Antique.* For the accent, see on 19. 10 above.

8. *Since mind*, etc. "Since thought was first expressed in writing" (Schmidt).

11. *Or whether.* The quarto has "or where," and some modern eds. print "whe'r" or "whêr." See Gr. 466.

12. *Or whether revolution*, etc. Whether the revolution of time brings about the same things.

LX.—"The thought of revolution, the revolving ages (59. 12), sets the poet thinking of changes wrought by time" (Dowden).

1. *Like as.* Cf. 118. 1 below. See also *T. and C.* i. 2. 7, *Ham.* i. 2. 217, etc.

5. *Nativity*, etc. The child once brought into this world of light. "As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light into which a new-born child is launched" (K.). Dowden remarks that the image in *main of light* is suggested by line 1, where our minutes are compared to waves.

7. *Crooked.* Malignant. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 22: "If crooked fortune had not thwarted me," etc. For the allusion to the supposed evil influence of eclipses, cf. 107. 5 below. Cf. also *Macb.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 1. 120, *Lear*, i. 2. 112, *Oth.* v. 2. 99, etc.

8. *Confound*. Destroy. See on 5. 6 above.
 9. *Flourish*. "External decoration" (Malone). Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 14: "the painted flourish of your praise," etc.
 10. *Delves the parallels*. Makes furrows. For the figure, cf. 2. 2 above; and for a different one, see 19. 9.
 13. *Times in hope*. Future times.

LXI.—"The jealous feeling of 57 reappears in this sonnet" (Dowden).

8. *Tenour*. The quarto has "tenure;" corrected by Malone.
 11. *Defeat*. Destroy. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 160: "His unkindness may defeat my life;" and see our ed. p. 201.

LXII.—"Perhaps the thought of jealousy in 61 suggests this. 'How self-loving to suppose my friend could be jealous of such an one as I—beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity! My apology for supposing that others could make love to me is that my friend's beauty is mine by right of friendship'" (Dowden).

5. *Gracious*. Full of grace, beautiful. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 81: "a gracious creature;" *T. N.* i. 5. 281: "A gracious person," etc.

7. *And for myself*, etc. Walker conjectures "so define," and Lettsom "so myself." Dowden asks: "Does *for myself* mean 'for my own satisfaction?'" Perhaps it merely adds emphasis to the statement.

8. *As I*, etc. In such a way that I, etc.

10. *Bated*. The quarto has "beated," which was probably an error of the ear for *bated* (=beaten down, weakened; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 32: "These griefs and losses have so bated me," etc.), *beat* being then pronounced *bate*. See *W. T.* p. 170, note on *Baits*; and cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 125, note on 68. Malone conjectured "bated," but thought *beated* might be right, as *casted* occurs in *Hen. V.* (iv. 1. 23). He says that *thrusted* is found in *Macb.*, but no such form is used by S. He has *splitted* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, *A. and C.* v. 1. 24, etc., *catched* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69, *becomed* in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26, *Cymb.* v. 5. 406, etc. Cf. Gr. 344. Steevens would read "blasted," and Coll. "beaten," which W. adopts.

For *chopp'd* (the quarto *chopt*) D. and others read "chapp'd." Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 158.

13. 'T is thee, myself. That is, thee, who art my other self.

LXIII.—"Obviously in close continuation of 62" (Dowden).

5. *Steepy night*. Malone was at first inclined to read "sleepy night," but afterwards decided that *steepy* is explained by 7. 5, 6 above. Dowden takes the same view. "Youth and age are on the steep ascent and the steep decline of heaven." St. says: "Chaucer [*C. T.* 201, 755] has 'eye step,' which his editors interpret 'eyes deep.' We believe in both cases the word is a synonym for *black* or *dark*." H. reads "sleepy."

9. *For such a time*. That is, in anticipation of it. *Fortify*=fortify myself, take defensive measures. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 56: "We fortify in paper and in figures."

10. *Confounding*. See on 60. 8 above.

LXIV.—“In 63. 12 the thought of the loss of his ‘lover’s life’ occurs; this sonnet (see line 12) carries out the train of reflection there started. ‘Time’s fell hand’ repeats ‘Time’s injurious hand’ of 63. 2” (Dowden). Palgrave remarks that the three sonnets 64–66 “form one poem of marvellous power, insight, and beauty.”

2. *Rich proud.* Hyphenated by Malone, like *down-ras’d* below.

5. *When I have seen the hungry ocean*, etc. Some critics have expressed surprise that S. should know anything of these gradual encroachments of the sea on the land; but they had become familiar on the east coast of England before his day. For one striking instance of the kind, see *Rich. II.* p. 178, note on *Ravenspurg*.

Capell quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 45 :

“O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune’s hips,” etc.

13. *This thought*, etc. This thought, which cannot choose but weep . . . is as a death.

14. *To have.* At having. See Gr. 356.

LXV.—“In close connection with 64. The first line enumerates the conquests of time recorded in 64. 1–8” (Dowden).

3. *This rage.* Malone conjectured “his rage.”

4. *Action.* Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, used in a legal sense, suggested by *hold a plea*.

6. *Wrackful.* The quarto has “wrackfull;” the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *wrack-threatening* in *R. of L.* 590. *Wrack* is the only spelling in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177; and note the rhyme in 126. 5 below.

10. *Chest.* Theo. conjectured “quest;” but, as Malone shows, the figure is a favourite one with S. Cf. 48. 9 above; and see also *K. John*, v. 1. 40, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 180, etc. *Time’s chest*=the oblivion to which he consigns our precious things.

12. *Of beauty.* The quarto has “or” for *of*, and Gildon reads “on.”

LXVI.—“From the thought of his friend’s death Shakspeare turns to think of his own, and of the ills of life from which death would deliver him” (Dowden).

1. *All these.* The evils enumerated below.

2. *Born.* St. conjectures “lorn,” and “empty” for *needy*.

8. *Disabled.* A quadrisyllable, which W. prints “disableëd.” See Gr. 477.

9. *Art made tongue-tied*, etc. “*Art* is commonly used by S. for letters, learning, science. Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?” (Dowden.)

11. *Simplicity.* Folly; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 23, iv. 3. 54, v. 2. 52, 78, etc.

LXVII.—“In close connection with 66. Why should my friend continue to live in this evil world?” (Dowden.)

4. *Lace*. Embellish. See *Macb.* p. 200.

6. *Dead seeing*. “Why should painting steal the *lifeless appearance* of beauty from his living hue?” (Dowden.) Capell and Farmer conjecture “seeming.”

9. *Bankrupt*. Spelled “banckrout” in the quarto. See *V. and A.* pp. 175, 184.

12. *Proud of many*, etc. “Nature, while she boasts of many beautiful persons, really has no treasure of beauty except his” (Dowden).

13. *Stores*. See on II. 9 above.

LXVIII.—“Carries on the thought of 67. 13, 14. Cf. the last two lines of both sonnets” (Dowden).

1. *Map of days outworn*. Malone compares *R. of L.* 1350: “this pattern of the worn-out age.” For *map* = picture, image, cf. *R. of L.* 402: “the map of death;” *Rich. II.* v. 1. 12: “Thou map of honour,” etc.

3. *Fair*. See on 16. 11 above.

5, 6. For Shakespeare’s antipathy to false hair, see *M. of V.* p. 149. Cf. note on 20. 1 above.

10. *Without all*. That is, without any. Dowden compares 74. 2 below. For *itself* Malone conjectures “himself.”

LXIX.—“From the thought of his friend’s external beauty S. turns to think of the beauty of his mind, and the popular report against it” (Dowden).

3. *Due*. The quarto has “end;” corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell and Tyrwhitt). Sewell (2d ed.) has “thy due.”

5. *Thy*. The quarto has “Their;” corrected by Malone, who later substituted “Thine.”

7. *Confound*. Destroy. See on 5. 6 above.

14. *Soil*. The quarto has “solye,” and the ed. of 1640 “soyle.” Gildon has “toil.” Malone (followed by D., W., and H.) reads “solve” (=solution). The Camb. editors and Dowden give “soil,” and the former say: “As the verb *to soil* is not uncommon in Old English, meaning *to solve* (as, for example, in Udal’s *Erasmus*: ‘This question could not one of them all soile’), so the substantive *soil* may be used in the sense of *solution*. The play upon words thus suggested is in the author’s manner.”

LXX.—“Continues the subject of the last sonnet, and defends his friend from the suspicion and slander of the time” (Dowden).

1. *Art*. The quarto has “are;” corrected in the ed. of 1640.

3. *Suspect*. Suspicion. For the noun, which S. uses some dozen times, cf. *Rich. III.* p. 188.

6. *Thy*. Again the quarto has “Their.”

Being woo’d of time. “Being solicited or tempted by the present times” (Dowden). Steevens quotes B. J., *Every Man Out of his Hu-*

mour, prol. : "Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of time" (that is, the times). St. conjectures "crime" for *time*.

7. *Canker*. The canker-worm; as in 35. 4 above.

12. *To tie up*. As to tie up, that is, silence. Gr. 281. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 206 : "Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently." See also *R. and F.* iv. 5. 32, and *M. for M.* iii. 2. 199. *Enlarg'd*=set at large, given free scope. Hales writes to Dowden on this passage : "Surely a reference here to the *Faerie Queene*, end of book vi. Calidore ties up the Blatent Beast; after a time he breaks his iron chain, 'and got into the world at liberty again,' that is, is *evermore enlarg'd*."

14. *Owe*. Own, possess. Cf. 18. 10 above.

LXXI.—"Shakspeare goes back to the thought of his own death, from which he was led away by 66. 14, 'to die, I leave my love alone.' The world in this sonnet is the 'vile world' described in 66" (Dowden).

2. *The surly sullen bell*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 102 :

"as a sullen bell
Remember'd knolling a departed friend;"

R. and F. iv. 5. 88 : "sullen dirges;" and Milton, *Il Pens.* 76 : "Swinging slow with sullen roar" (the curfew bell).

10. *Compounded am with clay*. Malone quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 116 : "Only compound me with forgotten dust."

LXXII.—"In close continuation of 71. 'When I die, let my memory die with me'" (Dowden).

4. *Prove*. Find; as in *R. of L.* 613 : "When they in thee the like offences prove," etc. See also 153. 7 below.

6. *Desert*. For the rhyme, cf. 14. 12, 17. 2, and 49. 10 above.

7. *I*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 321 : "between you and I." See also Gr. 209.

14. *So should you*. That is, *be shamed*. *To love*=for loving. Gr. 356.

LXXIII.—"Still, as in 71 and 72, thoughts of approaching death" (Dowden).

2. *Yellow leaves*. Steevens compares *Macb.* v. 3. 23 :

"my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf."

4. *Ruin'd choirs*. The quarto has "rn'wd quiers;" corrected in the ed. of 1640. (Steevens remarks : "The image was probably suggested by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothic aisle and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch overhead, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque.")

9. *The glowing of such fire*, etc. Malone remarks that Gray perhaps remembered these lines when he wrote "Even in our ashes live [not "glow," as Malone quotes it] their wonted fires."

12. *Consum'd*, etc. - "Wasting away on the dead ashes which once nourished it with living flame" (Dowden).

LXXIV.—“In immediate continuation of 73” (Dowden).

1. *That fell arrest.* Capell quotes *Ham.* v. 2. 347:

“Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.”

6. *Consecrate.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 134: “this body, consecrate to thee,” etc.

7. *His.* Its; as in 9. 10 and 14. 6 above.

11. *The coward conquest,* etc. Dowden asks: “Does S. merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe’s death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to dissection of dead bodies? Or is it ‘confounding age’s cruel knife’ of 63. 10?” If not a merely figurative expression, like this last, the key to it is probably in the first question above: this life which is at the mercy of any base assassin’s knife. The latter seems to us the preferable explanation. Palgrave says that the expression “must allude to anatomical dissections, then recently revived in Europe by Vesalius, Fallopius, Paré, and others.” Cf. p. 39, foot-note, above.

13, 14. *The worth* etc. “The worth of that (my body) is that which it contains (my spirit), and that (my spirit) is this (my poems)” (Dowden).

LXXV.—“The last sonnet seems to me like an *Envoy*, and perhaps a new MS. book of Sonnets begins with 75-77” (Dowden).

2. *Sweet-season’d.* The hyphen is due to Malone.

3. *The peace of you.* “The peace, content, to be found in you; antithesis to *strife*” (Dowden). Malone conjectured “*price*” or “*sake*” for *peace*.

6. *Doubting.* Suspecting, fearing. Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 42: “I doubt he be not well,” etc.

10. *Clean.* Quite, completely. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 188. On the line, cf. 47. 3 above (see note).

11, 12. *Possessing or pursuing,* etc. That is, possessing no delight save what is had, and pursuing none save what must be taken from you. Cf. 27. 13 above. For *took*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 131: “Stumbling in fear, was took,” etc. Gr. 343.

14. *Or gluttoning,* etc. That is, either having a surplus of food or none at all.

LXXVI.—“Is this an apology for Shakspeare’s own sonnets—of which his friend begins to weary—in contrast with the verses of the rival poet, spoken of in 78-80?” (Dowden.)

6. *In a noted weed.* “In a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours” (Steevens). For *weed*, see on 2. 4 above; and for *noted*, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 21: “the antique and well noted face,” etc. For *invention*, see on 38. 8 above.

7. *Tell.* The quarto has “fel,” and Lintott “fell;” corrected by Malone. *That*=so that; as in 98. 4 below. Gr. 283.

8. *Where*. Capell conjectured "whence;" but cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 15, *A.* and *C.* ii. 1. 18, etc.

LXXVII.—"Probably," says Steevens, 'this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper.' 'This conjecture,' says Malone, 'appears to me extremely probable.' If I might hazard a conjecture, it would be that Shakspeare, who had perhaps begun a new manuscript-book with Sonnet 75, and who, as I suppose, apologized for the monotony of his verses in 76, here ceased to write, knowing that his friend was favouring a rival, and invited his friend to fill up the blank pages himself (see on 12 below). Beauty, Time, and Verse formed the theme of many of Shakspeare's sonnets; now that he will write no more, he commends his friend to his *glass*, where he may discover the truth about his *beauty*; to the *dial*, where he may learn the progress of *time*; and to this *book*, which he himself—not Shakspeare—must fill. C. A. Brown and Henry Brown treat this sonnet as an *En-voy*" (Dowden).

6. *Mouthed graves*. "All-devouring graves" (Malone). Cf. *V. and A.* 757: "What is thy body but a swallowing grave?"

7. *Shady stealth*. That is, the stealthy motion of the shadow.

8. *Time's thievish progress*. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 169: "the thievish minutes," etc.

10. *Blanks*. The quarto has "blacks;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Theo. and Capell).

12. Dowden remarks: "Perhaps this is said with some feeling of wounded love—my verses have grown monotonous and wearisome; write yourself, and you will find novelty in your own thoughts when once delivered from your brain and set down by your pen. Perhaps, also, 'this learning mayst thou taste' (4) is suggested by the fact that S. is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you learning; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them."

LXXVIII.—"Shakspeare, I suppose, receives some renewed profession of love from his friend, and again addresses him in verse, openly speaking of the cause of his estrangement, the favour with which his friend regards the rival poet" (Dowden).

3. *As every alien pen*, etc. That every other poet has acquired my habit of writing to you. For the use of *as*, see Gr. 109. In the quarto *alien* is in italics and begins with a capital. See on 20. 8 above.

6. *Heavy ignorance*. As Malone notes, the expression occurs again in *Oth.* ii. 1. 144.

7. *The learned's wing*. D. compares Spenser, *Tears of the Muses*:

"Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the learned's task upon him take."

9. *Compile*. Compose, write; the only sense in S. Cf. 85. 2 below; and see also *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 134, v. 2. 52, 896.

12. *Arts*. Learning, letters. Cf. *L. L. L.* p. 128, note on *Living art*.

13. *Advance*. Raise, lift up. Cf. *Cor.* p. 210.

LXXIX.—“In continuation of Sonnet 78” (Dowden).

5. *Thy lovely argument.* The *argument* or theme of your loveliness.

6. *Travail.* The ed. of 1640 has “travel.” The two forms are used indiscriminately in the early eds. without regard to the meaning.

LXXX.—“Same subject continued” (Dowden).

2. *A better spirit.* For the conjectures as to this *better spirit*, see p. 24 above. *Spirit* is monosyllabic, as often. Cf. 74. 8 above; and see Gr. 463.

11. *Wrack'd.* The quarto has “wrackt.” See on 65. 6 above.

LXXXI.—“After depreciating his own verse in comparison with that of the rival poet, S. here takes heart, and asserts that he will by verse confer immortality on his friend, though his own name may be forgotten” (Dowden).

1. *Or.* St. conjectures “Whe'r” (= Whether). See on 59. 11 above.

12. *The breathers of this world.* Those who are now living. Malone compares *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 297: “I will chide no breather in the world but myself.” Walker proposes to point as follows:

“shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse;
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live,” etc.;

but, as Dowden remarks, it is rare with S. to let the verse run on without a pause at the twelfth line of the sonnet.

LXXXII.—“His friend had perhaps alleged in playful self-justification that he had not married Shakspeare's Muse, vowing to forsake all other and keep him only unto her” (Dowden).

2. *Attaint.* Blame, discredit. Cf. the verb in 88. 7 below. *O'erlook* = peruse; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 121, *Lear*, v. 1. 50, etc.

3. *Dedicated words.* “This may only mean *devoted words*, but probably has reference, as the next line seems to show, to the words of some dedication prefixed to a book” (Dowden).

5. *Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.* “S. had celebrated his friend's beauty (hue); perhaps his learned rival had celebrated the patron's knowledge; such excellence reached ‘a limit past the praise’ of Shakspeare, who knew small Latin and less Greek” (Dowden).

10. *Strained.* Forced, overwrought.

11. *Sympathiz'd.* Described sympathetically, or with true appreciation. Cf. *R. of L.* 1113:

“True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.”

The meaning seems to be: thy nature, which is truly fair, needs no forced rhetoric to set it off, but is best described in the plain language of simple truth.

LXXXIII.—“Takes up the last words of 82, and continues the same theme” (Dowden).

2. *Fair*. Beauty. See on 16. 11 above.
5. *And therefore have I slept*, etc. "And therefore I have not sounded your praises" (Malone).
7. *Modern*. Ordinary, common. See *Macb.* p. 243.
8. *What*. Malone conjectured "that."
12. *Bring a tomb*. Dowden compares 17. 3 above.

LXXXIV.—"Continues the same theme. Which of us, the rival poet or I, can say more than that you are you?" (Dowden.)

6. *His*. Its; as in 9. 10, 14. 6, and 74. 7 above.
8. *Story*. Most eds. put a comma after this word. We retain the pointing of the quarto, which Dowden also thinks may be right.
11. *Fame*. Make famous. Elsewhere S. uses only the participle *famed*.
14. *Being fond on*. Doting on. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 266: "More fond on her than she upon her love." See also the verb (though Schmidt thinks it may as well be the adjective) in *T. N.* ii. 2. 35:

"my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him."

LXXXV.—"Continues the subject of 84. Shakspeare's friend is fond on praise; Shakspeare's Muse is silent, while others compile comments of his praise" (Dowden).

1. *Tongue-tied muse*. Cf. 80. 4 above.
2. *Compil'd*. See on 78. 9 above.
3. *Reserve their character*. Probably corrupt. The Camb. ed. records the plausible anonymous conjecture, "Rehearse thy" (or "your"). Dowden suggests "Deserve their character" (=deserve to be written). Malone makes *reserve*=preserve (cf. 32. 7 above), but does not tell us what "preserve their character" can mean here.
4. *Fil'd*. Polished (as with a file). Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 12: "his tongue filed." See also on 86. 13 below.
11. *But that*. That is, what I *add*.

LXXXVI.—"Continues the subject of 85, and explains the cause of Shakspeare's silence" (Dowden).

1. *Proud full sail*. Cf. 80. 6 above.
4. *Making their tomb the womb*, etc. Malone compares *R. and J.* ii. 3. 9:

"The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb."

See also *Per.* ii. 3. 45:

"Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent and he is their grave;"

and Milton, *P. L.* ii. 911: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." We find the same thought in Lucretius, v. 259: "Omniparens eadem rerum commune sepulcrum."

5-10. See p. 24 and p. 40, foot-note, above.

8. *Astonished*. Stunned as by a thunderstroke. Cf. *R. of L.* 1730: "Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed," etc.

13. *Fill'd up his line*. Malone, Steevens, and D. read "fil'd," etc. Steevens cites B. J., *Verses on Shakespeare*: "In his well-torned and true-filed lines." But, as Dowden notes, *fill'd up his line* is opposed to *then lack'd I matter*. The quarto has "fild," as in 17. 2 and 63. 3; while it has "fil'd" in 85. 4.

LXXXVII.—"Increasing coldness on his friend's part brings S. to the point of declaring that all is over between them. This sonnet in form is distinguished by double-rhymes throughout" (Dowden).

4. *Determinate*. "Determined, ended, out of date. The term is used in legal conveyances" (Malone). Schmidt explains the word as = "limited;" as in *T. N.* ii. 1. 11: "my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy."

8. *Patent*. Privilege. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 80: "my virgin patent;" *A. W.* iv. 5. 69: "a patent for his sauciness," etc.

11. *Misprision*. Mistake, error. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 187: "There is some strange misprision in the princes," etc.

14. *No such matter*. Nothing of the kind. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 225: "the sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter," etc.

LXXXVIII.—"In continuation. S. still asserts his own devotion, though his unfaithful friend not only should forsake him, but even hold him in scorn" (Dowden).

1. *Set me light*. Set light by me, esteem me lightly. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 293: "The man that mocks at it and sets it light."

7. *Attainted*. See on 82. 2 above.

8. *Shall*. The quarto has "shall;" corrected by Sewell.

12. *Double-vantage*. The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

LXXXIX.—"Continues the subject of 88, showing how S. will take part with his friend against himself" (Dowden).

3. *My lameness*. See on 37. 3 above.

6. *To set a form*, etc. By giving a good semblance to the change which you desire. Palgrave makes it = "by defining the change you desire." For the infinitive, see Gr. 356. Dowden compares *M. N. D.* i. 1. 233.

8. *I will acquaintance strangle*. "I will put an end to our familiarity" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 150: "That makes thee strangle thy propriety" (disavow thy personality); *A. and C.* ii. 6. 130: "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity." Malone calls *strangle* "uncouth;" but, as K. asks, "why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word? The miserable affectation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound appeared not to harmonize with the mincing prettiness of polite conversation, emasculated our language; and it will take some time to restore it to its ancient nervousness."

13. *Debate*. Contest, quarrel; the only meaning in S. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 116:

“And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension.”

XC.—“Takes up the last word of 89, and pleads pathetically for hatred; for the worst, speedily, if at all” (Dowden).

6. *The rearward*, etc. Malone compares *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 128:

“Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.”

13. *Strains of woe*. Dowden quotes *Much Ado*, v. 1. 12:

“Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain.”

XCI.—“Having in 90 thought of his own persecution at the hand of Fortune, S. here contrasts his state with that of the favourites of Fortune, maintaining that if he had but assured possession of his friend's love, he would lack none of their good things” (Dowden).

3. *New-fangled*. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106 and *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 152.

4. *Horse*. Probably a contracted plural. See *Macb.* p. 204, or Gr. 471. Cf. *sense* in 112. 10 below.

9. *Better*. The quarto has “bitter;” corrected in the ed. of 1640.

XCII.—“In close connection with 91. This sonnet argues for the contradictory of the last two lines of that immediately preceding it. No: you cannot make me wretched by taking away your love, for, with such a loss, death must come and free me from sorrow” (Dowden).

10. *On thy revolt doth lie*. Hangs upon thy faithlessness. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 188: “The smallest doubt or fear of her revolt,” etc.

13. *Blessed-fair*. Hyphenated by Malone.

XCIII.—“Carries on the thought of the last line of 92” (Dowden).

7. *In many's looks*. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 91: “in many's eyes” (omitted by Schmidt).

11. *Whate'er*. The quarto has “what ere;” corrected by Gildon.

XCIV.—“In 93 Shakspeare has described his friend as able to show a sweet face while harbouring false thoughts; the subject is enlarged on in the present sonnet. They who can hold their passions in check, who can seem loving yet keep a cool heart, who move passion in others, yet are cold and unmoved themselves—they rightly inherit from heaven large gifts, for they husband them; whereas passionate intemperate natures squander their endowments; those who can assume this or that semblance as they see reason are the masters and owners of their faces; others have no property in such excellences as they possess, but hold them for the advantage of the prudent self-contained persons. True, these self-contained persons may seem to lack generosity; but, then, without making voluntary gifts they give inevitably, even as the summer's flower is sweet to the summer, though it live and die only to itself. Yet, let

such an one beware of corruption, which makes odious the sweetest flowers" (Dowden).

4. *Cold*. The quarto has "could;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

6. *Expense*. Expenditure, waste. Cf. 129. 1 below.

11. *Base*. St. conjectures "foul," and Walker "barest" for *basest* in the next line.

14. *Lilies*, etc. This line is found also in *Edw. III.* ii. 1, the passage being as follows:

"A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory, that inclines to sin,
The same is treble by the opposite."

The scene is one that some critics ascribe to S. The play was first printed in 1596. See also on 142. 6 below. *Fester*=rot; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 88 and *R. and J.* iv. 3. 43.

Dowden compares with this sonnet *T. N.* iii. 4. 399 fol.: "But O how vile an idol," etc.

XCV.—"Continues the warning of 94. 13, 14. Though now you seem to make the shame beautiful, beware! a time will come when it may be otherwise" (Dowden).

2. *Canker*. See on 35. 4 above.

8. *Naming thy name*, etc. Steevens compares *A. and C.* ii. 2. 243:

"for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish."

12. *Turn*. The quarto has "turnes;" corrected by Sewell.

XCVI.—"Continues the subject of 95. Pleads against the misuse of his friend's gifts, against youthful licentiousness" (Dowden).

2. *Gentle sport*. Cf. 95. 6 above.

3. *More and less*. High and low; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 68: "The more and less came in with cap and knee." See our ed. p. 192.

10. *If like a lamb*, etc. "If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of a lamb" (Malone). As Dowden notes, the thought of 9, 10 is expressed in different imagery in 93. For *translate*=transform, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 113: "translate beauty into his likeness."

12. *The strength of all thy state*. "Used periphrastically, and = all thy strength" (Schmidt). Dowden makes *state*="majesty, splendour."

13, 14. The same couplet closes *Sonn.* 36. See p. 33 above.

XCVII.—"A new group of sonnets seems to begin here" (Dowden).

5. *This time remov'd*. "This time in which I was *remote* or absent from thee" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 92: "a twenty years removed thing."

6. *The teeming autumn*, etc. Malone compares *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 112: "The childing autumn," etc.

7. *Prime*. Spring; as in *R. of L.* 332: "To add a more rejoicing to the prime."

10. *Hope of orphans*. "Such hope as orphans bring; or, expectation of the birth of children whose father is dead" (Dowden).

XCVIII.—"The subject of 97 is Absence in Summer and Autumn; the subject of 98 and 99, Absence in Spring" (Dowden).

2. *Proud-pied April*. April in its richly variegated apparel. For *pied*, cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904: "daisies pied," etc. On the passage, Malone compares *R. and J.* i. 2. 27:

"Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads."

4. *That*. So that; as in 76. 7 above. *Heavy Saturn*—"the gloomy side of nature; or the saturnine spirit in life" (Palgrave).

6. *Different flowers in*, etc. That is, flowers different in, etc. Cf. 44. 6 above. Gr. 419a.

7. *Summer's story*. Malone remarks: "By a *summer's story* S. seems to have meant some *gay fiction*. Thus his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. * On the other hand, in *W. T.* he tells us 'a *sad tale's* best for *winter*.' So also in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 12:

"If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still."

9. *Lily's*. The quarto has "lillies," which was probably meant to be the possessive; but Malone and others retain it as the objective plural.

11. *They were but sweet*, etc. "The poet refuses to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend" (Steevens). Malone would read "They were, my sweet," etc. Lettsom proposes "They were but fleeting figures of delight."

XCIX.—"In connection with the last line of 98. The present sonnet has fifteen lines, as also has one of the sonnets in Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*" (Dowden).

6. *Condemned for thy hand*. Condemned for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.

7. *And buds of marjoram*, etc. Dowden compares Suckling's *Tragedy of Brenmoralt*, iv. 1:

"Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of marjoram;
Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing."

He adds: "Mr. H. C. Hart tells me that buds of marjoram are dark

* Dowden asks: "But is not *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* so named because on Midsummer Eve men's dreams ran riot, ghosts were visible, maidens practised divination for husbands, and 'midsummer madness' (*T. N.* iii. 4. 61) reached its height?"

purple-red before they open, and afterwards pink; dark auburn I suppose would be the nearest approach to marjoram in the colour of hair. Mr. Hart suggests that the marjoram has stolen not colour but *perfume* from the young man's hair. Gervase Markham gives sweet marjoram as an ingredient in 'The water of sweet smells,' and Culpepper says 'marjoram is much used in all odoriferous waters.' Cole (*Adam in Eden*, ed. 1657) says 'Marjerome is a chief ingredient in most of those powders that Barbers use, in whose shops I have seen great store of this herb hung up.'

8. *On thorns did stand*. A quibbling allusion to the proverbial expression, "to stand on thorns." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 596: "But O the thorns we stand upon!"

9. *One*. The quarto has "Our;" corrected by Sewell.

13. *Canker*. See on 35. 4 above.

15. *Sweet*. Walker conjectures "scent."

C.—"Written after a cessation from sonnet-writing, during which S. had been engaged in authorship—writing plays for the public as I suppose, instead of poems for his friend" (Dowden).

3. *Fury*. Poetic enthusiasm or inspiration. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 229: "what fury hath inspir'd thee now?" So we have "prophetic fury" in *Oth.* iii. 4. 72.

9. *Resty*. Too fond of *rest*, torpid; as in *Cymb.* iii. 6. 34: "resty sloth," etc. D. quotes Coles, *Latin Dict.*: "Resty, piger, lentus."

11. *Satire*. Satirist. Walker quotes B. J., *Masque of Time Vindicated*: "'T is Chronomastix, the brave satyr;" *Poetaster*, v. 1: "The honest satyr hath the happiest soul" [*satyr* and *satire* were used interchangeably in this sense]; Goffe, *Courageous Turk*, ii. 3:

"Poor men may love, and none their wills correct,
But all turn satires of a king's affect;"

Shirley, *Witty Fair One*, i. 3: "prithee, Satire, choose another walk," etc.

14. *So thou prevent'st*, etc. "So by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons" (Steevens).

CI.—"Continues the address to his Muse, calling on her to sing again the praises of his friend: 100 calls on her to praise his beauty; 101, his 'truth in beauty dyed'" (Dowden).

6. *His colour*. That of my friend.

7. *Lay*. That is, lay on, like a painter's colours. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 258:

"'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

11. *Him*. Changed to "her" in the ed. of 1640; as *him* and *he* in 14 to "her" and "she."

CII.—"In continuation. An apology for having ceased to sing" (Dowden).

3. *That love is merchandiz'd*, etc. See on 21. 14 above; and cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 13:

"my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

7. *In summer's front*. In the beginning of summer. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 3: "Peering in April's front."

8. *Her pipe*. The quarto has "his pipe;" corrected by Housman (*Coll. of Eng. Sonnets*, 1835).

9. *Not that the summer*, etc. Capell quotes *M. of V.* v. 1. 104:

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren."

CIII.—"Continues the same apology" (Dowden).

3. *The argument, all bare*. The mere *theme* of my verse.

7. *Blunt*. Dull, clumsy.

9. *Striving to mend*, etc. Malone compares *Lear*, i. 4. 369: "Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."

CIV.—"Resumes the subject from which the poet started in 100. After absence and cessation from song, he resurveys his friend's face, and inquires whether Time has stolen away any of its beauty. Note the important reference to time, three years 'since first I saw you fresh'" (Dowden).

3. *Winters*. D. reads "winters'," which may be right.

4. *Summers' pride*. Steevens cites *R. and J.* i. 2. 10: "Let two more summers wither in their pride."

10. *Steal from his figure*. Creep away from the figure on the dial. Cf. 77. 7 above.

CV.—"To the beauty praised in 100, and the truth and beauty in 101, S. now adds a third perfection, kindness; and these three sum up the perfections of his friend" (Dowden).

1. *Let not my love*, etc. "Because the continual repetition of the same praises seemed like a form of worship" (Walker). Cf. 108. 1-8.

14. *Never kept seat*. Gildon reads "never sate," and Sewall "have never sate."

CVI.—"The last line of 105 declares that his friend's perfections were never before possessed by one person. This leads the poet to gaze backward on the famous persons of former ages, men and women, his friend being possessor of the united perfections of both man and woman (as in 20 and 53)" (Dowden).

1. *Chronicle*. Hales (quoted by Dowden) asks: "What *chronicle* is he thinking of? The *Faerie Queene*?" *The chronicle of wasted time* may be simply = the history of the past.

8. *Master*. Possess, control; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 137: "these he masters now," etc.

9. Dowden compares Constable's *Diana* :

"Miracle of the world, I never will deny
That former poets praise the beauty of their days;
But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
And all those poets did of thee but prophesy."

11. *And for they look'd.* And because they looked. See on 54. 9 above.

12. *Skill.* The quarto has "still;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt and Capell).

CVII.—"Continues the celebration of his friend, and rejoices in their restored affection. Mr. Massey explains this sonnet as a song of triumph for the death of Elizabeth, and the deliverance of Southampton from the Tower. Elizabeth (Cynthia) is the eclipsed mortal moon of line 5; cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 153 :

'Alack, our terrene moon [Cleopatra]
Is now eclips'd.'

But an earlier reference to a moon-eclipse (35. 3) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright. I interpret (as Mr. Simpson does, in his *Philosophy of Shakspeare's Sonnets*, p. 79): 'Not my own fears (that my friend's beauty may be on the wane (see 104. 9-14) nor the prophetic soul of the world, prophesying in the persons of dead knights and ladies your perfections (see 106), and so prefiguring your death, can confine my lease of love to a brief term of years. Darkness and fears are past, the augurs of ill find their predictions falsified, doubts are over, peace has come in place of strife; the love in my heart is fresh and young (see 108. 9), and I have conquered Death, for in this verse we both shall find life in the memories of men'" (Dowden).

4. *Suppos'd as forfeit*, etc. "Supposed to be a lease expiring within a limited term" (Dowden).

Confin'd. For the accent, see on 33. 7. For the ordinary accent, cf. 105. 7 and 110. 12.

5. *Eclipse.* See on 60. 7 above.

6. *Mock their own presage.* "Laugh at the futility of their own predictions" (Steevens).

7. *Incertainties.* Cf. 115. 11 below, and *W. T.* iii. 2. 170. These are the only instances of the word in S., and *uncertainty* also occurs three times.

8. *And peace proclaims*, etc. "The peace completed early in 1609, which ended the war between Spain and the United Provinces, might answer to the tone of this sonnet. Mr. Massey dates it at the accession of James I., and argues that the *eclipse* of the *mortal moon* refers to the death of Elizabeth" (Palgrave). See Dowden's note above.

10. *My love looks fresh.* "I am not sure whether this means 'the love in my heart,' or 'my love' = my friend. Compare 104. 8 and 108. 9" (Dowden).

Subscribes. Yields, submits. Cf. *Lear*, p. 178.

12. *Insults o'er*. Exults or triumphs over. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 14: "insulting o'er his prey."

CVIII.—"How can 'this poor rhyme' which is to give us both unending life (107. 10-14) be carried on? Only by saying over again the same old things. But eternal love, in 'love's fresh case' (an echo of 'my love looks fresh,' 107. 10), knows no age, and finds what is old still fresh and young" (Dowden).

3. *New to register*. The quarto has "now" for *new*; corrected by Malone. Walker would read "What's now to speak, what now," etc.

5. *Sweet boy*. The ed. of 1640 has "sweet-love."

9. *Love's fresh case*. "Love's new condition and circumstances, the new youth of love spoken of in 107. 10" (Dowden). Malone takes it to be a reference to the poet's own compositions.

13, 14. *Finding*, etc. "Finding the first conception of love—that is, love as passionate as at first—excited by one whose years and outward form show the effects of age" (Dowden).

CIX.—"The first ardour of love is now renewed as in the days of our early friendship (108. 13, 14). But what of the interval of absence and estrangement? S. confesses his wanderings, yet declares that he was never wholly false" (Dowden).

2. *Qualify*. Temper, moderate. Cf. *R. of L.* 424:

"His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd," etc.

4. *In thy breast*. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826: "Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast." See also *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 121, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 204, etc.

5. *My home of love*, etc. Malone compares *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 170:

"My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd."

7. *Just to the time*, etc. "Punctual to the time, not altered with the time" (Dowden); the only instance of this sense of *exchanged* in S.

11. *Stain'd*. St. conjectures "strain'd."

14. *My rose*. Cf. I. 2 above.

CX.—"In 109 S. has spoken of having wandered from his 'home of love'; here he continues the subject, 'Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there.' This sonnet and the next are commonly taken to express distaste for his life as a player" (Dowden).

2. *Motley*. A wearer of *motley*, that is, a fool or jester. See *A. Y. L.* p. 162.

3. *Gor'd mine own thoughts*. That is, done violence to them. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 228: "My fame is shrewdly gor'd," etc.

4. *Made old offences*, etc. "Entered into new friendships and loves which were transgressions against my old love" (Dowden).

6. *Strangely*. Distantly, mistrustfully. Cf. 49. 5 above.

7. *Blenches*. Startings-aside, aberrations; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *W. T.* i. 2. 333, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 68, *M. for M.* iv. 5. 5, etc.

9. *Have what shall have no end.* Malone reads "save what" (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt); but the meaning is "now all my wanderings and errors are over, take love which has no end" (Dowden).

10. *Grind.* Whet.

12. *A god in love,* etc. "This line seems to be a reminiscence of the thoughts expressed in 105, and to refer to the First Commandment" (Dowden).

CXI.—"Continues the apology for his wanderings of heart, ascribing them to his ill fortune—that, as commonly understood, which compels him to a player's way of life" (Dowden).

1. *With.* The quarto has "wish;" corrected by Gildon. For *hide with*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 32, *Oth.* iv. 2. 167, etc.

2. *Harmful.* The ed. of 1640 has "harmlesse."

10. *Eisel.* Vinegar. Skelton (quoted by Nares) says of Jesus:

"He drank eisel and gall
To redeeme us withal."

Cf. *Ham.* p. 265.

CXII.—"Takes up the word *pity* from III. 14, and declares that his friend's love and pity compensate the dishonours of his life, spoken of in the last sonnet" (Dowden).

4. *O'er-green.* Sewell reads "o'er-skreen," and Steevens conjectures "o'er-grieve." *Allow* = approve; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 194:

"O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience."

Cf. *Ps.* xi. 6 (Prayer-Book version): "The Lord alloweth the righteous."

7. *None else,* etc. "No one living for me except you, nor I alive to any, who can change my feelings fixed as steel either for good or ill—either to pleasure or pain" (Dowden). Malone conjectures "e'er changes," and K. "so changes." D. prints "sense," both here and in 10 below. In the latter case it is pretty certainly the contracted plural (see on 91. 4 above), and perhaps here also.

9. *Abysm.* Printed "*Abysme*" in the quarto. See on 20. 7 above:

10. *Adder's sense.* For other allusions to the proverbial deafness of the adder, see 2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2. 76 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 172.

11. *Critic.* Carper; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* p. 141.

12. *With . . . dispense.* Excuse. See *C. of E.* p. 117, note on 103.

13. *So strongly,* etc. "So kept and harbour'd in my thoughts" (Schmidt).

14. *Are dead.* The quarto has "y' are;" corrected by Malone (1780). D. and Dowden read "they're."

CXIII.—"In connection with 112; the writer's mind and senses are filled with his friend; in 112 he tells how his ear is stopped to all other voices but one beloved voice; here he tells how his eye sees things only as related to his friend" (Dowden).

3. *Part his function.* Divide its function. H. makes *part* = "depart from, forsake;" but *partly* confirms the other explanation.

6. *Latch.* Catch. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 195: "Where hearing should not latch them;" and see our ed. p. 244. The quarto has "lack;" corrected by Malone.

10. *Favour.* Countenance, aspect. Cf. 125. 5 below. See also *Prov.* xxxi. 30.

14. *Makes mine eye untrue.* The quarto reads "maketh mine untrue," which Malone explains thus: "The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth, that is, my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind;" and W. as follows: "maketh the semblance, the fictitious (and so the false or untrue) object which is constantly before me." On the whole, we prefer the reading in the text, which occurred independently to Capell and Malone. Coll. suggests "maketh my eyne untrue," and Lettsom "mak'th mine eye untrue."

CXIV.—"Continues the subject treated in 113, and inquires why and how it is that his eye gives a false report of objects" (Dowden).

4. *Alchemy.* Printed "*Alcumie*" in the quarto. See on 20. 7 above.

5. *Indigest.* Chaotic, formless. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 157: "foul indigested lump;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 51: "an indigested and deformed lump." These are the only instances of the words in S.

6. *Cherubins.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 152: "a cherubin;" and see our ed. p. 115.

9. *'T is flattery in my seeing.* Dowden quotes *T. N.* i. 5. 238:

"I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind."

11. *What with his gust is greeing.* What suits its (the eye's) taste. The quarto has *greeing*, not "greeing," as commonly printed. See Wb. For *gust*, cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 33: "the gust he hath in quarrelling," etc.

13, 14. As Steevens remarks, the allusion is here to the *tasters* to princes, whose office it was to taste and declare the good quality of dishes and liquors served up. Cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 28: "who did taste to him?" and see *Rich. II.* p. 220, note on *Taste of it first*.

CXV.—"Shakspeare now desires to show that love has grown through error and seeming estrangement. Before trial and error love was but a babe" (Dowden).

11. *Certain o'er uncertainty*, etc. Cf. 107. 7 above.

CXVI.—"Admits his wanderings, but love is fixed above all the errors and trials of man and man's life" (Dowden).

2. *Impediments.* Alluding to the Marriage Service: "If any of you know cause or just impediment," etc.

Love is not love, etc. Steevens quotes *Lear*, i. 1. 241:

"Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands
Aloof from the entire point."

5. *An ever-fixed mark*, etc. Malone cites *Cor.* v. iii. 74: "Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw."

8. *Whose worth's unknown*, etc. Apparently, whose stellar influence is unknown, although his angular altitude has been determined" (Palgrave); an astrological allusion. Dowden remarks: "The passage seems to mean, As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies. This interpretation is confirmed by the next sonnet (117) in which the simile of sailing at sea is introduced; Shakspeare there confesses his wanderings, and adds as his apology

'I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love'—

constancy, the guiding fixedness of love; *virtue*, the 'unknown worth.' Walker proposed 'whose north's unknown,' explaining 'As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north; so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of "north"?' *Judicent rei astronomica periti.* Dr. Ingleby (*The Soule Arayed*, 1872, pp. 5, 6, note) after quoting in connection with this passage the lines in which Cæsar speaks of himself (*J. C.* iii. 1) as 'constant as the northern star,' writes: 'Here human virtue is figured under the "true-fix'd and resting quality" of the northern star. Surely, then, the *worth* spoken of must be *constancy* or *fixedness*. The sailor must know that the star has this worth, or his latitude would not depend on its altitude. Just so without the knowledge of this worth in love, a man "hoists sail to all the winds," and is "frequent with unknown minds.'" *Height*, it should be observed, was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of value, and the word may be used here in a double sense, *altitude* (of the star) and *value* (of love); love whose worth is unknown, however it may be valued."

9. *Time's fool*. The sport or mockery of Time. Malone quotes *1 Hen. IV.* v. 4. 81: "But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool."

11. *His brief hours*. Referring to *Time*.

12. *The edge of doom*. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 3. 5:

"We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard."

CXVII.—"Continues the confession of his wanderings from his friend, but asserts that it was only to try his friend's constancy in love" (Dowden).

5. *Frequent*. Intimate. In the only other instance of the word in *S.* (*W. T.* iv. 2. 36) it is =addicted. *Unknown minds*=persons of little note, or obscure.

6. *To time*. To the world, or society. Cf. 70. 6 above. Dowden suggests that the meaning may be, "given away to temporary occasion what is your property and therefore an heirloom for eternity." St. proposes "them" for *time*.

11 *evel*. Aim; a technical use of the word. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 190. See the verb in 121. 9 below.

CXVIII.—“Continues the subject; adding that he had sought strange loves only to quicken his appetite for the love that is true” (Dowden).

1. *Like as*. See on 60. 1 above.
2. *Eager*. Tart, poignant (Fr. *aigre*); as in *Ham.* i. 5. 69: “eager droppings into milk.”
4. *Purge*. Take a cathartic. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 168: “I’ll purge, and leave sack.”
5. *Ne’er-cloying*. The quarto has “nere cloying,” and the ed. of 1640 “neare cloying;” corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Theo.).
7. *Meetness*. Fitness, propriety; used by S. only here.
12. *Rank*. “Sick (of hypertrophy),” as Schmidt defines it. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 64: “To diet rank minds sick of happiness.”

CXIX.—“In close connection with the preceding sonnet; showing the gains of ill, that strange loves have made the true love more strong and dear” (Dowden).

2. *Limbecks*. Alembics. The word occurs again in *Mach.* i. 7. 67.
3. *Applying fears to hopes*. “Setting fears against hopes” (Palgrave).
4. *Still losing*, etc. “Either, losing in the very moment of victory, or gaining victories (of other loves than those of his friend) which were indeed but losses” (Dowden).
7. *Fitted*. The word must be from the noun *fit*, and =started by the paroxysms or *fits* of his *fever*. Lettsom would read “fitted,” which surely would be no improvement.
11. *Ruin’d love*, etc. “Note the introduction of the metaphor of rebuilt love, reappearing in later sonnets” (Dowden). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 4, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 29, *T. and C.* iv. 2. 109, etc.
14. *Ill*. The quarto has “ile;” corrected by Malone.

CXX.—“Continues the apology for wanderings in love; not Shakespeare alone has so erred, but also his friend” (Dowden).

3. “I must needs be overwhelmed by the wrong I have done to you, knowing how I myself suffered when you were the offender” (Dowden).
6. *A hell of time*. Malone quotes *Oth.* iii. 3. 169:

“But O, what damned minutes tells he o’er
Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves;”

and *R. of L.* 1286:

“And that deep torture may be call’d a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.”

9. *Our*. St. conjectures “sour.”
- Remember’d*. Reminded; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 243: “Let me remember thee what thou hast promis’d,” etc.
12. *Salve*. Dowden compares 34. 7 above.

CXXI.—“Though admitting his wanderings from his friend’s love (118–120), S. refuses to admit the scandalous charges of unfriendly censurers.

"Dr. Burgersdijk regards this sonnet as a defence of the stage against the Puritans" (Dowden).

2. *When not to be*, etc. When one is unjustly reproached with being so (that is, *vile*).

3, 4. *And the just pleasure*, etc. "And the legitimate pleasure lost, which is deemed vile, not by us who experience it, but by others who look on and condemn" (Dowden).

5. *Adulterate*. Lewd; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 79, and *L. C.* 175. It is =adulterous in *R. of L.* 1645, *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

6. *Give salutation*, etc. Dowden quotes *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 103:

"Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot!"

Sportive = amorous, wanton; as in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 14: "Shap'd for sportive tricks."

8. *In their wills*. "According to their pleasure" (Dowden).

11. *Bevel*. Slanting; figuratively opposed to *straight*, or "upright." The word is used by S. only here.

CXXII.—"An apology for having parted with *tables* (memorandum-book), the gift of his friend" (Dowden).

1. *Tables*. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 107: "My tables—meet it is I set it down," etc.

On the passage, Malone compares *Ham.* i. 5. 98: "Yea, from the table of my memory," etc.; *Id.* i. 3. 58:

"And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character;"

and *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 3:

"Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd."

3. *That idle rank*. "That poor dignity (of tables written upon with pen or pencil)" (Dowden).

9. *That poor retention*. "The table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*" (Malone).

10. *Tallies*. Notched sticks used to "keep tally," as schoolboys still say. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 39: "our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally," etc.

CXXIII.—"In the last sonnet Shakspeare boasts of his 'lasting memory' as the recorder of love; he now declares that the registers and records of Time are false, but Time shall impose no cheat upon his memory or heart" (Dowden).

2. *Thy pyramids*. "I think this is metaphorical; all that Time piles up from day to day, all his new stupendous erections are really but 'dressings of a former sight.' Is there a reference to the new love, the 'ruined love built anew' (119. 11), between the two friends? The same metaphor appears in the next sonnet: 'No, it [his love] was *builded* far from

accident;’ and again in 125: ‘Laid great bases for eternity,’ etc. Does Shakspeare mean here that this new love is really the same with the old love; *he* will recognize the identity of new and old, and not wonder at either the past or present?” (Dowden.) *Dressings*=adornings.

5. *Admire*. Wonder at; as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 165: “Wonder not, nor admire not,” etc.

7. *And rather make them*, etc. “*Them* refers to ‘*what thou dost foist*,’ etc.; we choose rather to think such things new, and specially created for our satisfaction, than, as they really are, old things of which we have already heard” (Dowden).

11. *Records*. S. accents the noun on either syllable, as may suit the measure. Cf. 55. 8 above.

CXXIV.—“Continues the thought of 123. 13, 14. The writer’s love, being unconnected with motives of self-interest, is independent of Fortune and Time” (Dowden).

1. *State*. Rank, power.

4. *Weeds*, etc. “My love might be subject to *time’s hate*, and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to *time’s love*, and so gathered as a flower” (Dowden).

5. *Builded*. The participle is oftener *built*; as in 119. 11 and 123. 2 above.

7, 8. “When time puts us, who have been in favour, out of fashion” (Dowden).

9. *Policy, that heretic*. “The prudence of self-interest, which is faithless in love. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 95 (Romeo speaking of eyes unfaithful to the beloved): ‘Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars’” (Dowden).

11. *Hugely politic*. “Love itself is infinitely prudent, prudent for eternity” (Dowden). H. takes the phrase to be=“organized or knit together in a huge *polity* or *State*,” to which we can only add his own comment: “Rather an odd use of *politic*, to us.”

12. *That*. So that; as in 76. 7 and 98. 4 above. Steevens conjectures “glows” for *grows*, and Capell “dries.”

13, 14. *To this I witness*, etc. Dowden asks: “Does this mean, ‘I call to witness the transitory unworthy loves (*fools of time*=sports of time—cf. 116. 9), whose death was a virtue since their life was a crime?’” Steevens thinks that *fools of time*, etc., may be “a stroke at some of Fox’s Martyrs;” and Palgrave says: “apparently, the plotters and political martyrs of the time.” H. suggests that it may mean, “those fools who make as if they would die for virtue after having devoted their lives to vice.”

CXXV.—“In connection with 124: there S. asserted that his love was not subject to time, as friendships founded on self-interest are; here he asserts that it is not founded on beauty of person, and therefore cannot pass away with the decay of such beauty. It is pure love for love” (Dowden).

1. *Bore the canopy*. That is, paid outward homage, as one who bears a canopy over a superior. King James I. made his progress through

London, 1603-4, under a canopy. In the account of the King and Queen's entertainment at Oxford, 1605, we read (Nichol's *Progresses of King James*, vol. i. p. 546, quoted by Dowden): "From thence was carried over the King and Queen a fair canopy of crimson taffety by six of the Canons of the Church."

2. *Extern.* Outward show. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 63: "compliment extern." Elsewhere S. uses *external*; as in 53. 13 above. On the passage, cf. 69. 1-5 above.

3. *Or laid*, etc. "The love of the earlier sonnets, which celebrated the beauty of Shakspeare's friend, was to last forever, and yet it has been ruined" (Dowden).

5. *Favour.* Outward appearance. Cf. 113. 10 above.

6. *Lose all, and more.* "Cease to love, and through satiety even grow to dislike" (Dowden).

9. *Obsequious.* Devoted, zealous. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 2: "I see you are obsequious in your love," etc. H. explains it as = "mourned or lamented."

11. *Mix'd with seconds.* Steevens remarks: "I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." *Seconds* is still used (at least in this country) in the sense which Steevens mentions. We have little doubt that he is right in his explanation of the figure, which is not unlike the familiar one of the wheat and the chaff (cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 111, *Cymb.* i. 6. 178, etc.); but K. thinks otherwise. He says, after quoting Steevens's note, "Mr. Dyce called this note 'preposterously absurd.' Steevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathize. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second* in a duel, a *seconder* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

"In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the *Lucrece*, etc.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspeare addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines:

'If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,
Or purge my Editor till he understood them,
I would applaud thee.'

Under this Malone has written, 'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the *Rape of Lucrece*, in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature.'

12. *Mutual render.* "Give-and-take. This sonnet appears directed against some one who had charged him with superficial love" (Palgrave).

allusion to the remarkable fact that during the chivalric ages brunettes were not acknowledged as beauties anywhere in Christendom. In all the old *contes, fabliaux*, and romances that I am acquainted with, the heroines are blondes. And more, the possession of dark eyes and hair, and the complexion that accompanies them, is referred to by the troubadours as a misfortune."

3. *Successive*. By order of succession; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 49: "As next the king he was successive heir."

7. *Bower*. Habitation. Malone reads "hour."

9. *My mistress' brows*. The quarto has "eyes" for *brows*, which is due to the Camb. editors. Walker conjectures "hairs." Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 8:

"Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best," etc.

10. *Suited*. Clad; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 79, *A. W.* i. 1. 170, etc. For *and they D.* reads "as they."

12. *Slandering creation*, etc. "Dishonouring nature with a spurious reputation, a fame gained by dishonest means" (Dowden).

13. *Becoming of*. Gracing. For *of* with verbals, see Gr. 178.

CXXVIII.—1. *My music*. Cf. 8. 1 above.

5. *Envy*. Accented on the second syllable; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 18: "Is it for him you do envy me so?" Malone compares Marlowe, *Edw. II.*: "If for the dignities thou be envy'd;" and Sir John Davies, *Epigrams*: "Why doth not Ponticus their fame envy?"

Jacks. The keys of the virginal, or the *piano* of the time. For the instrument, see *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 177. Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611:

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Like virginal jacks?"

11. *Thy*. The quarto has "their," as in 14; corrected by Gildon.

CXXIX.—1. *Expense*. Expenditure. Cf. 94. 6 above.

2. *Lust*. The subject of the sentence.

9. *Mad*. The quarto has "Made;" corrected by Gildon.

11. *Prov'd, a very woe*. The quarto reads "proud and very wo;" corrected by Sewell and Malone.

CXXX.—"She is not beautiful to others, but beautiful she is to me, although I entertain no fond illusions, and see her as she is" (Dowden).

4. *If hairs be wires*. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 64:

"O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves," etc.

5. *Damask'd*. Variegated. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 123: "Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask."

14. *Any she*. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she," etc. For *compare*, see on 21. 5 above.

CXXXI.—“Connected with 130; praise of his lady, black, but, to her lover, beautiful” (Dowden).

6. *Groan*. Cf. 133. 1 below. See also *V. and A.* 785: “No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,” etc.

14. *This slander*. That her face has not the power to make love groan.

CXXXII.—“Connected with 131: there S. complains of the cruelty and tyranny of his lady; here the same subject is continued and a plea made for her pity” (Dowden).

2. *Knowing thy heart torments*. The quarto has “torment” for *torments*, and Malone reads “Knowing thy heart, torment,” etc. The text is that of the ed. of 1640.

4. *Ruth*. Pity. See *Rich. II.* p. 199.

9. *Mourning*. The quarto has “morning,” and probably, as Dowden suggests, a play was intended on *morning sun* and *mourning face*.

12. *Suit thy pity like*. That is, clothe it similarly, let it appear the same.

CXXXIII.—“Here Shakspeare’s heart ‘groans’ (see 131) for the suffering of his friend as well as his own” (Dowden).

1. *Beshrew*. On this mild imprecation, see *Rich. II.* p. 192.

11. *Keeps*. That is, guards.

CXXXIV.—“In close connection with 133” (Dowden).

5. *Wilt not*. That is, wilt not restore him.

9. *Statute*. “*Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money” (Malone).

10. *Use*. Interest; as in 6. 5 above.

11. *Came*. That is, who became. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 244.

CXXXV.—“Perhaps suggested by the second line of the last sonnet, ‘I myself am mortgag’d to thy will’” (Dowden).

1. *Will*. “In this sonnet, in the next, and in 143 the quarto marks by italics and capital *W* the play on words, *Will*=William [Shakspeare], *Will*=William, the Christian name of Shakspeare’s friend [? Mr. W. H.], and *Will*=desire, volition. Here ‘*Will* in overplus’ means Will Shakspeare, as the next line shows, ‘more than enough am I.’ The first ‘*Will*’ means *desire* (but as we know that his lady had a husband, it is possible that he also may have been a ‘*Will*,’ and that the first ‘*Will*’ here may refer to him besides meaning ‘*desire*’); the second ‘*Will*’ is Shakspeare’s friend” (Dowden).

Halliwell remarks that in the time of S. quibbles of this kind were common, and he cites as an example the riddle on the name *William*, quoted from the *Book of Riddles* in our ed. of *M. W.* p. 135.

5. *Spacious*. A trisyllable, like *gracious* below. Gr. 479.

9. *The sea*, etc. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 103:

“But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much;”

and *Id. i. i. 11* :

“O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea,” etc.

13. *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill.* A puzzling line, as it stands. Schmidt is doubtful whether *unkind* is a substantive, and, if so, whether it means “unnaturalness,” or “aversion to the works of love.” Palgrave paraphrases thus: “Let no unkindness, no fair-spoken rivals destroy me.” Dowden says that if *unkind* is a substantive it must mean “unkind one (that is, his lady),” as in Daniel’s *Delia*, 2d Sonnet: “And tell th’ Unkind how dearly I have lov’d her.” He adds that possibly *no fair* may mean “no fair one;” but suggests that perhaps we should print the line thus: “Let no unkind ‘No’ fair beseechers kill;” that is, “let no unkind refusal kill fair beseechers.” This strikes us as a very happy solution of the enigma, and we have been strongly tempted to adopt it in our text.

CXXXVI.—“Continues the play on words of 135” (Dowden).

6. *Ay, fill.* The quarto has “I fill;” but *ay* was usually printed “I.” Dowden suggests that possibly there may be a play on *ay* and *I*.

8. *One is reckon’d none.* See on 8. 14 above.

10. *Store’s.* The quarto has “stores;” the Camb. editors follow Malone in reading “stores’.” Schmidt says of *Store*: “used only in the sing.; therefore in *Sonn.* 136. 10, *store’s* not *stores’.*” “Lines 9, 10 mean ‘You need not count me when merely counting the *number* of those who hold you dear, but when estimating the *worth* of your possessions, you must have regard to me.’ ‘To set *store* by a thing or person’ is a phrase connected with the meaning of ‘store’ in this passage” (Dowden).

12. *Something sweet.* Walker proposed and Dyce reads “something, sweet.”

13, 14. “Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, that is, all desire” (Dowden).

CXXXVII.—“In 136 he has prayed his lady to receive him in the blindness of love; he now shows how Love has dealt with his own eyes” (Dowden).

6. *Anchor’d.* Malone compares *A. and C. i. 5. 33* :

“and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect;”

and Steevens adds *M. for M. ii. 4. 4* :

“Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel.”

9. *Several plot.* Halliwell says: “Fields that were enclosed were called *severals* in opposition to *commons*, the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were

fenced in, and termed *severals*." Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 233: "My lips are no common though several they be;" and see our ed. p. 137.

CXXXVIII.—"Connected with 137. The frauds practised by blind love, and the blinded lovers, Shakspeare and his lady, who yet must strive to blind themselves" (Dowden). This sonnet appeared as the first poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (published in 1599, when S. was in his 35th year) in the following form:

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false *forgeries*.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although *I know* my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a *soothing* tongue,
And age in love, loves not to have years told,
Therefore *I 'll* lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be."

11. *Habit*. Bearing, deportment.

CXXXIX.—"Probably connected with 138; goes on to speak of the lady's untruthfulness; he may try to believe her professions of truth, but do not ask him to justify the wrong she lays upon his heart" (Dowden).

3. *Wound me not with thine eye*. Malone quotes *R. and J.* ii. 4. 14: "stabbed with a white wench's black eye;" and Stevens adds 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 26: "Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!"

CXL.—"In connection with 139; his lady's 'glancing aside' of that sonnet reappears here, 'Bear thine eyes straight.' He complains of her excess of cruelty" (Dowden).

6. *To tell me so*. "To tell me thou dost love me" (Malone).

14. *Bear thine eyes straight*, etc. "That is, as it is expressed in 93. 4, 'Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place'" (Malone).

CXLI.—"In connection with 140; the proud heart of line 14 reappears here in line 12. His foolish heart loves her, and her proud heart punishes his folly by cruelty and tyranny. Compare with this sonnet Drayton, *Idea*, 29" (Dowden).

8. *Sensual feast*. Gratification of the senses.

9. *Five wits*. See *Much Ado*, p. 120.

11. *Who leaves unsway'd*, etc. "My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart" (Dowden).

14. *Pain*. "In its old etymological sense of *punishment*" (Walker).

CXLII.—"In connection with 141; the first line takes up the word 'sin'

from the last line of that sonnet. 'Those whom thine eyes woo' carries on the complaint of 139. 6, and 140. 14" (Dowden).

6. *Their scarlet ornaments.* Cf. *Edw. III.* ii. 1: "His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments." The line occurs in the part of the play ascribed by some to S. See on 94. 14 above.

7. *Seal'd false bonds of love.* Cf. *V. and A.* 511:

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?"

M. for M. iv. 1. 5:

"But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain;"

and *M. of V.* ii. 6. 6: "To seal love's bonds new made," etc.

13. *If thou dost seek,* etc. "If you seek for love, but will show none," etc.

CXLIII.—"Perhaps the last two lines of 142 suggest this. In that sonnet Shakspeare says 'If you show no kindness, you can expect none from those you love;' here he says 'If you show kindness to me, I shall wish you success in your pursuit of him you seek'" (Dowden).

4. *Pursuit.* Accented on the first syllable; the only instance in S. Cf. *pursue* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 298: "We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence." Walker gives many examples of *pursuit*; as Heywood, *Dutchess of Suffolk*: "The eager pursuit of our enemies;" *Spanish Tragedy*: "Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths;" B. and F., *Wit at Several Weapons*, v. 1: "In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her;" Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 2: "Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour," etc.

8. *Not prizing.* "Not regarding, not making any account of" (Malone).

13. *Will.* "Possibly, as Steevens takes it, Will Shakspeare; but it seems as likely, or perhaps more likely, to be Shakspeare's friend 'Will' [? W. H.]. The last two lines promise that Shakspeare will pray for her success in the chase of the fugitive (Will?), on condition that, if successful, she will turn back to him, Shakspeare, her babe" (Dowden).

CXLIV.—"This sonnet appears as the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* with the following variations: in 2, 'That like;' in 3, 'My better angel;' in 4, 'My worser spirit;' in 6, 'from my side;' in 8, 'fair pride;' in 11, 'For being both to me;' in 13, 'The truth I shall not know.' Compare with this sonnet the 20th of Drayton's *Idea*:

'An evil spirit, your beauty haunts me still,
* * * * *
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill;
* * * * *
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil
By that good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.'

Compare also *Astrophel and Stella*, 5th Song:

'Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse than they,
Alas, that I am forst such evill of thee to say,
I say thou art a Divill though cloth'd in Angel's shining;
For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heaven for thee,' etc." (Dowden).

2. *Suggest.* Tempt. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 358:

“When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.”

See also *Rich.* II. pp. 153, 198.

6. *From my side.* The quarto has “sight;” corrected from the *P. P.* version.

11. *From me.* Away from me. Gr. 158.

14. *Till my bad angel,* etc. Dowden compares 2 *Hen.* IV. ii. 4. 365:

“*Prince Henry.* For the women?

Falstaff. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls.”

We prefer Hammer’s reading “burns, poor soul” (see our ed. p. 172), but the allusion in *burns* is the same in either case.

CXLV.—“The only sonnet written in eight-syllable verse. Some critics, partly on this ground, partly because the rhymes are ill-managed, reject it as not by Shakspeare” (Dowden).

13. *I hate from hate,* etc. “She removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred*; she changed their natural import . . . by subjoining *not you*” (Malone). He compares *R. of L.* 1534–1537. Steevens would read “I hate—away from hate she flew,” etc.; that is, “having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour.” Dowden is inclined to accept Malone’s explanation, but thinks the meaning may possibly be, “from hatred to such words as *I hate*, she threw them away.”

CXLVI.—2. *Press’d by these rebel powers,* etc. The quarto has “My sinfull earth these rebbell,” etc. The corruption was doubtless due, as Malone suggests, to the compositor’s inadvertently repeating the closing words of the first verse at the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables that belong there. Many emendations have been proposed: “Fool’d by those” (Malone), “Starv’d by the” (Steevens), “Fool’d by these” (D.), “Foil’d by these” (Palgrave), “Hemm’d with these” (Furnivall), “Thrall to these” (anonymous), “Slave of these” (Cartwright), “Leagued with these” (Brae), etc. *Press’d by* is due to Dowden, and is on the whole as good a guess as any that has been made.

Array is explained by some as = clothe. Massey thinks it also signifies “that in the flesh these rebel powers set their battle in array against the soul.” Dr. Ingleby, in his pamphlet *The Soule Arayed*, 1872 (reprinted in *Shakespeare: the Man and the Book*, Part I., 1877), takes the ground that *array* (or *aray*) is = abuse, afflict, ill-treat. He gives several examples of this sense from writers of the time. It is not found elsewhere in *S.*, but we have *rayed* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 54 and iv. 1. 3, where Schmidt explains it as “defiled, dirtied.” We prefer this explanation to that which makes *array*=clothe—which seems to us forced and unnatural here—but we should prefer Massey’s “set their battle in array against” to either, if any other example of this meaning could be found. Perhaps the turn thus given to the military sense is no more remarkable than the liberties

S. takes with sundry other words ; and here the exigencies of the rhyme might justify it. For the *rebel powers* and the *outward walls*, cf. *R. of L.* 722 :

“She says her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual.”

10. *Aggravate*. Increase.

11. *Terms*. Walker says: “In the legal and academic sense ; long periods of time, opposed to *hours*.” Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 90 : “the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions.”

CXLVII.—“In connection with 146 : in that sonnet the writer exhorts the soul to feed and let the body pine, ‘within be fed,’ ‘so shalt thou feed on Death ;’ here he tells what the food of his soul actually is—the unwholesome food of a sickly appetite. Compare Drayton, *Idea*, 41, ‘Love’s Lunacie’” (Dowden).

5. *My reason, the physician*, etc. Malone compares *M. W.* ii. 1. 5 : “though Love use Reason for his physician,” etc.

7. *Approve*. Find by experience (that). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 317 : “I have well approved it,” etc.

8. *Except*. Object to, refuse. Palgrave explains thus: “I now discover that desire which reason rejected is death ;” but Dowden, better, “desire which did object to physic.” *Physic did except* repeats the idea in *prescriptions not kept*, not that in *reason . . . hath left me*, as Palgrave seems to suppose.

9. *Past cure*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28 : “past cure is still past care.” As Malone notes, it was a proverbial saying. See *Holland’s Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632 : “She has got the adage in her mouth ; Things past cure, past care.”

10. *Evermore unrest*. Walker compares Coleridge, *Remorse*, v. 1 :

“hopelessly deform’d
By sights of evermore deformity.”

Sidney (*Arcadia*, book v.) has “the time of my *ever* farewell approach-eth.”

CXLVIII.—“Suggested apparently by the last two lines of 147 : ‘I have thought thee bright who art dark ;’ ‘what eyes, then, hath love put in my head ?’” (Dowden).

4. *Censures*. Judges. See *Much Ado*, p. 139 ; and for the noun (=judgment), *Macb.* p. 251, or *Ham.* p. 190.

8. *Love’s eye*, etc. The quarto (followed by most of the editors) ends the line with “all mens : no.” The reading in the text was suggested by Lettsom, and is adopted by D., the Camb. editors (“Globe” ed.), and H., and is approved by St. It assumes a play upon *eye* and *ay*. Lettsom afterwards proposed “that” for *love* in the preceding line, and H. adopts that reading also.

13. *O cunning Love!* “Here he is perhaps speaking of his mistress,

but if so, he identifies her with 'Love,' views her as Love personified, and so the capital *L* is right" (Dowden).

CXLIX.—"Connected with 148, as appears from the closing lines of the two sonnets" (Dowden).

2. *Partake*. Take part; the only instance of the verb in this sense in *S.*, but cf. the noun in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 100: "your partaker Pole" (see our ed. p. 149).

4. *All tyrant*. Vocative =thou who art a complete tyrant. Malone conjectures "all truant."

8. *Present*. Instant, immediate; as very often.

CL.—"Perhaps connected with 149; 'worship thy defect' in that sonnet may have suggested 'with insufficiency my heart to sway' in this" (Dowden).

2. *With insufficiency*, etc. "To rule my heart by defects" (Dowden).

5. *This becoming of things ill*. Malone quotes *A. and C.* ii. 2. 243:

"for vilest things
Become themselves in her," etc.

7. *Warrantise of skill*. Surety or pledge of ability.

CLI.—Omitted by Palgrave. See on 20 above. Dowden remarks: "Mr. Massey, with unhappy ingenuity, misinterprets thus: 'The meaning of Sonnet 151, when really mastered, is that he is betrayed into sin with others by her image, and in straying elsewhere he is in pursuit of her; it is on her account.'"

3. *Cheater*. *St.* takes the word to be here = *escheator*, as in *M. W.* i. 3. 77 (see our ed. p. 138); but, as Dowden remarks, the more obvious meaning of *rogue* makes better sense.

For *amiss*, see on 35. 7 above.

10. *Triumphant prize*. "Triumphal prize, the prize of his triumph" (Walker).

12. *To stand*, etc. Cf. *Mercutio's* speech in *R. and J.* ii. 1. 22-29.

CLII.—"Carries on the thought of the last sonnet; she cannot justly complain of his faults since she herself is as guilty or even more guilty" (Dowden).

9. *Kindness*. Affection, tenderness; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 113:

"If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band."

See also *Much Ado*, p. 118, note on 23.

11. *To enlighten thee*, etc. "To see thee in the brightness of imagination I gave away my eyes to blindness, made myself blind" (Dowden).

13. *Perjur'd I*. The quarto has "eye" for *I*; corrected by Sewell.

CLIII.—Malone remarks: "This and the following sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined

which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world."

Herr Krauss (quoted by Dowden) believes these sonnets to be harmless trifles, written for the gay company at some bathing-place.

Herr Hertzberg (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1878, pp. 158-162) has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. He writes: "Dann ging ich an die palatinische Anthologie und fand daselbst nach langem Suchen im ix. Buche (*Ἐπιδεικτικά*) unter N. 637 die ersehnte Quelle. . . . Es lautet:

Τῷ δ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἀπαλῶ τετρυμένους ὕπνῳ
εὐδεν Ἔρωσ, νύμφαις λαμπρία παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλοισι, 'τί μέλλόμεν; αἶθε δὲ τοῦτω
σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπον, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἐφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκείθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοῦσιν ὕδωρ.*

Dowden adds: "The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. The germ of the poem is found in an Epigram by Zenodotus:

Τίς γλύψας τὸν Ἔρωτα παρὰ κρήνησιν ἔθηκεν;
Οἴόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πῦρ ὕδατι.†

How Shakspeare became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin: 'Selecta Epigrammata, Basel, 1529,' and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.

"I add literal translations of the epigrams: 'Here 'neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, "Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals' heart!" But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros) draw from thence for their bath.'

"Who was the man that carved [the statue of] Love, and set it by the fountains, thinking to quench this fire with water?"

"In Surrey's *Complaint of the Lover Disdained* (Aldine ed. p. 12), we read of a hot and a cold well of love. Shenstone (Works, ed. 1777, vol. i. p. 144) versifies anew the theme of this and the following sonnet in his 'Anacreontic.' Hermann Isaac suggests that the valley-fountain may signify marriage, but this will hardly agree with 154. 12, 13."

6. *Dateless*. Eternal. Cf. 30. 6 above. *Lively*=living; as in *V. and A.* 498, etc.

7. *Prove*. Find by trying, find to be. Cf. 72. 4 above.

11. *Bath*. The quarto has "bath," but Steevens suggests that we should print "Bath" (the name of the English city).

14. *Eyes*. The quarto has "eye;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

* *Epigrammata* (Jacob) ix. 65.

† *Epigrammata* i. 57.

‡ See Hertzberg, *Sh. Jahrbuch*, p. 161.

CLIV.—7. *The general of hot desire.* In *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 187 he is called

“great general
Of trotting paritors.”

Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 1. 163: “our general of ebbs and flows” (Diana, or Luna).

12. *Thrall.* Bondman. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 6. 13: “the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep,” etc.

13. *This by that*, etc. That is, the statement in the next line.

ADDENDA.

THE QUARTO OF 1609 NOT EDITED OR AUTHORIZED BY SHAKESPEARE.—In the Introduction (see p. 12 above), we have expressed the opinion that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the publication of the *Sonnets* in 1609. It has since occurred to us that this is put beyond a doubt by the parentheses at the end of Sonnet 126 in that edition (see p. 174 above). Shakespeare could not have inserted these parentheses, and Thorpe would not have done it if either he or his editor had been in communication with Shakespeare. In that case, one or the other of them would have asked him for the couplet supposed to be missing; and he would either have supplied it or have explained that the poem was complete as it stood.

It is evident, moreover, that the person to whom this sonnet was addressed was not privy to its publication, and that the editor could not venture to ask *him* to fill it out. Is it probable, then, that the editor was assisted in *arranging* the Sonnets by this person to whom he dared not appeal for the reading of a couplet in one of them? Is it not more likely that, as I have suggested (p. 12), he arranged them for the press as well as he could from what he happened to know of their history and from a study of the poems themselves?

[Dr. Furnivall, in a private note, says he has no doubt that the insertion of the marks of parenthesis “was the printer’s doings;” and Mr. Thomas Tyler, in his ed. of the *Sonnets* (London, 1890, p. 286) expresses the same opinion; but it is extremely improbable that the printer would resort to this extraordinary typographical expedient (absolutely unprecedented, so far as our observation goes) without consulting the publisher, and Thorpe would not have consented to it if he could have avoided it. It is clear that printer or publisher, or both, considered that something was evidently wanting which could not be supplied and must be accounted for.

It is not impossible that Sonnet 96 (see p. 33, foot-note, above) may have been imperfect in the MS. used by Thorpe, and that he or his editor eked it out with the closing couplet of 36, which seemed to fit the place well enough. He would perhaps have filled out 126 in a similar manner if he could have found a couplet suitable for the purpose.

Dr. Furnivall says that our “editor” is “an imaginary being.” He is

in no wise essential to our theory. If anybody chooses to regard Thorpe as his own editor, be it so. Mr. Tyler may be right in his conjecture (p. 137) that copies of the Sonnets were "made in MS. for distribution among the poet's 'private friends,'" and that "one of these copies fell into the hands of Thorpe, who also received information as to the patron and friend of the 'ever-living poet,'" though he thought it expedient to give only the initials of the person's name in his dedication. We cannot, however, admit (see the same page of Mr. Tyler's book) that "it is possible that Shakespeare handed the MS. to Thorpe, and then, through absence from London or other cause, may have had nothing further to do with the publication of the book." The only two books, so far as we know, ever published by Shakespeare himself were the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*. These have dedications of his own, and the care with which they are printed indicates that he supervised their passage through the press. If he had had anything directly to do with bringing out the *Sonnets* in 1609, we may be sure that these poems in which he had so peculiarly personal an interest would have been dedicated *by himself*—if dedicated at all—to the person who was their "begetter," and that the printing would have been done under his own eye. He would not have allowed it to be done while he was absent from London, but would have had it delayed until his return. After waiting for so many years before publishing the poems, he would hardly have been in such haste to place them before the public as Mr. Tyler's conjecture assumes. Some critics have said that "the correction of the press by the author was unknown in Elizabethan times;" but, as Mr. Tyler himself tells us (p. 136, footnote), this is a mistake. At the end of Beeton's *Will of Wit* (1599) we find this note: "What faults are escaped in the printing, finde by discretion, and excuse the author, by other worke that let [hindered] him from attendance to the presse." The 1609 ed. of the *Sonnets* is by no means so well printed as the first eds. of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. The many bad errors in it (like that in the 2d line of 146, for instance) and the parentheses in 126 are indisputable evidence that there was no "attendance to the presse" on the part of the author.]

"SIR WILLIAM HERBERT" (p. 11).—Dr. Ingleby, in a letter dated Aug. 10, 1883, commenting upon Mr. Fleay's reference to "Sir William Herbert," remarks: "Herbert was either *Mr.* or *Lord*. 'Lord Herbert' (or 'Harbert') was his common designation; and he had no title giving him the designation of 'Sir.'"

SONNET LXX. (p. 82).—If this sonnet is addressed to the same person as 33-35 (to say nothing of 40-42), it is unquestionably out of place. Here his friend is said to present "a pure unstained prime," having passed through the temptations of youth either "not assailed" by them or "victor being charged;" but in 33-35 we learn that he *has been* assailed and has *not* come off victorious. There the "stain" and "disgrace" of his "sensual fault" are clearly set forth, though they are excused and forgiven. Here the young man is the victim of slander, but has in no wise deserved it. If he is the same young man who is so plainly, though sadly and tenderly, reproved in 33-35, this sonnet must have been writ-

ten before those. One broken link spoils the chain; if the order of the poem is wrong here, it may be elsewhere.

[Mr. Tyler's attempt (p. 229) to show that this sonnet is not out of place is a good illustration of the "tricks of desperation" to which a critic may be driven in defence of his theory: "Slander ever fastens on the purest characters. His friend's prime was unstained, such an affair as that with the poet's mistress not being regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish. Moreover, there had been forgiveness; and the special reference here may be to some charge of which Mr. W. H. was innocent." Whatever this charge may be, the "pure unstained prime" covers the period referred to in Sonnets 33-35 and 40-42; and the young man's conduct then appeared a "trespass" and a "sin," a "shame" and a "disgrace," to the friend who now, according to Mr. Tyler, sees no "serious moral blemish" in it. Let the reader compare the poems for himself, and draw his own conclusions. Mr. Tyler has the grace to add to what we have quoted above: "But (as in 79) Shakespeare can scarcely escape the charge of adulation." Rather than believe William Shakespeare guilty of "adulation" so ineffectually base and sycophantic, we could suppose, as some do, that Bacon wrote the Sonnets.]

"MR. W. H." AND THE "DARK LADY."—If Mr. Tyler is not always happy in his exegesis of particular sonnets, we must give him credit for settling two questions that we had given up as beyond all hope of settlement—namely, the identity of "Mr. W. H." and of the "dark lady" with whom both he and Shakespeare were entangled.

The reasons heretofore given for assuming that "Mr. W. H." was William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, are well summarized by Dowden on p. 23 above. He also refers to the objections to this theory; but the one that seems to us the most serious is apparently considered to have been met by the preceding reference to the attempts made in 1599 to find a wife for Herbert. That date, however, is not early enough to answer the purpose. If the Sonnets are in the proper order, the story of the rival lovers and the "dark lady" must have ended before 1599, when Sonnet 144, summing up that story, was printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*; but the first seventeen sonnets, urging "Mr. W. H." to marry, must have been written even earlier—in 1597 or 1598. Herbert was born in 1580, and it is improbable on the face of it that Shakespeare would write seventeen sonnets to urge a youth of seventeen or eighteen to marry. But, as Mr. Tyler informs us (p. 45), it appears from letters preserved in the Record Office that "in 1597 the parents of William Herbert were engaged in negotiations for his marriage to Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and granddaughter of the great Lord Burleigh." The course of the parental match-making ran smooth for a while, but was soon checked by obstacles not clearly explained in the correspondence. Shakespeare may have written the seventeen sonnets at the request of Herbert's mother, the Countess of Pembroke.*

* Mr. Tyler reminds us that Grant White, in his first ed. of Shakespeare (1865) said of Sonnets 1-17: "There seems to be no imaginable reason for seventeen such poetical

Dowden and others have assumed that the father of "Mr. W. H." must have been dead at the time when the poet wrote in Sonnet 13 :

"Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so."

But Herbert's father lived until 1601. The reference in the sonnet, however, is simply to the fact that the young man owed his existence to his father; and this explains the use of the past tense: "Your father begot you; beget a son in your turn."

The only other objection to identifying "Mr. W. H." with Herbert which Dowden mentions—the improbability that a youth of eighteen or nineteen could be the "better angel" of Sonnet 144—disappears when we learn who the "dark lady" was, and what were her relations with Herbert.

Mr. Tyler shows that this "woman colour'd ill" (cf. Dowden's description of her, p. 17 above) was almost certainly Mary Fitton, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and mistress of Herbert, by whom she had a child in 1601. The queen could not overlook the offence, and sent the father to the Fleet Prison. He was soon released, but appears never to have regained the royal favour.

There is no direct evidence to connect Shakespeare with Mistress Fitton; but we find that she was on somewhat intimate terms with a member of his theatrical company, that is, the Lord Chamberlain's Company, and was probably acquainted with other members of it. In 1600 William Kemp, the clown in the company, dedicated his *Nine daies wonder* to "Mistris Anne Fitton, Mayde of Honour to most sacred Mayde, Royall Queene Elizabeth." As Elizabeth certainly had no maid of honour named *Anne* Fitton in 1600,* while *Mary* Fitton held such office from 1595 to 1601, either Kemp or his printer probably made a mistake in the lady's Christian name in the dedication. As Mr. Tyler suggests, the form "Marie" might be so written as to be easily mistaken for "Anne."

There is much other circumstantial evidence that Mistress Mary was the "dark lady;" and it is strongly confirmed by the fact that her personal appearance was in keeping with the poet's descriptions. A statue of her still exists as a part of the family monument of the Fittons in Gawsworth church, Cheshire; and the remnants of colour upon it show that she had "the dark complexion, together with the black hair and eyes, so graphically depicted in the second series of Sonnets." The face also accords with Shakespeare's repeated assertion that the lady was not beautiful; "and that the lips and the eyes were features expressing the predominance of sensual passion" is plain enough. A portrait from a photograph of this statue is given on p. 6 above.

petitions. But that a mother should be thus solicitous is not strange, or that she should long to see the beautiful children of her own beautiful offspring. The desire for grandchildren, and the love of them, seem sometimes even stronger than parental yearning. But I hazard this conjecture with little confidence."

* Mary had a sister Anne, but the parish register of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, proves that the latter was married to John Newdigate on the 30th of April, 1587. She could not, therefore, have been maid of honour in 1600.



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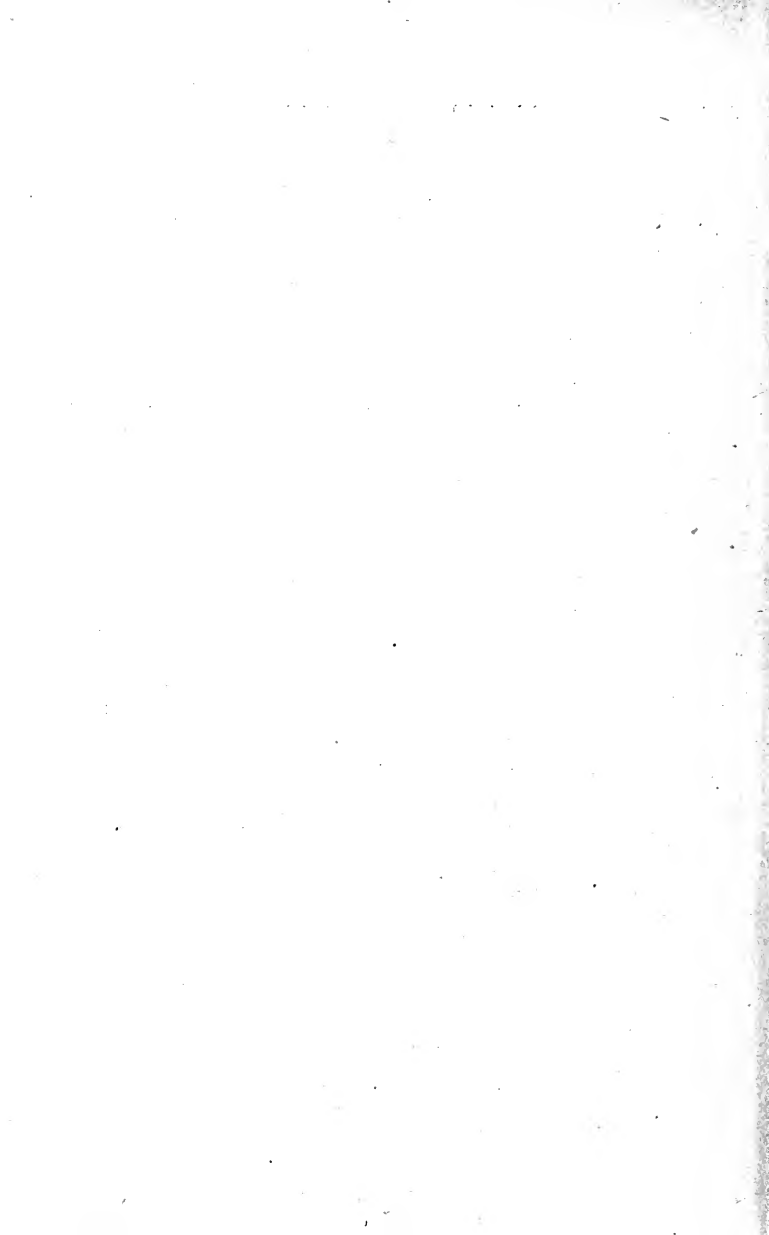
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